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THE QUEEN.

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THE ROYAL
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

AND

ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.



OUR AMBITION IS TO RAISE THE FEMALE MIND OF ENGLAND TO ITS TRUE LEVEL.
Dedication to the Queen.

VOL. I.



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P R E F A C E

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE demand for this, the First Number of the **ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE**, has so far exceeded our sanguine expectations, that a reprint or second edition is indispensable; and we believe that this awaits us in respect to two other Numbers, of which the same quantity only was in the first instance printed, and which are daily becoming more scarce.

The day for comparison with any other Magazine has gone by: there are but three monthly works which we consider rivals; and these (although like almost all the better class of publications, they owe most of their popularity to female readers), were not published avowedly for Ladies. But we fearlessly challenge the best of these to produce better writing than can be found in our pages.

To our fair Patronesses we return thanks for taking our word at the onset for what we meant to produce. They will give us credit for acting up to it. While we continue to do so we ask the benefit, not only of their countenance and support, but also of their recommendation. When we fail in the performance of our duty—when the style of our literature and the splendour of our embellishments shall be inferior to any existing Magazine, we are content that the penalty of losing their patronage shall await us.

Our pride can desire no higher testimonials than have been already showered upon us privately and publicly—our ambition has only one object left, that of extending the circulation until every female of taste shall know there is such a work as the **ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE**, for assuredly she will next deem it a reproach not to be a constant reader.

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AND

Archives of the Court of St. James's.

JANUARY 1831.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

At the request of the writer, the article on "The Oxford Circuit" is postponed, for the sake of adding a letter, which *he* thinks of importance.

"Incognita" has our thanks.

Why should we hesitate to show Mr. B. our authority for what we have done? and why should we desire to profit by an unworthy artifice?—a comparison will decide the point.

We can assure Mr. W., whose letter we did not receive until it was too late for insertion, that we cannot entertain a personal feeling where there is no personal responsibility; and we know there are impediments to treating the party as an equal.

Mr. Goodwin's plan shall have every proper consideration, but we pledge ourselves to nothing which does not promise entertainment or instruction.

With the most profound respect, we thank our noble patron for the loan of the portrait of the Princess. We will endeavour to do credit to the sketch.

The Hon. Mrs. C. will observe that we have profited by her offerings, need we say we feel obliged.

"The Album of a Lady of rank"—we have suppressed the name—is most acceptable. It shall be carefully used.

To numerous anonymous offers of assistance on our own terms, we have only to answer, that we shall be glad to receive papers of real value. We have no "set terms," excepting those in which we put down pretenders. Confident as we are in our own resources, we shall gladly avail ourselves of talent wherever we can find it.

One of our principals is in Paris: the arrangements he will make will place us as much in advance for fashions, as we are in every other department of our Magazine.

The letter, bearing a Right Honourable gentleman's signature, and put in the post-office in Cheapside, is a forgery, and the poem—an excellent one we admit—may be found in "Prior," under another title. These literary hoaxes are not fair.

One answer to M. M——, will suffice for many other questions of the kind; those who favour us with names may rest assured that no second person will ever know them, and that where it is important, MSS. will be copied and returned.

"Lines written in Kensington Gardens" are very pretty. So are the gardens. But may not our readers expect something new upon so novel a subject? Perhaps the writer will try his hand upon the Green Park or Regent Street.

We have received a "Smile," a "Tear," and a "Sigh," by the Brighton coach. We suspect our old friend, the Author of "Broad Grins," has been playing us a trick; for the "Tear" and the "Sigh" smack of his vein. The "Smile" is no laughing matter. It must have cost many an anxious moment to produce such a smile.

"The Two Whales," an Epigram, by Jugged-Eel, would fill three pages. What would be thought of an Impromptu in four volumes, quarto?

We thank "An Old Jacobin" for his "Recollections of the French Revolution in 1789," but we recollect reading all of it in the *Annual Register* for that year.

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

THE QUEEN.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

THE permission to bring out *The Royal Lady's Magazine* under Your Majesty's especial patronage, is an honour as unexpected as it is gratifying.

This honour has a twofold value. It carries with it an approval of the past and a pledge for the future.

We should derogate from Your Majesty's taste and discernment, could we permit ourselves to question, with affected humility, the nature of those claims which have obtained for us this proud distinction. Nor should we less derogate from our pretensions to deserve it, were we to forget that its best vindication must hereafter be found, in conferring upon our labours that character which is necessarily implied in whatever has the sanction of Your Majesty's illustrious name.

Our ambition is, to raise the female mind of England to its true level. It would be the language of unmeaning adulation, equally offensive to Your Majesty, and unworthy of ourselves, to say this object is beyond our grasp unaided by Your Majesty's patronage. But it is surely no flattery to affirm, the natural protector of such an object can alone be sought in the exalted personage who is, herself, the conspicuous possessor of all those qualities which most adorn the female mind and character.

The page of history teaches us what are the moral benefits which a nation derives from the example of a throne; and in the short period that

has elapsed since Your Majesty invested the Throne of these realms with the mild dignity of your own illustrious example, our living experience confirms all that history has taught.

That it may be the will of Providence Your Majesty should long continue to be the guardian, by prerogative of station, as you are the model, by prerogative of nature, of the virtues which ennoble the females of Great Britain, is the ardent prayer of

Your Majesty's

Most dutiful,

Most loyal,

And most obedient Servants,

THE PROPRIETORS AND EDITOR

of the

ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.

January 1, 1831.

ADDRESS.

LADIES !—WE profess ourselves your **CHAMPIONS**. Deign to accept our services. It is the only reward to which we aspire.

It has hitherto been the opprobrium of our periodical literature, that in works professedly published for **YOUR** perusal, no attempt has been made to consult either the extent of your intellectual capacity, or to adapt them for the advancement of your knowledge. When a series of frivolous articles is prepared, alike destitute of mind in their conception, and of talent in their execution, the crude mass is sent forth as a fit offering to **YOUR** taste and discernment.

What has been the consequence? A species of writing, infinitely below the ordinary standard of nursery lucubrations, has been manufactured, lingered awhile in an obscure existence, and finally disappeared.

And what do these facts demonstrate? Not, surely, that you are **INCAPABLE** of relishing works of a superior character. Were those we have described equal to your wants, they would have enjoyed your patronage. They were not so, and they have perished or are perishing.

The only approach that has been attempted to such a work as *could* be worthy of your approbation, was in a publication of last year, which commenced with giant promises, but dwindled into pigmy performances; because the presiding genius, whose fiat was potential, as to the means by which alone these promises could be redeemed, had made the discovery that figs, and grapes, and olives *might* spring from rocks and brambles. Under such tillage what but a corresponding harvest was to be expected? Its success, however, in spite of all these obstacles, in spite, too, of the incubus of gratuitous mediocrity (which is only another name, sometimes, for the *furor scribendi* of very small writers with very large notions of self-excellence), is a cheering prognostic of what may be looked for from the vigorous application of the same principles, unparalyzed by the same fatuity.

There are various kinds of blushes which may tinge the female cheek. Two of these shall never rebuke our labours. The blush of offended modesty shall never be summoned from its sanctuary—woman's purity of thought: nor the blush of shame, from her reason, at the reflection of having devoted even an idle hour to pages of so worthless a character, that idleness itself could not be an apology for reading them.

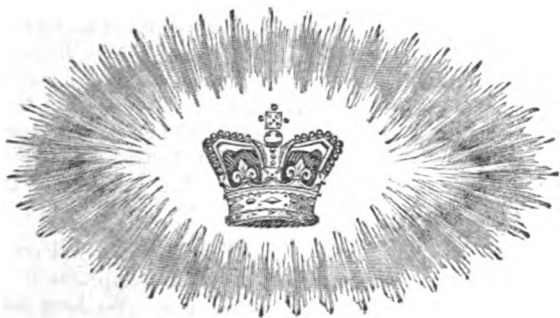
The Royal Lady's Magazine takes high ground. It has no fear of maintaining it. In the spirit of honourable enterprise, it solicits nothing

of which it shall not be found deserving. In the confidence that what is really deserved is never withheld, its expectations of success are frankly stated to be commensurate with its knowledge of the means employed to secure it. Incited by royal patronage—animated by the ambition to become the “guide, philosopher, and friend” of the females of Great Britain—proudly conscious of what they require—and determined to provide it, or abandon the office of preparing meaner intellectual food to the purveyors who already carry on the trade—no other issue can await it but a triumphant career, or a dignified retreat.

We disdain to deprecate criticism. Therefore we will not say to our judges, be lenient in your sentence upon our first appearance. But we are entitled to say, give due weight to circumstances. We have taken the field as the Duke of Wellington did when he beat back the cohorts of France. His Grace was taken a *little* by surprise. So have we been. The comparison is arrogant enough, we admit; but it came in our way—we found it, as Falstaff says of rebellion; and so, having adopted it, we shall use it somewhat further. Well then. The Duke of Wellington was taken by surprise. But did the result prove that he was *unprepared* also—or that the resources of his great mind were enfeebled by the circumstance? And with becoming diffidence we ask, does this, the first number of *The Royal Lady's Magazine*, exhibit any symptoms of being *unequal* to the exigency in which we have been placed?

This is the only appeal *ad misericordiam* which we will condescend to make. We cannot demand to be tried by our peers, because we acknowledge none; but we invite comparison with our competitors: and, although we are reminded that the race is not always given to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, there is not a single feather of the goose-quill with which we are now writing, ruffled at the anticipation of the verdict that must be pronounced.

LADIES! You are not expected to be logicians, because you are never required to read Aristotle, Condillac, or Watts. Therefore, forgive us if we presume to draw a logical inference for you, from the premises we have submitted. It is this:—If we have done so well, in the face of manifold difficulties of every description, depend upon it you are bound to conclude that we shall do better and better every step we make, with *no* difficulties to overcome. Ask your fathers, husbands, brothers, lovers, who have studied at Cambridge or Oxford, whether you are in any danger from conceding this deduction; and when you are answered in the negative, as we know you must, then ask YOURSELVES, whether you ought to read any periodical work except *The Royal Lady's Magazine*? We are content to abide the issue of both inquiries.



ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE,

AND

Archives of the Court of St. James's.

JANUARY 1831.

THE UNREVEALED.

BY THE UNKNOWN.

ABOUT ten years ago the following extraordinary advertisement appeared in one of the London papers :

" It is wished to place a lady in a retired and respectable family under peculiar circumstances. *No questions must be asked ; no attempt must ever be made to penetrate the mystery of her situation.* The slightest reason to believe, or even to suspect, that her history had been discovered, would cause her immediate removal, and *might* be attended with the most distressing, if not fatal consequences, to innocent parties. Should this meet the eye of any person inclined to place unlimited confidence in a stranger, who has no dishonourable or criminal purpose in view, the *pecuniary advantages* of such confidence *would be great.* It is expected the lady should be treated with uniform respect and kindness. The

former is due to her birth ; the latter claimed by her misfortunes. Any one qualified to answer this may do so by causing simply a *name and address* to be inserted on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday next, in the paper in which this appears. Such an intimation will be immediately understood, and means promptly adopted to bring about a satisfactory interview, after inquiries have been made with regard to the character, family, and habits of the respondent, to convince the advertiser *all* his objects will be accomplished."

I answered this advertisement in the way pointed out, and mine was one of seven which appeared on the following Monday. On Wednesday there were thirteen other answers ; and on Friday five. Two weeks more elapsed, and I had relinquished all expectation of being

the selected candidate, when one evening, about dusk, in the month of July, a letter was left at my house, by a common ticket-porter, containing these words :

"Inquiries have been made. I am satisfied with the result of them. Be on the west side of Sackville-street, Piccadilly, tomorrow-night, at ten o'clock, and you shall know more. You will see a gentleman, with his handkerchief to his mouth. Accost him with the words 'You are punctual.' Be so yourself, or you will hear nothing further of this business."

The letter was sealed with a black seal, and evidently written in a hand elaborately disguised. I was, and am, a lover of the mysterious : but I was also then, what I am *not* now, thank heaven, in circumstances which lent a peculiar zest to the anticipated pecuniary benefits that were to connect themselves with this mystery.

In order not to be too late, I resolved to be too soon. I was in Sackville-street at a quarter to ten. I had not been there above five minutes when I saw a person approaching me, holding his handkerchief to his face. I walked up to him.

"You are punctual," said I.

"Am I?" he replied, "and what is that to you?" looking angrily at me, without removing his handkerchief.

"You are punctual, Sir," I slowly and emphatically repeated, fearful of transgressing my instructions by a single word.

"And you are impertinent, Sir," was the stranger's reply, endeavouring to pass me, and proceed on his way.

"Excuse me," I answered, "but it is nearly ten o'clock, and you have your handkerchief to your mouth."

"Do you mean to insult me, Sir?" And he measured me with his eye from head to foot, as if taking a prudential survey of a probable antagonist. It was all in his favour, however, for he stood several inches higher than myself, and was twice my bulk. Still he did not remove his handkerchief.

"If there be no mistake, there can be neither insult nor offence," I said, "and from the circumstances of the hour, the place, and that handkerchief which you hold to your face—"

"Your conduct is most extraordi-

nary," interrupted the stranger ; "but I have only this to say ; I have just been having a tooth extracted ; and if you follow me a single step, or speak another word, I'll extract more than one of your teeth."

With this declaration he walked on. I stood watching him, exceedingly perplexed whether I should laugh at a whimsical coincidence, or feel vexed at being made an egregious dupe.

While I was debating this point with myself, and growing more and more inclined to adopt the latter course, the clock of St. James's church went ten ; and as the last hour struck, I perceived another person advancing towards me with a quick step, holding his handkerchief to his mouth. He was tall, thin, and dressed in black. I rather hesitated, whether to address him or not, beginning, as I did, to suspect that the whole thing was a trick, and that probably there were half a dozen more gentlemen ready to emerge from Burlington Gardens, with handkerchiefs to their faces, in order to play upon my credulity for their amusement. However, as he passed me, I pronounced the cabalistic words.

"You are punctual," said I.

He looked at me for a moment, and then in a mild, but sad voice, replied, "Follow me."

I did so. He walked rapidly in the direction of St. James's Park, where we soon arrived ; but he maintained a profound silence all the way. When we reached the open space by the Horse Guards, he cast his eyes round in every direction, to observe whether there was any one in sight. He then addressed me by my name.

"You know my conditions," said he. "They must be rigorously observed. This," placing a paper in my hand, "is at once an earnest and a pledge of my intentions to fulfil them on my part. The same sum shall reach you at the expiration of every three months. Return. If you have any misgivings—if you have the shadow of a wish to retract—there is time for renouncing your present disposition to go on. One word, the day after to-morrow, in the same paper—the single monosyllable 'no'—puts an end to the business between us ; and what you have is your reward for what has passed. If no such word ap-

pear, then, in the evening of the day after to-morrow, the lady will arrive at your house. Remember—indiscreet curiosity is the only rock on which you can split, as long as—” He paused, and his voice became tremulous, as he added, —“*AGNES MANDEVILLE* is treated with undeviating respect and kindness.”

I was about to say—I know not what—for the situation in which I was placed confounded me; when my companion cut short all reply, by pointing towards the palace, and exclaiming, “Good night! We part now. There needs no other answer *here*.”

“Nor will there elsewhere,” I said, as I bowed and obeyed his injunction. I looked back when I had proceeded a few yards, and could just discern that he remained motionless on the spot where I left him. I did the same several times before I reached the palace, to see if he were following; but he was nowhere visible.

Engrossed as my thoughts were by this mysterious interview, I could not resist examining, by the first lamp I came to, the paper he had placed in my hands. It was a hundred pound bank note, enclosed in a blank envelope. This, I thought, looked indeed like being in earnest, and I returned home with feelings inflamed to the highest pitch of excitement by the extraordinary character of the business in which I had engaged.

My family, at that time, consisted of my wife and two daughters, the elder in her twelfth year. Hitherto I had said nothing to my wife upon the subject of the advertisement, of my having answered it, or of the consequences of that answer. I did not mention the second, because I expected she would try to dissuade me from it, and I was resolved not to be dissuaded; so why give my beloved Jane unnecessary trouble? And I kept the third to myself, till I saw what became of these consequences, that nobody might laugh at me *but* myself, if it should turn out I was befooled. As it was necessary now, however, that I should admit her into my confidence, I did so. I hardly knew what turn matters might have taken, when I came to that part of my narrative which announced the coming of *Agnes Mandeville*; for though my dear Jane knew me to be the most faith-

ful of husbands, still it did not seem to me that she was sufficiently convinced of the utter impossibility of my ever forfeiting that character. And I grieve to say, the appearance of the hundred pound bank-note, with the intimation that we should regularly receive a visit from one of the same family every three months, had more effect in reconciling her to what she considered a dangerous experiment, than all my assurances of invincible fidelity. Mortifying as this reflection could not fail to be to a man of unimpeached and unimpeachable conjugal constancy, I bore it meekly, under the influence of pretty nearly similar considerations to those which produced the auspicious change in my dear Jane's view of the affair.

The expected evening came, and it was arranged between me and Jane, that I should receive our mysterious visitor alone. Every requisite preparation had been made for her reception, and long before dark I took my station in the drawing-room, listening to each footfall, to each sound of carriage-wheels, with a nervous trepidation which I was wholly unable to control. I had settled, in my own mind, the precise way in which I would accost her; how I would conduct her to a seat; and what I would say to the tall thin gentleman in black; whilst my wife had rehearsed her part several times during the day, with additions and improvements at each rehearsal. My busy fancy, too, had pictured all sorts of persons as the probable resemblance of the high-born but unfortunate lady. Was she young? Was she old? No—that could not be, I thought; but then, was she middle-aged? And was she handsome? Or had sorrow blighted her beauty? What effect, also, had sorrow produced upon her character and disposition? Had it made her sullenly taciturn, or despondingly interesting? I don't know how it was, but I could not help hoping, and secretly believing, she was young, lovely, and drooping to decay, like all angels of romance, under the withering anguish of unmerited affliction.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and I was getting irritably impatient, when I heard a coach stop at the door. I absolutely burst out into a cold perspiration, and a sort of shiver ran through my veins. Unfortunately I had forgotten to settle,

among all the other things which I had determined to do, whether it would be better to answer the door myself, or let the servant appear, and I was now in such a flurry, that I could not make up my mind either way. I rushed to the top of the staircase, intending to order Jennet back to the kitchen; but before I could speak, the door was opened, and I hastily retreated to the drawing-room to take my station in the very place, and with the exact attitude which I had fixed upon as suitable to the occasion. How my heart beat, and my eyes strained themselves, as I heard steps ascending, but not a word uttered!

Jennet entered; with a countenance on which were visibly depicted amazement and intense curiosity. She was followed—not by the tall thin gentleman in black—but by an aged female in black, leading by the hand another female, of a slender and graceful form, the upper part of whose person was entirely shrouded from observation by the thick folds of a mourning veil. Having conducted her to the sofa, where she seated herself in silence, she advanced towards me (for I had done nothing and said nothing of all I intended to do and say), and gave me a letter. I offered her a chair; she declined it, without speaking, but with an air which denoted the habitual observance of the manners of elegant society. I opened the letter, and read it. It was in the same disguised hand as the former one, and ran thus:

“Receive her:—obey her in all things. The bearer of this will visit her at appointed intervals. Let none else; save those *you* know, and know to be as discreet as I look to find yourself.”

“You understand, Sir?” said the female, when I had finished reading this brief epistle.

“Perfectly, Madam; but—”

She placed her finger on her lips and withdrew, having first pressed silently, in both hers, the hand of the veiled stranger.

I was left alone with her. For a moment I stood irresolute, whether to speak, or retire, and send up my wife. There she sat motionless—leaning back—with her hands negligently clasped before her, and apparently listening to the sound of the departing carriage; but without saying a word, or offering to

remove the long crape veil that continued to conceal her face. I have acknowledged myself a lover of the mysterious; but I became chilled and fearful almost, as I gazed upon the being in whose presence I then was. There was something awful in her stillness, her shrouded form, her unbroken silence.

The day had been sultry: the evening closed in with every appearance of a gathering storm. Suddenly, a loud peal of thunder burst upon our ears. The crash was terrific, and a piercing shriek was uttered by Agnes Mandeville, as she covered her face with her hands. I sprang towards her, and said something to allay her fears.

“It is not fear, but memory, that brings this agony,” she replied.

The calm, mournful tone of voice in which these words were uttered, went to my heart. Before I could reply, she raised her veil, and I perceived that she was blind!

“What have I to dread?” she continued, in the same thrilling accents. “What can the thunder-flash do to me, more than it has done? But when I hear its dread sound, I tremble from recollection of that fatal day which was the last I ever looked upon a world I too much worshipped.”

I have seen many beautiful faces—seen them irradiated with joy—bedewed with tears—sparkling with hope—dimmed with long years of grief—wan with disease; but in my life I never beheld a countenance so full of earth’s misery, yet so saint-like in its meekness, as that on which I then gazed. Agnes Mandeville (I speak now from after-knowledge) was in her twentieth year. The contour of her features was perfectly Grecian, and their pallid hue, aided by the spiritless aspect of her sightless eyes, and the placid repose of her whole face, might have cheated the beholder into a belief that he looked upon some exquisite work of art—some chiselled bust, where the sculptor, inspired of heaven, had unveiled nature’s mysteries, and entered her holiest sanctuary. The transparent paleness of her complexion was heightened by the contrast of her raven-black hair, which hung in large curls on either side, displaying the marble whiteness of her brow, on which they parted, to shade,

as it seemed, the melancholy ruin beneath. But those eyes! What must once have been their expression! What once their soul-fraught meaning! Even still, they appeared to fix upon me a look of mitigated fire, of tempered dignity, as their large dark orbs were slowly turned in the direction of my voice. The lightning had quenched their living beam, had blasted their use, without destroying, or hardly disfiguring, the outward appearance of those delicate organs which had been ministers of sight, till the miserable hour when she looked her last upon the world "she too much worshipped."

The thunder rolled again. Her horror was less violent and less audible. But it was piteous to behold how the poor victim of its former wrath cowered and trembled at the sound; and more piteous still to see the tears glistening in eyes which now could only weep! It seemed such a cruel mockery of all their nobler prerogatives, such a sad relic of all their glorious functions, to be the channel for grief alone; as if grief were so indefeasible a portion of our birth-right in this world of abounding sorrow, that it clings to us even as life itself, and parts from us only when we part with life, to mingle with the dust, of which our graves are made.

What could I say to her? Such a being was not to be approached with bald unmeaning consolation, clothed in the set phrases of conventional sympathy. The common miseries of common minds find *their* solace in what would fall unheeded upon the wounded spirit of finer natures; or if heeded, listened to only with involuntary scorn. Besides, when we know not the true source of the anguish we would sooth, how shall we be sure that the comfort we offer may not touch some secret chord, whose response will come from the depths of the bruised heart in tones of tenfold agony? And what bitterness of soul is there, what aggravation of wretchedness, to be compared with that which a mourner feels, who is bidden to seek happiness in the very scorpion paths where he has been stung to madness? The poor wretch, whose burning entrails confess the potency of the deadly draught he has swallowed, might as well grasp at the poisoned cup, re-

plenished with the venom he had drained, and hope to assuage his torture by repetition.

These were my reflections. They kept me silent. But I approached my interesting companion, and gently taking her hand, sought to convey, by the pressure of my own, thoughts, feelings, and wishes, for which I had no words. She raised her sad eyes to heaven, with a blended expression of intense melancholy and fervent gratitude in her fine countenance, that I can never, never forget, as she exclaimed,

"There is, then, one living creature who pities me, though an offended God has justly ordained there should be none left to love me! It is something! And I am thankful for more mercy vouchsafed, than such a wretch as I am could dare to hope for from prayer."

"What must that wretch be," I replied, "who did not pity one so ill-fated, so young, so beautiful, so innocent of all that could draw down so much unmerited calamity?"

"Ay," she answered, withdrawing her hand, and sighing mournfully, "you say truly—so young! And flattering tongues, ere now, have said—so beautiful! And past and present misery proclaim—so ill-fated! But," she added, shuddering as she spoke, "oh that some angel's voice could command into silence the mocking of the fiend within, when I try to think it is ALL UNMERITED!"

I remembered the emphatic injunction I had received, to shun the rock of indiscreet curiosity. I remembered, too, the words of the advertisement—"No questions must be asked—no attempt made to penetrate the mystery of her situation," and I pursued *this* conversation no further; for it had assumed a shape which made it impossible, almost, that I should advance another step without violating the tacit pledge I had given, by accepting the office to which those conditions were inexorably attached. But, by the same office, and by the same authority, I was enjoined to administer kindness, and proffer respect. What if I had not? A demon only could have withheld them. And something worse than a demon must he have been, who, in human shape, could have taken hire, to add, by neglect or cruelty,

to the heavy burden of affliction which it pleased heaven to permit should bow down the spirit of this lovely mourner.

Such was my first interview with Agnes Mandeville. Three years she remained under my roof. Let me describe, if I can, the extraordinary, the incomprehensible, I might almost add, with regard to some of them, the awful incidents that marked those years; and, in conclusion, let me detail the romantic circumstances which led me, seven years afterwards, to stand beside "the stranger's grave," listening, in the dim twilight of a summer's evening, amid the wild scenery of a mountainous country, to the plaintive recital of a gray-headed old man, as he told me what *he* knew of the "poor inhabitant below."

She seemed to be aware of the sort of gentle imprisonment, and partial solitude to which she was doomed; for though no intimation of it ever fell from me or my wife, she never once expressed a complaining wish to cross the threshold of our door, or breathed a sigh because she did not; while, on all occasions, when we were visited by friends or acquaintance, she would rise to retire before they entered. I felt, however, so keenly the hardship of this voluntary seclusion in her forlorn and desolate condition, that I very soon circumscribed, within the narrowest possible limits, the number of my visitors, as well as the number of their visits. I was more happy in seeing her—(no, I cannot say happy, for that she never was, but)—calm and undisturbed, than in any social enjoyments which were purchased at the price of banishing her from our presence. It is no wonder, therefore, I was selfish enough thus to seek my own gratification. In my dear Jane, too, she found, what, I am afraid I must acknowledge, exists only in a woman's heart—that untired benevolence, that still fresh and ever-flowing stream of sympathetic feeling, which sheds a spirit of gladness over the duties of humanity, and makes the thousandth kindness as warm, as generous, and as prompt as the first. It was not long before she loved Agnes,

and Agnes repaid her love with all she had to offer in return—the gratitude of an outcast, to whom the world, and its many-cherished hopes and delights, were a blank.

Very soon after her arrival, a harp, a pianoforte, and a fine chamber organ, were sent for her use. She played beautifully on all those instruments; and sometimes sang plaintive, melancholy airs to her harp. But it was when she touched the organ, that her whole soul seemed to dwell upon the tones she produced. A scientific musician, a professor of fugues and fingering, an ear-taught lover of time and tune, and a disciplined scholar in the mysteries of brilliant execution, might, for aught I know, have detected a thousand faults in the performances of Agnes Mandeville. But this I know, it was impossible for any one who had a heart to feel the divinity that dwells in music, and own the secret spell which breathes in harmony as its living essence, to listen to the wild, wondrous, subduing sounds which she would extract from the deep, solemn, and swelling stops of that sublime instrument, without emotions such as were never yet excited by the greatest master. She sometimes seemed as if she were entranced, while pouring forth, with spontaneous melody, strains that appeared to link themselves with all her hidden sorrow, with all her saddest recollections, with all her sorrowful forebodings: with the silent tears she so often shed, and with the grief-fraught sighs that waited ever upon her thoughts.

"There!" she would exclaim, after one of these self-inspired performances, and then sink into meditation, "there! I have been holding converse with the past. I have beheld the departed. I have heard the voice that enthralled me. I have shed unseen tears—basked in unseen smiles; and with miraculous speech, which only two can understand—the living and the dead—I have told what I am, because of what I was.—Lord! Lord! there is a *future*, which thou alone canst look upon!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

"THE proper study of mankind is Man." Thus says Pope; and a more useful truth never was pronounced in poetry or prose. But towards this study what have your metaphysicians, ancient or modern, contributed? Nothing. Put their works, from Aristotle downwards, into a scale, and they will not weigh the value of a feather against the system of Gall and Spurzheim. I am an idolater of phrenology: I kneel down and worship at her shrine. My bump of veneration is as big as an ostrich's egg. To behold the form and fashion of the inward man mapped out upon the surface of his cranium is, to me, a joy unutterable. Initiated, as I am, in the mysteries of the science, I seem admitted into the *sanctum*, from which the uninitiated are wholly shut out. All the passions and propensities of man—and of women too—are at work, as it were, under my observation. All their functions and faculties, from No. 1 to 35—the alpha and the omega—are familiar to me. Are not our days numbered? Are not the very hairs of our head numbered? Why, then, should not the head itself be *numbered*, and its cranial configurations subjected to the rules of division? Skulls vary in their shape to infinity: they are like the stars; one skull differeth from another skull in glory; while each, in its degree, contributes to the harmony, moral and political, of the universe.

Never was there a period so favourable to the science of phrenology as that in which we live. Of every ten men you meet in these our days, five of them are baldpated. What a field is here opened—as if by Nature herself—for the moral inspection of man. I regard every bald pate as polished expressly for furnishing a subject to the phrenological student. Whatever causes the hair to fall from the head, I consider in the same useful light as the resurrection-man who supplies subjects for dissection to the anatomical lecturer. Whether it comes from the greater activity of their brains, or from what other cause, I know not; but I have generally observed that the members of the bar are usually more or less bald. How often at the Temple Church on a Sunday, with my eyes wandering from pole to pole, have I caught

myself studying the characters of the forensic congregation; and, I am ashamed to say, attending more to their heads than to the heads of the sermon. When I go to the theatre, nothing delights me like the cry of *hats off!* In an instant I am in my element. No odd-shaped head within the range of examination escapes me. I can appreciate the value of all that surround me to a hair's breadth. When curiosity carries me, as sometimes it does, into the courts of Westminster-hall, the judges—as far as their intellectual capacity goes—sit before me as in a glass case. I can tell precisely the extent of their perceptive and reflecting faculties—where they are deficient in either—and the proportion which each bears to the other. These faculties carry their indications in the anterior of the forehead; above that—with a judge—all is darkness. The awful magnitude of the wig is a foe to free inquiry; it sets all scrutiny at defiance. This appendage is, I know, averred by many to be the seat of legal wisdom; but to me it is no better than a windingsheet which covers the *remains*. What would become of the nation, if in the House of Commons the head of every member were clothed with a wig? If his talents were thus hidden under a bushel, in what would the head of a representative of Gaton, or Old Sarum, differ in appearance from that of the most enlightened countymember? As it is, a skilful phrenologist in the gallery can distinguish as exactly a patriot from a place-hunter as if he were in his sleeve. In a motion for reform, the arguments, however forcible, of the different speakers, go with him for nothing; he takes first a glance at the cerebellum, next casts his eye over the cranial development, and, having thus examined them respectively, as they rise to address the chair, he needs nothing further to let him into the secret of their movements. He can tell to a man which is the real, and which the pretended advocate for reform: who they are that are clandestinely rolling the stone of faction up-hill, and who are honestly setting their shoulders to the wheel. When I hear a member proudly boasting his independence, his disdain

of corruption, and his reverence for popular rights, I watch him till I get a fair sight of his organ of *conscientiousness*; if I find no prominence, no manifestation of this feeling, I perceive at once that his rhetoric is not worth a rush; there is no mistake; there can be no mistake. He may call gods and men, and Mr. Speaker, to witness his sincerity, but depend upon it he has no love of justice; self-interest is his ruling principle; he has no more honesty in him than a unicorn.

But it is when I enter the circle of private society that I exercise my phrenological skill with most profit as well as most amusement. I have, as it were, a touchstone in this science, which brings the truth of every man's character to the test. I can discover private profligacy in a *serious* Christian, and licentiousness in a Methodist preacher, as plainly as if I were their father confessor. It is to me often a source of real pain and sorrow to behold how enormously the world are imposed upon by the whine of mock piety, and the cant of mock patriotism; the empire of all the Russias is as nothing to the empire of hypocrisy. How many a one do I see enjoying high place and honour, when, if he had his deserts, his carcass would give the crows a dinner.

What a wicked race would man be, if women did not redeem it. Were it not for the amiable sex, a phrenologist would lose all patience and all hope. It is their lovely and gentle nature that alone makes the world tolerable. It is no doubt with a view to give their attractions fair play, that nature has made the eye the organ of language. This organ is denoted by the prominence of that part of the brain which lies above the upper part of the orbit. Speech is the channel of communication between man and man—the eye—more sublime—is the channel of communication between man and woman. It speaks in the spirit of all languages. It is endowed, as it were, with the gift of tongues. Its eloquence is wonderful. There is no sentiment that it cannot express—no meaning that it cannot convey. It can glance with tenderness—it can flash with indignation. In affairs of love its soft and

fluid brightness needs no interpreter, It can give an assent in silence as effectually as if the marriage contract were signed, sealed, and delivered.—I speak of the female eye. The eye of man has no such empire: in him, whenever it is prominent, it is an organ of words, and nothing more. His memory for words makes him talkative, but he will be a mere talker. If combined, as in Coleridge, for instance, with high intellectual powers, he will proceed in a fine strain of thought and sentiment with a rapidity which knows no stop. But if, as happens in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he is a commonplace prosier, he will bore you to death with his perpetual and tiresome loquacity. He will be a personification of the *Vox et præterea nihil*; and it had been better for your peace that his eyeball had been sunk an inch within its socket.

The organ which most offends me when I mix with society, is *secretiveness*. It belongs to the middle lobe of the brain. In a minister it is the cradle of intrigue. In the mass of mankind, wherever it is found in full development, it is the little workshop of cunning, dissimulation, and stratagem. The animal man, when he is sly by nature, is of the same texture with such of his brother animals as are crafty by instinct. "If I consider the nature of man and animals," says Dr. Spurzheim, "it seems to me that this special faculty is the propensity to be clandestine in general; to be secret in thoughts, words, things, or projects. The fox is careful not to be observed; a cat watching a mouse moves not a limb; sly animals, if pursued, hide themselves dexterously; a dog secretes his bone; and cunning persons conceal their intentions, and sometimes profess opinions opposite to those they really entertain." Now this is an organization which makes the whole man false. It turns him absolutely upside down. And yet this organ is by no means rare. In members of parliament, previous to a change of ministry, it is always in full activity. So in affairs of gallantry. Whenever the middle of the side of the head is above the level, the brain in both sexes—truth must be spoken—male and fe-

male, is all in a bustle, at No. IX. Double-dealing is the order of the day, and intrigue is in its element. Maids of honour, and men of no honour—sighing bachelors without a head, and dissimulating damsels without a heart, all playing with false counters at the same game—every one deceiving the other, and each deceiving himself. This masquerade is a feast to the phrenologist, and to him alone. He is the only one in the secret. He sees the actors and actresses dressing for their parts, and this, too, when they have no suspicion that any one is behind the screen.

When I go forth into the political world, it is, alas! but a continuation of the same sad scene of disguise. I have seen men whose pills and potions are to purge the world from its dross, secretly stirring heaven and earth to obtain their own selfish ends. I have seen commissioners of revenue inquiry, under the pretext of ridding the government of

corruption, themselves its agents—effecting the removal of a public board, that their official employers might no longer find an obstacle to their Scotch jobs in the integrity of its chairman. Lord Wallace could let the public into some edifying secrets upon this matter. I could expatiate much further, for as a looker-on upon the mighty maze of party politics, an expert phrenologist is an Argus, with his hundred eyes. But I have seen enough of parties to be distrustful of all alike. Whether a whig lord is in, or a tory duke is out, it ceases to give me any concern. All that I should say to either of them would be,

Taking it either way for granted,
Seeing you're out, and he is in,
There's still a point to be descanted,
Whether it signifies a pin:
Then for your Grace's, and each whig,
Another point requires some thought,
Whether you both are worth a fig,
Or all your party worth a groat.

MIRIAM; OR, THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

A HEBREW TALE.

"He is the only one of his mother: he is the choice one of her that bare him."

Canticles.

"They shall eat bread by weight and with care; and they shall drink water by measure, and with astonishment."—*Ezekiel.*

"Alas! alas! Jerusalem! How cometh it to pass that thou art brought thus low? The Gentiles have rule over thee—they raze thy walls, they cast thee down! Yea, they are in the midst of thee! Woe be to us for our sins! Thy might is gone from thee—thy sanctuary is trodden under foot—and made a sink for the blood of thy slain! Drink now of thy cup, O Jerusalem! drink with thy daughter Sion: drink, I say, thy cup of bitterness and grief, together with her; for thou art fallen, and vexation girdeth thee round. Thy soldiers are swifter than eagles, and fiercer than lions; but the scream of the eagle is faint, and the spring of the lion is feeble, when they are famished. Lo! we die, and there is no place to bury our dead, they are so exceeding many; we die unmourned; for all custom of mourning hath ceased, because of the famine, whose greatness cannot be told. Our sufferings are so manifold, that

Titus, who besiegeth us, is amazed with fear, stretching out his hands to heaven, and saying, 'Lord God of Heaven and Earth, in whom the Israelites believe, cleanse me from this sin, which surely I am not the cause of; for I required peace, and they refused it.'"

These were the lamentations of Gorion, the priest, who was in bonds and in prison. Gorion was a man of great age. A hundred and thirty years were upon him. In his dungeon no one could come unto him, nor from him. Joseph, his son, went, therefore, towards the tower, that he might see his father, and comfort him; but as he approached, the soldiers hurled down stones at him, and struck him from his chariot.

When they perceived this, they would have rushed forth to seize him; but a great strength of friends gathered together, and his enemies were not able to do him wrong. At the sound of their

brazen trumpets, as they issued from the gate, the mother of Joseph, who was in Simon's house, inquired the cause of the tumult ; and when they told her the soldiers had gone forth to take her son, though she was fourscore and five, she ran out, and climbed the walls of the city, as a young girl, weeping, and crying aloud to those who were present, "Is my hope, then, come to this! Could I have expected that I should outlive my son? Alas! I trusted he would have buried me, and been a help to me in mine age; for when my whole family almost were taken from me, yet, said I, this one remains to comfort me. Lord! that I might now die; for I cannot live, since my son Joseph is slain!" Then went she yet further on the walls, till she came to the turret, where her husband was in prison, and, stretching her hands to heaven, she cried with a loud voice, "Oh my son, my son, where art thou? Come and speak unto me and comfort me!"

The soldiers, who heard her piteous complainings, laughed her to scorn; and she said to them, "Why do ye not also kill me, that bare Joseph, my son, and nursed him with these breasts? God be judge between us, for ye have slain my son who is guiltless!"

One of the soldiers, a rough, pitiless man, said to her deridingly, "Canst thou not, if so thou wishedst, throw thyself from the walls and die? We will give thee good leave; and when thou hast done it, the Romans shall take thee up and bestow honourable burial upon thee, because thou art Joseph's mother, who is their friend."

"And if I were to do such violence to myself, should I have hope in the world to come? Or would they, of this world, give honourable burial to one who had destroyed herself?"

Now, when Joseph heard his mother speak thus to the jeering soldiers, he put on his armour, and being surrounded by many faithful and valiant Romans, to defend him from the arrows of the Jews, he approached the walls.

"Fear not, my mother," said he, "nor have any thought of me, for you see God hath not suffered me to fall into the hands of mine enemies. I have heard the words of the wicked counselors who bade thee kill thyself, and I have heard thy answer, which I knew would be thy answer. God forbid that

thou, the wife of Gorion, the priest, should fall into the snares of the scoffers. Be content rather, and bear thy yoke patiently; humble thyself before thy oppressors; strive not against the miseries and calamities of the time, which thou canst not alter nor remedy; for they shall perish, but we shall stand and continue."

The mother of Joseph fell upon her knees, and blessed the name of the Lord, who had vouchsafed that her son should "come and speak unto her, and comfort her." So she departed to the house of Simon, rejoicing.

While these things passed before the walls of Jerusalem, there took place within them a horrible act.

There dwelt in Jerusalem a certain rich and noble woman, whose name was Miriam. Her dwelling was beyond Jordan; but when she perceived how the wars and troubles of the land did multiply, she came, with her neighbours, her men-servants, her women-servants, and her whole family, to the Holy City. She had sumptuous apparel, costly furniture, and great wealth. Her raiments were of white, and of purple, and of red, with silken girdles, and bracelets, necklaces, earrings, and mitres: her bedsteads were of ivory; her beds soft, and sprinkled with odoriferous waters; the walls and ceilings of her chambers were of the fragrant woods, cedar and cypress, decked with rich stuffs; and the chambers themselves were filled with vessels of gold and silver.

Miriam had an only son, of whom, when her hour of travail was at hand, a *menachesch*, or soothsayer, foretold, in fearful words, a dismal death; but swooned as he would have described the funeral rites that followed. Miriam trembled. Believing it was *Lilith*, the Queen of Smargad, called "THE DESTROYER OF CHILDREN," of whom the augur had darkly spoken, she summoned a holy man, who drew mystic circles upon the walls, the doors, and about her bed, inscribing thereon these words, "*Adam Chavah Chuts Lilith.*" So the child was thought to be sufficiently defended from the sorceress; and Elnathan, her son, grew to be ten years of age.

It was a sore affliction to Miriam, when the famine became very grievous in Jerusalem, to hear Elnathan's cravings for food, which, alas! she could

not satisfy. Around the city, there had been goodly gardens and most pleasant paradises; but the Romans hewed down every thing for a space of thirteen miles, so that there was not the green bough of a tree, nor a fresh herb any where to be seen. All noisome, all odious, all distasteful things, had yielded abhorred sustenance; but even these were gone, and gaunt wretches, writhing with intolerable agony, ran howling through the streets, or crawled into neglected holes and corners to die. Miriam herself had fed on veriest offal, loathsome to sight and smell; and had given of it to her son Elnathan, with such frugal stint, as though its price were a hundred talents of gold. How vain, yet natural, was the wish that now swelled at her heart, as her dimmed eyes rested upon gorgeous articles of furniture, or precious and costly ornaments, that all their value could purchase a little bread, a few dried figs, some parched corn, a mess of pottage, or a morsel of the fatted calf!

The sun went down, and Miriam ascended to the housetop, rending her garments, and scattering dust and ashes upon her bare head; for she was in utter affliction. A low dirge-like strain came from her. She bewailed her own sufferings, the sufferings of her son, Elnathan, who moaned for food as he lay pale and famished at her feet, and the dire calamities that encompassed the Holy City, "the sanctuary of Israel, the perfection of beauty." Suddenly, like one transported by the spirit of God, she stretched forth her lean, shrivelled arms towards the high places of Isaac; a prophetic majesty of expression kindled in her haggard countenance, and thus she spake:

"Where is now the city of Jerusalem—that great and populous city? Where is that most beautiful city of Zion, that holy city, which rejoiced the whole earth? Oh, thou worship of Israel! the mirth of our hearts, whither is thy glory gone? Where is thy magnificence, O Jerusalem? Where are the hills of the daughters of Zion? Where be her kings and princes?—Where be the kings that were wont to come and inquire of her welfare in her gates? Where are her sages and elders, her young and most valiant men, who were jocund and merry in her streets upon her sabbaths and festival-days?

Where is her sanctuary, the dwelling of the Almighty God? Where is the habitation of holiness, wherein no man might set his foot but the high priest? O Jerusalem! thou wert once replenished with people; renowned among kings; beloved of God! Thy streets were paved, and the walls of thy palaces shone and glistened, with most precious marble; thy gates were plated with gold and silver. Now, thou art full of slain men, and carcasses, which have perished by the sword and by famine. How art thou fallen from the height of thy pride! How art thou burned even to thy foundations, and left desolate and solitary! What eye is so stern, that can behold this unmoved? What heart so stony, that can abide to see thee? Thy streets are without living creatures! The ancient men, who, in times past, did sit in the midst of thee, in the seats of wisdom, judgment, and justice, now sit by the carcasses of their children, to drive away the unclean birds and ravening beasts; their white heads sprinkled with dust and ashes, instead of their glory. Behold, we live a most sorrowful life, for our enemies, even now, cast lots upon our sons and daughters, to divide them amongst them, to be their servants and handmaids!"

Miriam grew faint. Her tongue cleaved to her mouth with a burning heat; her throat was parched, as with fire; and she sank down by her son, Elnathan, devoured with the pains of hunger, so that she began to gnaw the flesh of her own arm. She prayed for death, but her time to die was not yet come.

"Mother!" said Elnathan, in a voice that smote her heart worse than a sharp sword, "mother! food! food!"

Now, when Miriam heard her boy weep, and ask for food, which she had not to give him, a frenzy came upon her; for, laying aside all womanhood, she replied,

"What shall I do, my son? The wrath of God has environed the whole city: in every corner thereof famine reigneth; so that I cannot feed thee, Elnathan. And if I should die of hunger, to whom shall I leave thee, being yet a child? But, alas! art thou not as one already dead? Yea—for I have not wherewith to feed thy life. So I have chosen for thee a sepulchre, my son:—yes, I will be thy grave, lest, dying

after me, dogs eat thee in the streets:—thou—thou shalt be *my* food!”

“Oh, *give* me food!” cried Elnathan, who comprehended not the frantic purpose of Miriam, but the word only which singly expressed all his wants.

“Food!” murmured Miriam, gazing wildly at her skeleton arm, which had the bloodmarks of her own teeth—“thou shalt be *my* food: thou shalt feed me with thy flesh; thou shalt sustain *me*, before famine devours thee. Come, then, render to thy mother that which she gave unto thee; for thou camest of her, and thou shalt return, even where the breath of life was breathed into thy nostrils. So shall thy death be a rebuke and a shame to those who have brought this doom upon Jerusalem; that they may be compelled to say, ‘Lo! a woman hath killed her son, and hath eaten of him!’”

Miriam turned her face away, lest she should see him die, and slew her well-beloved son! Then she divided his body into certain pieces, whereof some she roasted and seethed; and when she had eaten of them, she laid the rest apart, that they might be a meal for the morrow. But the savour of the flesh coming forth into the streets, the people said one to another, “See, here is a smell of food!” and they forthwith entered the house of Miriam, crying fiercely unto her, “why shouldst thou have meat, and wherewith to live, while we die for hunger?”

Miriam answered gently, and without shame,

“Be not displeased, I beseech you, with your handmaid. You shall see I have reserved a portion. Sit ye down, therefore, and I will bring it to you, that you may taste thereof.”

Then laid she the table, and set before them part of her child's flesh, saying,

“Eat, I pray you! Nay, wherefore do you start? Come—wrestle with famine, and eat! Look—here is a child's hand—and here its foot.—Oh, Sirs! believe what I shall tell you, and never report that it is any other woman's child but *MINE*?—My son—my *only* son!—Elnathan—the gift of God!”—Him, whom ye knew for mine—him, I bare—him, I slew—him, of whom I have eaten!”

As thus she spake, she burst into tears, and wept bitterly, exclaiming,

“Oh, my son, my son! how sweet wert thou to me in life!—sweeter than honey—and now, in death, thou hast defended me from the wrath of those who were incensed, because I had food; for, lo! they are appeased, and are become my friends, sitting at my table, where I have made them a banquet of thy flesh!”

They who heard this were moved to much grief and horror; which, Miriam perceiving, she dried her tears, and said,

“Why should ye abhor what I have set before ye? Have I not satisfied myself therewith? Taste, then, and be not longer hungry. Wherefore this pity? Ought ye to be more touched than a woman? If ye will *not* eat of the sacrifice of my son, when I have done so, shall it not be your shame and reproach, that I have a stouter heart, and greater courage than ye? Behold! it is a fair table, a goodly feast; how chanceth it, then, ye refuse to eat?”

They saw that she was mad. But while they sat in amazed silence, there arose a cry from without, that the temple was in flames. Miriam heard the shout of the enemy—the affrighted cry of the multitude. She stood like one whom life had forsaken. Her wasted limbs shook—the glare of her unconscious eyes, withdrawn from the mangled fragments of her child that lay spread before her, was changed to unearthly meanings, as she seemed to fix their shrinking gaze upon some appalling vision that was revealed to them. And, in a slow, deep, solemn tone, she exclaimed, “The voice has gone forth! A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds of the heavens; a voice against Jerusalem, a voice against the temple, a voice as against the bridegroom, a voice against the bride, and a voice against the whole people! How are our souls dried away! The Holy City shall they tread under foot, and make desolate and naked; and they shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire!”

When Miriam had spoken these words, she sank down to the earth, as a shadow glides along the hills, and passed through the gates of death! And so was fulfilled what was declared of the prophet;—“The hands of the pitiful women have soddened their own children!”

ALPHEUS.

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF SULLY.

PART I.

THE biography of a good minister is among the most useful lessons of history. Whether he lived in our own age, or in more remote times, the result differs only in this; that in the latter case, the influence of his character and actions may be traced through a wider train of consequences, while, in the former, it is less completely developed.

Before entering on the life of the Duke of SULLY, it is necessary that we should previously make the reader acquainted with the posture of affairs in France at the time when this illustrious individual entered on that theatre of public affairs, on which he performed so distinguished a part; and that we should concisely develop the causes by which that posture of affairs—which was one of considerable complexity—was brought about.

The eventful history of the period to which we refer, furnishes ample matter of reflection to the philosopher and the statesman; it is valuable, too, in another respect; it reads a lesson of useful import to all those who, undervaluing the progress of knowledge, deem the dissemination of it among the humbler ranks, as tending to dissatisfy them with the occupations to which they are destined, and as fraught with the spirit of disobedience, and with every evil work. It is not unnatural that those persons who possess an ample share of earthly comforts, and who glide with a fair wind along the stream of life, should be fearful of every breeze that may arise to ruffle the waters. Impressed with the truth of the maxim that Knowledge is Power, they feel alarmed, lest the efforts which are making to extend its communication in all directions, should ultimately produce effects unfavourable to the interests of moral government, and to the security of rational freedom. But such apprehensions have no real foundation. True it is, that superior talents will always give their possessor an advantage over others less gifted by nature, or less improved by cultivation; it must give him that sort of power which the strong, whether in mind or body, must always have over the weak; but, on the other hand, ignorance, which is *the absence of*

knowledge, is itself weakness of the very worst kind, and is the instrument by which power, when bent on evil, works out all its worst designs. When the aspiring demagogue wishes to practise on public credulity, he does not begin with playing off his deceptions upon educated minds; he lays his foundations as low as he can in the scale of intellect; because, commencing *there*, he feels surest of success. When the unbeliever wishes to spread the tenets of infidelity, he does not look for success by addressing himself to the more enlightened classes; his influence is over those whose ignorance lays them open to deception. So when the fanatic tries to swell the train of his followers, he has no hope that the reflective and well-informed will flock to his standard: it is the multitude with weak heads and strong passions that troop about him; it is their '*zeal without knowledge*' that exposes them to be led astray, and to become tools in the worst hands, for the worst designs.

The calamities which afflicted France in the days of Sully, when Catholics and Protestants carried on an exterminating crusade against each other, would never have prevailed, had the mass of the people been better instructed, and had their minds been imbued with true notions of religion and liberty. The illustration which is here afforded to the truth upon which we are insisting, has induced us thus to press it, in the outset, on the reader's attention.

The origin of this exterminating crusade—as is the case with all great changes, whether in church or state—was violence. Much, no doubt, may be produced by that general improvement—at all times the safest—which arises out of the slow ascendancy of reason over error; but change of this sort is, in its nature, progressive; while abuses, whether ecclesiastical or civil, that have long kept their ground, at length incorporate themselves with the system of government, and are left to stand or fall with it. LUTHER, of Germany, had already led the way in assaulting the corruptions of the church of Rome, and opposing himself to its doctrines and its

discipline. CALVIN, of Geneva,* with a spirit not less formidable, nor less refractory, pursued in the same track of hostility, and with tremendous effect. This renowned Reformer would admit neither outward worship, nor the invocation of saints, nor any visible head of the church, nor bishops, nor feasts, nor benedictions, nor the doctrine of the real presence. He would admit only two sacraments, baptism and the Lord's supper. He set himself against indulgences, purgatory, and the mass. It was not likely that such sweeping innovations would make their way without bloodshed, more especially at a time when the supremacy of the priesthood held princes and people alike in bondage, and when the church enforced—without moderation, and without remorse—whatever tenets contributed either to increase its wealth, or to preserve its power.

It was from Geneva, the cradle of Calvinism, that the reformed doctrine made its way into France; and it was here that its progress was attended with its most disastrous consequences. All classes, from the highest to the lowest, were in a state of ferment. Nine civil wars desolated this unhappy kingdom during the minority of Charles IX. His mother, Queen Catharine of Medicis, fomented these religious differences with a view to strengthen her authority, well knowing, that while the Protestants were in arms against the Catholics, and the Guises against the Bourbons, they must mutually weaken each other, and that in their weakness was her security. But it is the fate of every very striking deviation from rectitude in the affairs of government, that it eventually defeats its object; the miserable policy of Catharine, in the present instance, augmented the evils of the state, without mitigating those of the church. The battles of Dreux, of Saint Denis, of Jarnac, of Moncontour, signalized this reign. The most important cities were taken and retaken by the conflicting parties, and were sacked by each in their turn. Bigotry was in her element. Kings and nobles, priests and people, were alike infected; and religion, whose aim it is to cultivate, and call into action, all the loftier instincts of our nature, had become the source of the most rancorous

persecution. No man could pray in public with safety, but as his party was uppermost. No shrine was secure against the assassins of the opposite faction. The churches were demolished by the Reformers; the Protestant temples were destroyed by the Catholics, and the bones of their worshippers were left to bleach among the profaned and broken altars of the God of mercy and of peace.

Such was the eventful period which gave birth to the subject of these Memoirs. We shall observe, as we proceed, how it was that his history became so interwoven throughout with that of the sovereign whom he so ably and so faithfully served.

Maximilian de Bethune, Duke of SULLY, was the son of Francis de Bethune, Marquis of Rosny, and was born on the 13th of December, 1560. This family could trace its descent through ten centuries; but the illustrious minister of Henry IV. conferred upon it a celebrity greater than could have been conferred upon it by the most remote line of ancestry. He was educated in the principles of Protestantism, which he never abandoned, although exposed more than once to an influence which might have drawn aside a less inflexible mind. Indeed, he scarcely witnessed anything—when he became capable of observation—but the evils of a thoroughly-corrupted system of government, the leaders of which were set in battle array against each other. In this state all was treachery, confusion, and intrigue; in the church matters were still worse: the sword of religious discord was unsheathed in every direction. The doctrines of the reformed faith were fought for with rage on the one side, and resisted with fury on the other, while, on both sides, the precepts of Christianity were utterly disregarded. As for the great body of the people, they were considered no further than as they served to fight the battles of their rulers. It was with the events of this great crisis that Sully was born to contend.

Charles IX. being at this time in his minority, his mother, Catharine of Medicis, in the usurped capacity of Queen-Regent—for no regency had been declared—administered the government in conjunction with her party. Anthony

* Calvin was born the 10th of July, 1509.

de Bourbon, King of Navarre, father of prince Henry,* was appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom, but being a man of mild character, and moderate talents, he was quite incompetent to cope with the cold-hearted dissimulation of Catharine, or to contend with the three powerful nobles, that passed by the name of the Triumvirate, who had combined together to invade his authority, the Marshal St. André, the Duke of Guise, and the Constable Montmorency.

The Protestant forces had more than once been reduced to the last extremity, but their good fortune had enabled them to recover again and again from their defeats, and to reappear upon the field in defence of their conscience, and their creed. The advantages which they had recently gained, had, at length, served to convince the Queen-Mother that they were not readily to be reduced by open warfare; and she began to think it more expedient to withdraw the divine cause—as it was termed—from a decision by arms, and to seek success through a directly opposite course. Overtures of conciliation were thereupon thrown out—it being foreseen that a time of peace would afford means of destroying the Protestant enemy with a certainty that active hostilities could never ensure—and she resolved either to make the opportunity, or to wait for it. Considerable advantages, moreover, had been recently gained against the Catholic forces; and it was not deemed prudent, in the then conjuncture of affairs, to hazard any further reverses. Accordingly negotiations were entered into—both armies being, at the time, in the presence of each other—and a peace was ultimately signed at St. Germain, on the 11th of August, 1570.

It became the policy of the Queen-

Mother, and of the leaders of the Catholic cabinet, to throw the Huguenots† off their guard by expressing a cordial wish to lay aside all religious differences; but it was not easy to overcome the repugnance which the latter instinctively felt towards any thing like a near association. They could not help regarding this manifestation of a forgiving spirit on the part of their adversaries as of ill omen. They doubted that a party that had pursued them with such unsparing hatred, could be sincere in thus suddenly proclaiming the relations of peace and amity. But still the return of quiet was a blessing not to be hastily rejected; and besides, should occasion call for it, they could again put forth their strength, which would not fail to be recruited by a suspension of arms. To gain their confidence was therefore a work of difficulty, and every engine accordingly was set to work to accomplish it. The first step was to act, outwardly, as if the treaty of St. Germain's was intended as a prelude to a lasting union. The Queen and the Dauphin, on their part, omitted nothing that could lead to a belief that they were actuated by a pure desire to forget all past animosity, and to cultivate, in future, the principles of mutual toleration.

As a pledge of the sincerity of these professions, it was proposed to unite Margaret, the king's sister, with Henry, the young Prince of Navarre, and thus lay the basis, it was pretended, of a lasting unanimity, by an alliance of the two religions. But the real object of Catharine was, to draw aside this prince from the Protestant cause, and thus to throw a still stronger fence round her own power. The marshal de Cossé was accordingly despatched to Henry's mother, the Queen of Navarre, to treat with her

* Afterwards Henry IV.

† Huguenot was an appellation given *par sobriquet* (as a nick-name), to the Protestant Calvinists; but they did not apply to this word the true meaning which it bore originally, and neither the historians, Pasquier, Menage, nor Father Daniel, have been able to arrive at it. It is as follows: "The bishop of Geneva, who, according to the remark of Voltaire, disputed the right of sovereignty over that city with the Duke of Savoy, was compelled, after the example of many other German prelates, to make his escape at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and to abandon the government of its citizens, who, upon this, recovered their liberty. There had been, for a long time, two parties in Geneva, the Catholics and the Protestants. The Protestants called each other *Egnots*, from the German, *eid-gnosin*, bound by oath. The Egnots, who triumphed, drew to themselves a considerable part of the opposite faction, and expelled the rest; from which cause the French Protestants obtained the name of Egnots, afterwards corrupted into *Huguenots*.—*Encyclopédie Méthodique*. Tit. *Histoire*, v. 5.

on the proposed marriage between her son, and the young princess, with whom Charles, her brother, promised to give a portion of three hundred thousand crowns.

The Queen of Navarre was, at first, averse from the proposal. She had carefully educated her son in the doctrines of the reformed worship, and was fearful lest he should make shipwreck of his faith. The recent death of the king, her husband,*—who had been a violent enemy to the Huguenots, of whom she was the protectress—while it removed any source of apprehension from that quarter, did not lessen her anxiety to guard his young mind against the influence to which it was exposed from the various indirect, but powerful, means that she knew would be employed to pervert it. She could not easily persuade herself that this projected union would bring about the beneficial results which were predicted from it. It did not appear to her that it would at all allay the turbulence of the times, or that the rival parties, either in religion or politics, would fight less fiercely for the interests they conceived themselves to have at stake. She was a woman of strong and clear perception; and the first views of such a mind are usually correct. She was, however, urged with such unceasing assiduity by the insinuating emissaries of the French court, and their motives were put forth so plausibly, and with such seeming frankness, that, in a few months, she was completely gained over—the match was effectively negotiated—and the time of her departure for Paris was fixed for the month of May following (A. D. 1572). The chief nobles of Navarre were likewise subdued by the same well-managed influence; and being earnestly solicited by the Marquis de Cossé to be present at the celebration of the proposed nuptials, the scruples which, at first, crossed their minds, gave way, and they set out on their journey to Paris.

When Francis de Bethune (the father of Sully) heard of the departure of these Protestant nobles for France, he ex-

pressed his astonishment at their imprudence in having accepted an invitation which placed their persons in so much jeopardy. He knew well the perfidious policy of Catharine and her court, and valued their flattering professions at their real worth. The change of manners they had recently manifested was, to him, inexplicable on any principle by which their conduct had hitherto been governed, and he felt assured that they were actuated by motives which they carefully kept out of sight. Forewarned by his own penetration, he accordingly retired, with his effects, to Rochelle, with intent to remain there, and to observe, at a distance, the objects to which this new system of policy was directed. He had not, however, been long there when, being entreated by the Queen of Navarre to accompany her to the French capital, he complied, and joined her on her way to Vendome. To this, his father's expedition, all the future fortunes of Sully may be traced.

He was, about this time, entering his thirteenth year; but, young as he was, the moral features of his character had been fixed by the same parental training which had matured the strength of his mind. Though of high birth, his infancy had not been suffered to waste itself in profitless indulgence. He had been so disciplined as to cherish and keep alive all those high-toned sentiments of integrity which should mould him, in afterlife, into that best of all characters, an inflexibly honest man.

His father, before setting out to join the Queen of Navarre, having resolved to take young Sully with him, ordered him, on the eve of his departure, to attend him in his chamber, and, no one being present but Durandieu, his preceptor, he addressed him thus:—"As custom, Maximilian, does not permit me to make you the principal heir to my estates, I would fain, by way of recompense, enrich you with those higher virtues, by which I trust you will, as has been foretold to me, be, one day or other, distinguished. Prepare yourself to sustain with fortitude the crosses you

* Anthony de Bourbon, King of Navarre, had, as we have seen, been appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom of France, pending the minority of Charles IX.; but his vice-royalty was of short duration, he was soon afterwards killed by a musket-shot at the siege of Rouen. The queen, who had returned to Bearne after the loss of her husband, had at this time left Prince Henry, her son, at the court of France, under the conduct of an excellent preceptor, La Gaucherie, to whom his Protestant education had been confided.

will meet with in the world, and, by nobly surmounting them, acquire the esteem of all good men, more especially of the master to whom I wish to devote you, and in whose service I wish you to live and die. I am about to set off to meet the Queen of Navarre, and the prince, her son: you must get ready to accompany me, and must prepare an address, tendering him your services, when I shall present you to him."—On his arrival in Paris, he accordingly presented him to prince Henry, in the presence of the queen, his mother, when the youthful *élève*, bending on one knee, pledged himself to confirm the assurances which his father had given in his favour.

The most magnificent preparations were at this time making to celebrate the marriage of prince Henry with the princess Margaret, and every thing breathed an air of festivity. The reception of the Protestant lords at the French court had been most gracious. Enough had transpired, however, to fill the more reflective among them with distrust, and several had quitted Paris, and removed for better security to the suburbs. Amongst those who had so removed was Sully's father, who, when pressed to take up his residence nearer the court, replied that "he found the air of the outskirts more healthy, and that of the fields healthier still." He saw in all this courtesy nothing but the cover to some perfidious intention that would ere long reveal itself, and to the caution which this foresight suggested he was indebted for the preservation of his life.

The young Prince of Navarre had been repeatedly warned of the danger to which he exposed himself, and had been urgently entreated to remove to a distance from Paris, but the fascinations of the Parisian court were but too attractive, and the warnings were disregarded.

SULLY had been placed by his father in lodgings in the vicinity of the Sorbonne, a quarter of Paris in which almost all the colleges stood; and here, attended by his governor, St. Julien, and a valet-de-chambre, was applying himself ardently to his studies. An event happened at this juncture which not only put Bethune and a few others upon their guard, but which seemed fully to justify their most fearful anticipations.

This was the death of the Queen of Navarre, who was carried off while busied amidst the preparations that were going forward for the approaching nuptials of her son. Some writers affirm that she was poisoned by a pair of perfumed gloves: and they assign as the cause, the fear entertained that some one about the court had revealed to her the plot that was in agitation to extirpate the Protestants; that she would not fail to disclose to the leaders of that party the secret information she had obtained, and that the intended victims would thus be snatched away at the very moment of the sacrifice. Other historians insist that she was not taken off by any indirect means, but that her death was occasioned by a fever, produced at first by the fatigue of travelling from Bearne; and which, owing to the interesting occupation of the moment, had been neglected till medical aid was of no avail. The possibility of her death being effected by poisoned gloves may reasonably be doubted. Looking, however, at the suddenness of the event, and the momentous crisis at which it happened we are well justified in rejecting the latter account. The Queen of Navarre was a woman of an intrepid spirit, with a mind that cast all ordinary minds to a distance; she had openly embraced the Protestant cause; she had devoted her son—over whose mind she had all the influence which such a mother must naturally possess—to be the champion of that cause, and he had already manifested in its defence a bravery and enthusiasm which the Catholic court had long looked upon with alarm. There is no doubt that in consenting to the prince's marriage with Marguerite she had made a painful sacrifice, knowing, as she could not but know, at what risk her refusal must have been persisted in; but allured on the other hand by the specious promises and protestations of the French nobles who had been appointed to negotiate the alliance, and inspired also with the hope that it would bring repose to the reformed church, and to its long-harassed and persecuted adherents, she had, at length, persuaded herself to consent. When, however, we reflect that the Catholic leaders, on their part, could not but be full of apprehensions, on seeing not only the foremost but the most formidable enemy of their

faith on the point of being united to the sister of their sovereign; and when we consider not only the powerful influence of the Queen of Navarre over her son, but the additional means which she would shortly acquire of opposing their designs, her removal so opportunely, and at such a critical moment, warrants the belief that indirect means were employed, although poison might not have been administered in the mode related.

This sorrowful event served strongly to confirm, as well as to increase the dread that some plot was in agitation from which the Protestant party had every thing to fear. Rumours had got abroad from which, although nothing distinct or decisive could be collected, it was still manifest that they were on the eve of some great event. Even the misgivings of prince Henry became, as nuptials drew near, every day more alarming. He had, indeed, so dark a foreboding of the fatal consequences of this alliance, that he was more than once heard to say, "If this marriage take place at Paris the bridal favours will be deeply crimsoned."

The French monarch, from a pretended unwillingness to give even the slightest umbrage to the Huguenots, not only dispensed with the necessity of performing his sister's nuptials in the interior of Notre-Dame, but even of observing the forms of the Romish church; it was only insisted that the vows should be received by a Romish priest, the Cardinal of Bourbon. The cardinal, on his part, remonstrated strongly against this most heretical indulgence, but the ulterior purpose required the temporary sacrifice of all religious scruples, and his remonstrance was ineffectual. An extensive scaffolding was accordingly erected in the area before the principal entrance of the cathedral, and on Monday, August the 18th, A.D. 1572, the marriage was duly solemnized. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridegroom proceeded to a Protestant church to hear a sermon, and the bride retired into the cathedral to hear mass, as had been previously settled in the marriage treaty. Having respectively finished their devotions, the high-contracting parties assembled at the sumptuous entertainment prepared for them in the great hall of the palace.

Too truly had Henry predicted that

the bridal favours would be steeped in blood. Within one short week this gloomy prophecy was frighfully realized. The morning of the 24th of August was ushered in with the memorable massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which upwards of sixty thousand of the Protestant party were slaughtered! amongst whom were all the Protestant lords who, unhappily had been prevailed upon to grace by their presence that union which was to ensure general tranquillity, and to be a solemn pledge of good faith.

This was the horrid plot that had been so long preconcerted. The ringing of the matins bell of the church of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, was the signal for the commencement of that carnage which no historian has since named but with an emphasis of execration. Sully's interesting account of his own situation at this direful moment is thus given by himself in his *Memoirs*: "I had gone to bed early in the evening. About three hours after midnight I found myself awakened by the sound of all the bells, and by the confused cries of the populace. My governor, St. Julien, ran hastily out with my valet-de-chambre, to learn the cause, and I never afterwards heard any more of them; they were, no doubt, among the first that fell a sacrifice to the fury of the rabble. I remained alone in my chamber, dressing myself, when in a few moments I saw the owner of the house enter, pale, and in the utmost agitation. He was of the reformed religion, and having heard the cause of the tumult, had resolved to go to mass, that by this expedient he might save his life and protect his property from being pillaged. He had come to persuade me to do the same, and to go along with him. I did not think it advisable to follow him. I chose rather to reach, if I could, the college of Burgundy, in which I studied, notwithstanding the distance of the house in which I was from the college, made the attempt very hazardous. Having thrown my scholar's gown over me, and taking a large prayer-book under my arm, I descended. I was struck with horror, on gaining the street, to see the furious wretches that, running along and forcibly breaking their way into houses, were crying aloud, 'Kill! kill! murder the Huguenots!' The blood which I saw shedding before my eyes redoubled

my terror. A body of guards came up with me: they stopped me, questioned me, and were beginning to ill-treat me, when luckily they cast their eyes upon the book which I was carrying under my arm, and it served me for a passport. I fell twice after this into similar danger, from which I extricated myself with the like good fortune. At length I arrived at the college: here a still greater peril awaited me. The porter having twice refused me admittance, I was obliged to stand out in the middle of the street at the mercy of the infuriated mob, whose numbers were every moment increasing, and who were obviously on the look out for their prey. At this moment it occurred to me to inquire for the principal of the college, whose name was La Faye, a worthy man, and by whom I was greatly esteemed. The porter, prevailed upon by a few pieces of money which I slipped into his hand, consented to send up for him. This excellent man made me accompany him to his apartment; when we had reached it, two inhuman priests, whom I overheard whispering something about Sicilian vespers, wanted to force me out of his hand with a view to assassinate me, saying that their orders were, 'to kill all, even infants at the breast.' All that La Faye could do was to carry me, with the utmost secrecy to a closet at some distance, in which he locked me up. Here I remained three whole days uncertain of my fate, and receiving no consolation but from the domestic servant of this benevolent man, who came from time to time to bring me something to eat. At the end of three days, an order being issued prohibiting any further slaughter or pillage, I was released from my confinement, and almost at the same moment I saw Parriere and La Vieville, two soldiers of the guard, who were dependants of my father, enter the college. They had been sent to learn what was become of me, and, being armed, they had no doubt resolved to rescue me by force wherever they should find me. On their return they gave my father a detail of what had occurred, and eight days afterwards I received a letter from him, expressing how greatly he had been alarmed on my account, but advising me, at the same time to

remain in Paris, since the prince I served was not permitted to quit it, and adding, "that in order to avoid exposing myself to an evident danger it was expedient that I should follow that prince's example and go to mass."*

This rueful massacre led in its results to all that misery which afflicted France for six-and-twenty years, viz., from this period till the peace of 1596. Charles IX. is described as suffering great remorse of mind in consequence of the part which he had taken in it. He died in less than two years afterwards, and, as Sully informs us, "in the most excruciating pain and bathed in blood. In this pitiable condition," he adds, "he displayed by his gestures and his tears the regret which overwhelmed him."† Dying, as he did, with the scenes of this dreadful tragedy so fresh on his memory, it is to be expected that his last moments would be imbibed by its appalling recollections. But the misery of an expiring monarch is no compensation to his people for the sufferings occasioned by his crimes. Charles was but five-and-twenty when he was removed from the scene of conflict and calamity that surrounded him. The flush and thoughtlessness of youth, which might furnish some apology for excesses of another kind, offer none for an act of atrocious guilt which has no parallel in history, and to which—though it was concerted by others—he was a willing accessory. It is related upon the best authority, that while the work of murder was going on he was seen at a window of the Louvre with a carbine in his hand, firing upon the Protestants who were flying in every direction.

It is likewise well attested that he went with several of his courtiers to regale himself with the sight of the mangled body of the venerable Coligny, which was suspended by the legs with an iron chain, and on one of them remarking that it smelt offensively, he answered in the words ascribed to Vitellius, that "the body of a dead enemy always smelt well." There are certain sentiments—and this is one of them, which mark the character at a single stroke. In the bosom of this monarch, young as he was, every feeling of human sympathy must have been dead and

* Mémoires de Sully, liv. i. p. 45. Ed. Paris, 1814.

† Ibid.

gone, before he could have thus expressed himself on so affecting an occasion. We are told, indeed, by Montluc, Du Thou, and other French historians of the time, that he possessed courage, prudence, eloquence, penetration, economy and sobriety, and that, had he lived, he would have made a great king; but what is such a prediction worth that is made in the teeth of fact and experience? A man may possess all the qualities abovenamed, and yet be the veriest wretch that ever disgraced his race. What conception can such writers form of what constitutes "a great king," if they can find the seeds of it in such a heartless prince as Charles IX.? All the moral truth which history should teach is perverted, and all the moral benefit which mankind should derive from it is intercepted, by thus giving bad rulers credit in the way of prophecy for virtues which they never would have practised, and thus warding off the well-merited detestation which should follow their cruelty and their crimes.

The sword which had so amply done its office being now ordered back to its scabbard, young Sully began to turn his leisure to the best account. He had been strongly recommended by his father to apply himself to the study of the learned languages, but since he had resided within the circle of the court, he had fortunately found this impracticable. We say fortunately, because France was so greatly a gainer by the course of study to which he devoted himself in lieu of it. He had possessed his mind with more useful endowments, and braced it to a higher moral tone than it would ever have attained by the most profound acquisitions as a linguist; and his country profited infinitely more by his habits of looking attentively on the world, and the manly train of thinking to which he had inured himself, than it ever would have done by his skill in Hebrew, or his proficiency in Greek.

He was at this time under Florent Chrétien, then preceptor to prince Henry of Navarre, a man of graceful acquirements, and well skilled in the belles-lettres, under whom he applied himself sedulously to reading and writing with fluency and correctness—to the more graceful athletic exercises;—to mathematics and history;—and to the perusal of all the most approved writers in mo-

als and legislation;—studies much better suited to his inclination, and which he found much more available to him in the arduous station he was called upon to fill in afterlife.

Prince Henry underwent the same discipline, and was educated in all respects under the same system, except that somewhat more attention was paid to the giving his manners a more royal and studied grace. Those of Sully were by nature of a rougher coating, and were not susceptible of so fine a polish. He was born to different duties, and his character was suited to them; but, as they grew up, the minds of both bore marks of the same training. In both there was a strong love of justice, and a straightforwardness of purpose, combined with great goodness of heart. Men so constituted can never go far wrong. The minister was fitted to the king, and the king to the minister. Both have left a track of light behind them such as does not often throw its splendour on the page of history.

At the troublesome period we are now speaking of, when the great rulers of the state were perpetually intriguing against each other, and when religion was made, at one time, a cloak for rebellion, at another, a pretext for plunder, it was not likely that young Sully would be suffered to continue his studies without interruption. The darkness had long been gathering in the political hemisphere, when at length the storm came on, and all was once more a scene of excitement and commotion. Adverting to the course of instruction which he had planned out to himself, and which he had pursued steadfastly and with ardour, he says—"I continued to follow it till I was sixteen, when the crisis of affairs having thrown both the Prince of Navarre and myself amidst the tumult of arms, from which we had no hope of being freed, I was constrained to exchange my studious pursuits for the practice of the military art, beginning with the rudiments, and renouncing every other occupation." He adds—and his words deserve to be remembered—"In such circumstances all that a young man can do is, to bestow all that attention on his morals which he is obliged to withdraw from the cultivation of his mind. For even amidst the din and confusion of arms, an excellent school

for courteous and noble behaviour presents itself to those who will profit by it. But unhappy is he, and unhappy for the whole of life, that engages in a profession so dangerous to youth, without having the strength, or the inclination, to resist the influence of bad example. If he yields to the impulse of every degrading vice, how will he be able to instruct, or to fortify himself in those principles of conduct which wisdom dictates as well to the private man as to the prince? Virtue ought to resolve itself into habits, that no good action should be matter of effort, and that if reduced to the alternative of saving all by a crime, or of losing all by acting honourably, his part should be at once taken, and his heart know no struggle between his duty and his inclination.*

A man whose mind is imbued with principles such as these is well calculated to sustain any part in which he may be called upon to act. Sully, who had been thus compelled to turn his attention to the art of war, soon found ample exercise for the display of his military talents. France was at this time ravaged by three or four armies, and over-run by a brutal soldiery, to whom all property was lawful prize. Parties both in church and state were struggling with ferocious violence and with doubtful success. Every quarter of the kingdom was embroiled with intestine divisions, and lay open to all the excesses which follow in the train of treason and anarchy. Sully distinguished himself by his prudence and bravery in various encounters under the young King of Navarre, and in the year 1580, he was rewarded—for some signal service which he had performed—by the post of counsellor of Navarre, and chamberlain in ordinary, with a salary of two thousand livres—about 100*l.* sterling—the highest income annexed to any appointment at that time; and he was then only in his nineteenth year.

Three years afterwards, the young King of Navarre having much at heart to disconcert the measures of the League, Sully was charged to repair to the court of France, in order that—residing on the spot—he might make himself acquainted with whatever was going on, and by his information from time to

time, be enabled to countermine its projects.

The prudence, sagacity, and address by which Sully was distinguished, admirably qualified him for this secret mission. He was much in favour with persons of leading influence in both sects. His religious tenets were known, but his heresy was forgiven in favour of his free and tolerant spirit. Wherever he found acts of virtue and beneficence, he never felt inclined to arraign the creed of their author. To be a Catholic was with him no ground of offence. He fought, it is true, by the side of a Protestant prince; but he warred as a soldier against political oppression, and not, as a polemic, against freedom of opinion.

The league—whose movements he was now entrusted to watch—was a conspiracy entered into about this period, against Henry III., who had succeeded to the throne on the death of his brother, Charles IX. It was necessary to cover the designs of the confederates with the veil of sanctity, and for this purpose a name goes a great way. It was, therefore, termed, pre-eminently, "*La sainte Ligue.*" It was to be presumed that the object of this *Holy Alliance* must of course be wise and just, and good. But, unhappily, there is no end of the deception that may be practised under a fair exterior. In reality, it was thus baptized at the font of Despotism, and was founded on principles the most selfish, the most adverse to the welfare of the people, and the most subversive of the ends of justice. It had, in fact, no other object at bottom than to concentrate and to fortify the power of the members that composed it. It was enough, however, that the epithet *holy* was inscribed upon their banners, and, for the present, it was the task of Sully to watch over and give warning of the treachery that was practising under it.

The Duke of Guise, who aspired to the throne, first projected this league in Paris. He sent a circular among the Parisians whom he had gained over by bribery, containing a scheme for an association to defend religion, the king, and the liberty of the state. Its secret and real purpose, however, being to

oppress the king and the state through the aid and by the influence of the church. The circular was despatched, and subscriptions obtained to it, throughout the chief provinces of the kingdom. The king became alarmed at the body of adherents that were trooping round the projector of this scheme of power, and fearing that he might become its victim, he was himself weak enough to sign the league, and thus to bestow upon it the high sanction of his royal name and authority. He hoped by this step to prevent the Duke of Guise from being chosen as chief of the Catholic party, whereas it placed him in a position full of difficulties, without opening to him even the least correspondent advantage. By thus enrolling himself as a member of this saintly alliance, he mixed himself with a faction that he could neither guide nor govern. This was the natural consequence of that position in which, as a sovereign, he had so unguardedly placed himself. Had he stood aloof to watch its progress he would have done wisely; but reflection came too late. He had put it out of his power to profit by the teachings of experience. His error was irretrievable, and was fraught with consequences fatal to all the future prosperity of his reign. The Catholic leaguers, and the Protestant counter-leaguers, desolated the finest provinces of his kingdom, and brought back all the horrors of civil war.

A circumstance occurred about this time which redounds greatly to the credit of the young King of Navarre. The queen-mother, whose element was intrigue, had not only contrived to embroil the king, her son, with his younger brother, the Duke d'Alençon, but had, likewise, inspired the latter with a strong feeling of hatred against the King of Navarre. During the time that this discord was at its height, the French monarch was taken suddenly ill, and was seized with such an agonizing pain in his ear, that he conceived himself to have been poisoned; and, from the alienation that had been produced between them, his suspicion fell upon his brother, the Duke d'Alençon.*

Impressed with this belief, and imagining that he had not long to live, he sent for the King of Navarre, and telling him that he felt his end drawing nigh, urged him, as soon as he should be dead, to cause Monsieur, the Duke d'Alençon, to be despatched. He assured him, that unless he had recourse to this means of prevention, he would himself perish by the duke's hand. The king's courtiers enforced the wish, and confirmed the suggestion of their royal master; but Henry, who recoiled with horror from the proposition, endeavoured to soften the king's resentment against his brother, and remonstrated with him as well on the dreadful consequences of such an act, as on the absence of all just grounds of suspicion that he had at all contributed to the crisis under which his majesty was then suffering. The exasperated monarch, far from being appeased by this reasoning, urged its consummation without delay, fearful of its failure if deferred till he should be no more; but the decided language in which Henry rejected all thoughts of such a deed, left no hope that he could be prevailed upon to attempt it.

It may seem at first view, that to abstain from the guilt of murder was not an effort which called for any great commendation; and, certainly, under ordinary circumstances it would not deserve to be considered as any meritorious exercise of forbearance. But, in the present instance, we must bear in mind the peculiar situation in which the King of Navarre stood. If Henry III. and his brother, the Duke d'Alençon were removed at this juncture, the throne of France would devolve to him as next in succession. The former was, as it was supposed, on the point of death, and to effect the removal of the latter, it remained only that he should yield to the solicitations of the reigning king, and of the chief officers and favourites of the court who, backed by a strong party of his own, were completely at his devotion, while the king's brother was a prince of but little influence, against whom there was a very general hatred, and who was supported only

* His brother, Francis II., the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, had died after a short reign of a few months, of an abscess in his ear, which was supposed to have been caused by poison applied during sleep. The recollection of this event naturally excited the king's alarm on the present occasion.

by a single adherent, the brave Bussy d'Amboise. At the period we are treating of, when ambition was not very choice in its motives, nor very scrupulous in its means, few princes would have missed so inviting an opportunity. Henry, on the contrary, considered himself as degraded by being supposed capable of availing himself of it. "My ambition," he indignantly replied, "would be rather to rule myself by the dictates of conscience and of honour, than to acquire a crown by such cowardly means. Diadems, acquired by such means, instead of being symbols of glory to those who wear them, are no better than the ensigns of infamy obtained by bandits and thieves."* Such sentiments were by no means familiar to the monarchs of that age. Henry III., however, who had despaired of life, gradually recovered; he found, after a time, that he had wrongfully accused his brother; but, nevertheless, so strong was his aversion towards him for having joined the Protestants, that he did not the less wish that his advice had been followed. Being again restored to health, he was beset afresh by the factionaries of the league, while Sully, who was on the spot, did not fail to develop from time to time the aspiring views of its leaders, and to advise his royal master, in secret, as to the measures best fitted to counteract them.

The French court was, at this time, the most brilliant, the most dissipated, and the most voluptuous in Europe. The nature of Sully's embassy necessarily threw him into the midst of its attractions, and no sooner had he entered the Hall of Spells, than he was brought to own the power of the enchantress. Love smote him; but the wound though deep was not lasting. The throbbings of his heart appear to have left him the full use of his understanding, and by the aid of reflection, and of La Fond, his valet-de-chambre, he was speedily recovered, and began to breathe his eloquence into another ear. But we will take the affair from his own faithful and amusing registry of it.—"Engaged in this new kind of life, which obliged me, from the very nature of the occupation with

which I was charged, to frequent the court, and to mix in the most brilliant circles of Paris, to share their pleasures, their amusements, and their idleness, and being in the prime and vigour of life, no one will be surprised that I should pay to Love the accustomed tribute. I became desperately enamoured of the daughter of the President de Saint-Mesmin, one of the most beautiful ladies in France. At the outset I gave myself up to a passion of which the first emotions are always so delicious, and when afterwards I wished to combat it by reflecting on the unsuitableness of the alliance, I found that this consideration availed nothing when opposed to the regard which all the family entertained for me—to the friendship of the respectable father—and, more than all, to the charms of a mistress who well deserved to be loved. I should have found it next to impossible to have broken the chain by my own unassisted efforts; but La Fond proposed to me, by way of interlude, to visit Mademoiselle de Courtenay, to whom he was desirous I should turn my attention, as a person in all respects more suitable for me.

"Being one day at Nogent-sur-Seine, I put up at an inn in that town, having with me this same La Fond and a few other persons. It happened, singularly enough, that chance had conducted Mademoiselle Saint-Mesmin and Mademoiselle de Courtenay to the same place. This circumstance I learnt the moment I alighted. This was a most delicate conjuncture, and I judged that it would be impossible to extricate myself without breaking for ever with the younger lady of the two which I should refuse to address the first and pay my first attentions to. There is no artifice, no management by which, in a juncture like this, you can content two women at the same time. Mademoiselle de Saint-Mesmin's youngest sister, coming down stairs at this moment, found me in a revery, like a man who is seeking to reconcile love and reason. She perceived it, and my embarrassment giving ample scope to her vivacity, she was about to draw me to her sister's feet, when La Fond approaching, whispered in my ear—'Turn to the right, Monsieur; you will find there

royal extraction, and quite as much beauty when it shall have attained to maturity.' These words, so seasonably thrown out, recalled me to my reason, and fixed my wavering resolution. I was convinced that La Fond's advice was good, and that the only difference with respect to beauty between Mademoiselle de Courtenay and her rival was, that the latter was in full possession of those charms, which would not be matured in the former till a year or two. I excused myself for not waiting upon Mademoiselle Saint-Mesmin, which drew upon me the severest reproaches ;

but I bore up against them, and went, forthwith, to pay my visit to Mademoiselle de Courtenay, to whom the importance of this sacrifice was enhanced much beyond its value. She was, however, pleased with me for the preference, and I applauded myself for it when I contemplated my new mistress more at leisure, and when a few more visits had given me a nearer knowledge of her character. She received my attentions favourably, and a short time after this adventure we were married."

S.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY INCOGNITA.

Old Year, thou art going
And I care not where,
No sigh of regret, on
Thy wings shalt thou bear.
Oh, hasten away then,
Thou gloomy old fright,
With a face full of woe,
And a heart full of blight.

Thy successor I know not,
Perhaps in his reign
We may feel more of sorrow,
And know more of pain.
But welcomer this, to
A heart such as mine,
Than the cold chilling blight
Thou hast shed over thine.

I spoke, and the wind
Gave a low, hollow moan,
I heard in its whisper
The cross Old Year's groan.
"Foolish daughter of Eve,
I am hast'ning away,
We shall meet once again."
"Where, Old Year?"—"At Doomsday."
Then think you, vain mortal,
You'll know me again?"
"Yes, yes, you old kill-joy,
'Mid thousands, I ween!"

"Yes, you'll know me, poor maid,
When a record I read
Of many a folly
And frivolous deed.
Of time unimproved,
I hear you complain,
You have known little pleasure
In my tedious reign.

" But fifty-two* messengers
Maiden, I've sent,
To show you the paths,
The blest paths of content!
And time for repentance
I've granted you too,
Were those hallowed messengers
Heeded by you?"

" No gem of affection
Have you borne away,
From my dear fire-side
You have robbed not a ray,
The faces I love
Are still smiling around me,
No tie hast thou broken
Of those that have bound me.

" Thy last awful lesson
Shall ne'er be forgot,
Do not frown dear Old Year ;"
The Old Year heeds me not!
In anger around me
His shadows he threw,
And gave one dark frown
As a parting adieu.

" My youthful successor
May bring in his reign,
Of riot and pleasure
A long worldly train,
But he'll rise against you
At Doomsday I say!"
He ceased, and the echoes
Repeated " Doomsday."

" Old Year," I replied,
" I have pondered awhile,
And gone is my triumph
And gone is my smile ;
Your pardon, Old Year,
I regret that we part,
Tho' a gloomy old fellow,
Still kind was your heart."

I turn'd me away,
A bright smile met my eye,
It arose in the east,
It illumined the sky ;
I hailed the new monarch,
All brightly he shone,
New Year, thou art welcome!
Old Year, thou art gone!

* The Sundays of the year.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN OXONIAN.

A REMARKABLE MISQUOTATION.

WHAT a prodigious difference in the sense may oftentimes be made by the transposition of even a single word in a sentence. A remarkable instance of this may be found in a quotation made by Paine, in his *Rights of Man*, when combating the doctrines put forth by Mr. Burke, in his celebrated letter on the French Revolution. "Mr. Burke," says Mr. Paine, "appears to have no idea of principles, when he is contemplating governments. 'Ten years ago (says he) I could have felicitated France on her government without inquiring what that government was, or how it was administered?' Is this the language of a rational man? Is it the language of a heart, feeling, as it ought to feel, for the rights and happiness of the human race? On this ground Mr. Burke must compliment every government in the world; while the victims who suffer under them, whether sold into slavery or tortured out of existence, are wholly forgotten. It is power, and not principles, that Mr. Burke venerates, and under this abominable depravity he is disqualified to judge between them."

Had Mr. Burke uttered the foolish and absurd sentiment here imputed to him, he would, no doubt, have fairly laid himself open to the angry attack which it excites. But the sentiment conveyed by him is diametrically the reverse of that which he is here made to express. His words are—"Could I, ten years ago, have felicitated France on her having a government without inquiring what that government was, or how it was administered?" Whereas, Paine, by a slight transposition, quotes it affirmatively, *I could*, and on this flagrant misrepresentation he proceeds to charge upon Mr. Burke that utter disregard for consistency and common sense which the assertion implies.

That Paine deliberately and intentionally misquoted Mr. Burke I can hardly believe. There was an integrity of mind about him quite incompatible with an act so mean and disingenuous. It was, besides, so manifest, and so easily exposed, that his own character for ingenuousness and fair dealing must suffer in far greater proportion than the political reputation of Mr. Burke. He proba-

bly transcribed the sentence erroneously in the first instance, and proceeded afterwards to comment upon it without ever again referring to the original. There appears to me no other probable mode of accounting for it. But what is very extraordinary, neither the adversaries of Paine, nor the friends of Burke, ever remarked the false citation of this paragraph. It might have been made to form a strong ground of accusation against the great champion of republicanism that he was capable of resorting to such mean and shameless misrepresentation. And to the multitude it was worth a thousand arguments to have urged the barefaced mistatements of which he was guilty, and to have produced this instance triumphantly in evidence. But by an oversight, more singular still than that from which it arose, the error, glaring as it is, escaped notice; and this too, although it re-appeared in every edition of the *Rights of Man*. Even in the complete edition of his works, published by Carlile, in 1819, it has passed unobserved. There is perhaps no instance in the history of literature, of a work so extensively circulated, read with so much intenseness of party feeling, and running the gauntlet of so great a host of answerers and commentators, in which a misquotation so flagrant as this ever passed without detection.

NEWSPAPERS.

It may gratify our national pride, as Chalmers justly remarks in his *Life of Ruddiman*, to be told that mankind are indebted to England for the first newspaper. In the British Museum may be found the several newspapers which had been printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel, in 1588. The strong excitement of the public fears at this portentous crisis, and the fatal consequences that might arise from false reports getting abroad, naturally suggested to the prudence of Elizabeth, and the wise policy of her secretary, Burleigh, to adopt some medium of circulating authentic intelligence; and the earliest newspaper is entitled *The English Mercurie*, which, by authority, was "imprinted at London by Christopher Barker, her Highnesses printer, 1588." At this period no other nation

in Europe could boast the existence of a printed Newspaper.

BEAUTY.

"VIRTUE," says Lord Bacon, "is like a rich stone, best plain set.*" But why so? The authority of a Lord High Chancellor is no doubt great in matters of law, but when he comes to lay down the law with respect to female beauty, his judgment, as far as authority goes, is not worth a rush. There is no alliance between the toilet and the woolsack. Besides, there is nothing so likely to mislead us on any subject, be it what it may, as a maxim laid down in a metaphor. Virtue, in the way of comparison, is no more like "a rich stone" than it is like a rich jelly, or a rich Genoa velvet. As well might we compare mock-modesty with mock-turtle. Neither has beauty any thing more to do with the setting of this said rich stone than it has to do with the frame of a miniature picture, or the fringe of an under petticoat. Ask any man, in the united kingdom, whether he ever loved a virtuous girl a whit the less because her face was beautiful, and her person well-shaped? Who, since the world began, when he saw virtue encompassed in an "angel's frame," ever cried out for the plain setting?

LOVE.

In the following beautiful lines are two questions which an exquisite poet may ask, but which the most enlightened philosopher cannot answer :

Oh! Love, what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved?—Ah
why

With cypress branches hast thou wreath'd
thy flowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?

LORE BYRON.

HORACE AND MR. CANNING.

HORACE, whose poetical reputation stands so high, and whose ear was no doubt well attuned to harmony, took many liberties with which the refined taste of our times would be sorely displeased, and for which, had he been summoned before the bar of modern criticism, he would have been dismissed with a severe rebuke. The classical reader will recall many instances in

which, when a word is too long to suit his poetical purpose, he splits it to fit his measure, and puts one half at the end of one verse, and the other at the commencement of the line which follows it, as—

Redditum Ciri solio Phraaten
Dissidens plebi numero beoto-
-rum eximit virtus, &c.—L. ii. ode 2.

A pathetic passage thus cut in twain would be absolutely murdered ; no tenderness of sentiment nor beauty of thought could bear up against it. VOLTAIRE, who had an exquisitely musical ear, justly censures it, adding, that it is as if in a French ode one should write

Defions-nous de la fortune,
-ne, et n'en croyons que la vertu.

CANNING, by whom some admirable parodies on several of the odes of Horace are to be found in the *Anti-Jacobin*, has turned this defect of the Roman bard to admirable account. In the well-known sapphic address to "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder," he initiates it with a most humorous and successful effect:

**Weary knife-grinder ! little think the proud
 ones,
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 road, what hard work 'tis crying all day
 " knives and**

Scissors to grind, 'O !'

But the Roman poet, not content with dividing a word, will sometimes commit a still more flagrant sin against the melody of language, by putting at the end of one line the first letter of the word which ushers in the next. As the vowel *u*, for instance, in the passage—

Jove non probante u-
-xorius annis.—L. i. od. 2.

With what excellent effect the playful fancy of a man of genius can press the most unpromising materials into his service is manifested in the laughably-burlesque effect with which this solitary vowel is introduced by Canning in the following stanzas of the song of Rogero, in the publication above alluded to :

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen,
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
-tor, law professor at the U-
-niversity of Gottingen.
-niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in :
Here doomed to starve on water-gru-
-el, never shall see the U-
-niversity of Gottingen.
-niversity of Gottingen.

The poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin* has always been admired as abounding in wit ; but the felicity of this burlesque

imitation of Horace has hitherto escaped remark.

EPIGRAM.

*Addressed to a Young Lady greatly
alarmed at Lightning.*

Well may'st thou dread in this sad hour,
The lightning's vivid flash to feel,
When to each strong attractive power
You add, fair girl, a heart of steel.

S.

BUSY-BODIES.

THE POLITICAL BUSY-BODY.

THE POLITICAL BUSY-BODY is a man born with an innate perception of the moving principle of all his actions ; viz., that whatever is *is wrong*. It matters not whether the sphere of those actions be the parish or the parliament, the club or the cabinet, the body politic or a body corporate. To intermeddle is his vocation ; to make the world better than it is, the condition of his existence ; to overturn, to destroy, and to change, an " absolute necessity of his nature ;" as much so as *consistency* is of the present Lord Chancellor's, whose words, in alluding to that virtue as inherent in himself, we have presumed to borrow.

The POLITICAL BUSY-BODY knows but one language, the language of craft ; speaking to the passions, not the reason, of men. He knows, too, but one rule of right ; his own inordinate self-conceit, which impels him, on all occasions, and upon all subjects, to substitute his own notions of what should be, for what is. Former ages *may* have produced great men—that is, men good enough for the times in which they lived—and our forefathers *may* have counselled wisely, or acted nobly, according to their benighted conceptions of true wisdom, and exalted glory ; but what are the mighty thinkers and sagacious actors of antiquity, compared with the POLITICAL BUSY-BODY of the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one ? Even as they themselves are, mere dust in the balance !

Is there discontent ? The POLITICAL BUSY-BODY inflames it into rebellion. Is there a *part* of the whole, which all men agree demands to be reformed ?

The POLITICAL BUSY-BODY takes the part *for* the whole, and would sweep away the good with the bad. Does he live in a town, or village, or neighbourhood, where tranquillity and content have hitherto been the presiding guardians of the place ? No sooner does the POLITICAL BUSY-BODY fix his abode there, than families are divided ; friends arrayed against each other ; the poor taught to complain ; the rich to interfere ; the very women to prate of rights and privileges ; while the schoolmaster dare hardly flog a turbulent urchin unless he is prepared to show that the law of birch is consonant to the law of nature. Tithes become robbery, extorted from the hard earnings of industry to pamper luxurious churchmen ; taxes are tyranny, levied to supply the profligate expenditure of corrupt rulers ; and submission to authority is no longer the positive duty of a good citizen, but the policy, merely, of men who are seeking redress, and are too craftily instructed to give their enemies an advantage by premature resistance.

Of all God's creatures the POLITICAL BUSY-BODY is upon the best terms with himself : and by the aid of that intuitive faculty which he possesses, he is enabled to understand every one's business better than the individuals themselves. But he never swerves from his fundamental maxim, "*Whatever is, must be wrong.*" That is a point which admits of no dispute ; and when he has succeeded in convincing others of its truth, he leaves them to find out what is right. In this respect he resembles the atheist, who unsettles the principles

of his disciples, robs them of their happiness, takes from them the comfort "more precious than rubies," and having rifled the casket of their faith, gives them nothing, or worse than nothing, in lieu of what he has stolen. The **POLITICAL BUSY-BODY** and the atheist have this in common, that they both impugn what they do not comprehend; both sport with the dearest interests of their fellow-creatures; and both abandon their dupes to the bitter consequences of confidence betrayed.

It is held, however, by moralists, philosophers, and divines, that the Creator permits nothing to exist which has not its use, though our purblind faculties cannot always discern the proof. The **POLITICAL BUSY-BODY** has *his* use. Were there no poisons, human science would never have discovered antidotes. Were there no vice in the world, we should be without the example of illustrious virtues by which it is controlled and counteracted. It is not for us to inquire *why* good and evil are thus placed, as it were, in necessary collision with each other. The *fact* is coeval with the world itself. If then, the race of **POLITICAL BUSY-BODIES** were extinguished, what would become of society? We should rust in sloth. We should rot in inglorious ease. We should die of a plethora of felicity. We should not know the value

of the things we possess, nor feel the necessity of preserving them, but for your industrious **Political Busy-bodies** who seek their destruction. Above all, we should be crushed beneath the weight of an overgrown population; for it is the **POLITICAL BUSY-BODIES** of every age, who get up wars, foreign and domestic; who embroil states; fan the flame of civil strife; nurse treasons; instigate seditions; and provoke rebellions; thus drenching whole countries with the blood of mighty hosts, and gorging the green ocean with the slain in naval conflicts, besides feeding the gallows with miserable wretches who reduce their theories to practice; and thus, by a compendious process, accomplishing more than ever Malthus, and the whole tribe of political economists will accomplish by their writings, the lowering of population down to the level of the means of subsistence.

One word in conclusion. Shakspeare, who knew human nature in all its phases, has given us two lines which should be the motto of every **POLITICAL BUSY-BODY**, whether he labours vainly to improve the world, or finds, like all great benefactors to it, its base ingratitude. They are these:

The times are out of joint. Oh, cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set them right.

DIRGE.

Green be the turf o'er thy head,
Light lie the earth on thy breast,
Peaceful and calm be thy sleep,
Till thou'rt call'd to rejoice with the blest.

Though we weep, yet we joy at thy lot,
Though we mourn thee, we yet can resign,
Though we sorrow, 'tis not without hope,
Though we lose thee, forbear to repine.

From the cares and the pains of this world
Thy beatified spirit is free,
'Twould be selfish in us to deplore,
For we know that thy God is with thee.

M. H. J.

KENILWORTH.

It was after we had determined to embellish the present number of the *Royal Lady's Magazine* with the plates illustrative of the magnificent ruins of Kenilworth that we found, in our "Room," a volume by the Rev. E. Whitfield, intitled "The Bereaved, Kenilworth, and other Poems."* Casting our eyes over the poem with the second of these titles, we at once perceived that Mr. Whitfield had treated his subject with a poetical feeling, kindred to that which animated the artist of whose pencil we have availed ourselves. We shall, therefore, without further preface, proceed to lay before our readers such portions of the poem as best illustrate the accompanying plates.

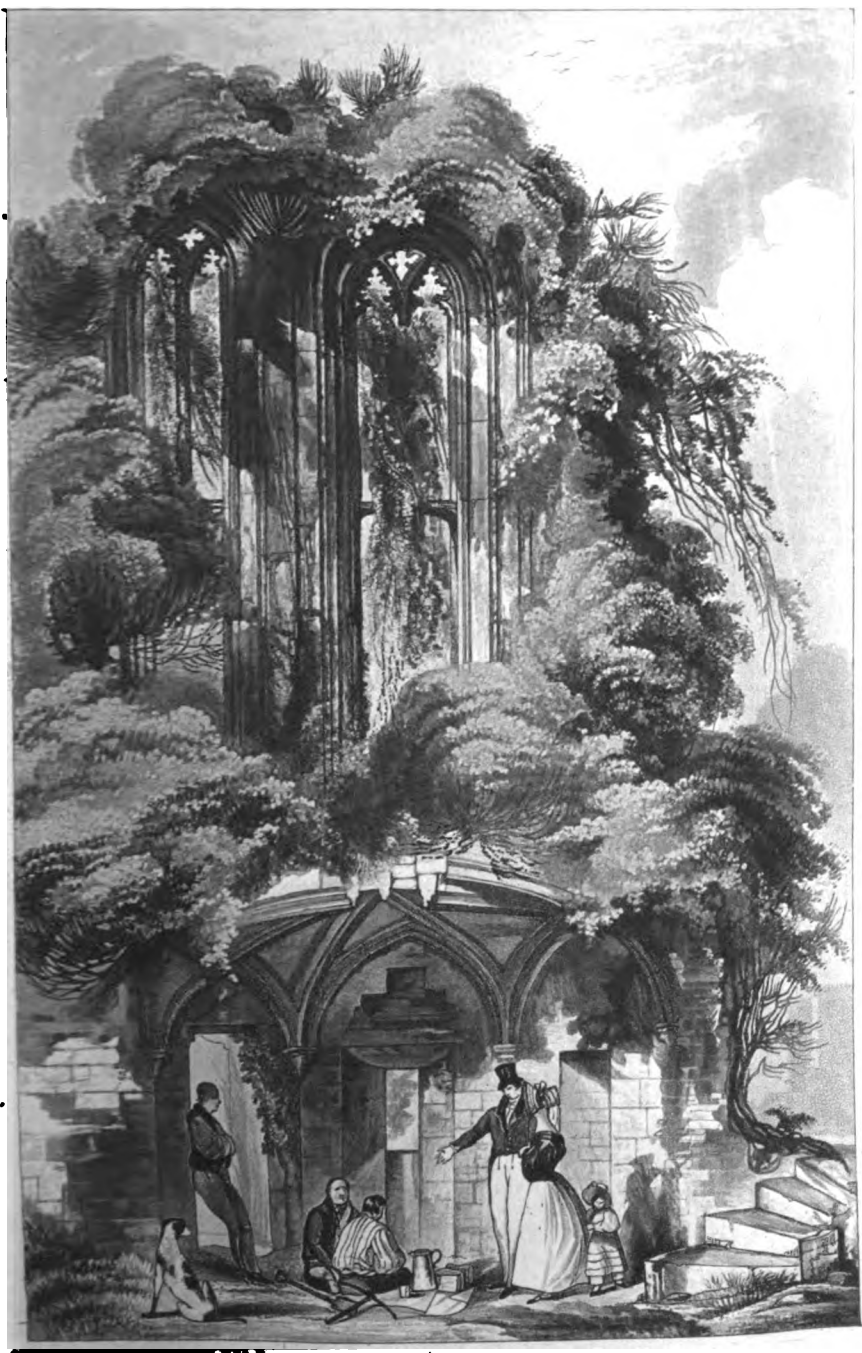
———Yon stately hall
Shone with the lustre, the magnificence,
Which western skies reflect ; the lofty arch,
And the few fragments of its tracery,
By Time's rude hand respected, seemed on fire ;
The ivy glittered with the streaming gold,
Then quick the sun departed—oh ! it seemed
As if he mocked the tottering, crumbling pile,
With a bright vision of its by-gone splendour ;
As if he told, by his swift vanishing,
The darkness of its fate.—The fading light
Hangs even yet upon the battlement,
Even yet the narrow loophole gives it way—
No more—no more—the last pale, dying streak
Sinks from the wide horizon, and—'tis night !

Yes, and these lofty, massive ruins stand
In grandeur all their own ; halls, chambers, towers,
The ponderous buttress and the frowning keep,
The matted clusters of the treacherous ivy,
Lose their own form ; the murky shades of night
Begirt them round, and blend them into one ;
They swell—they rise—in wild sublimity
They seem to fill a more extended base,
With more gigantic height to touch the skies.

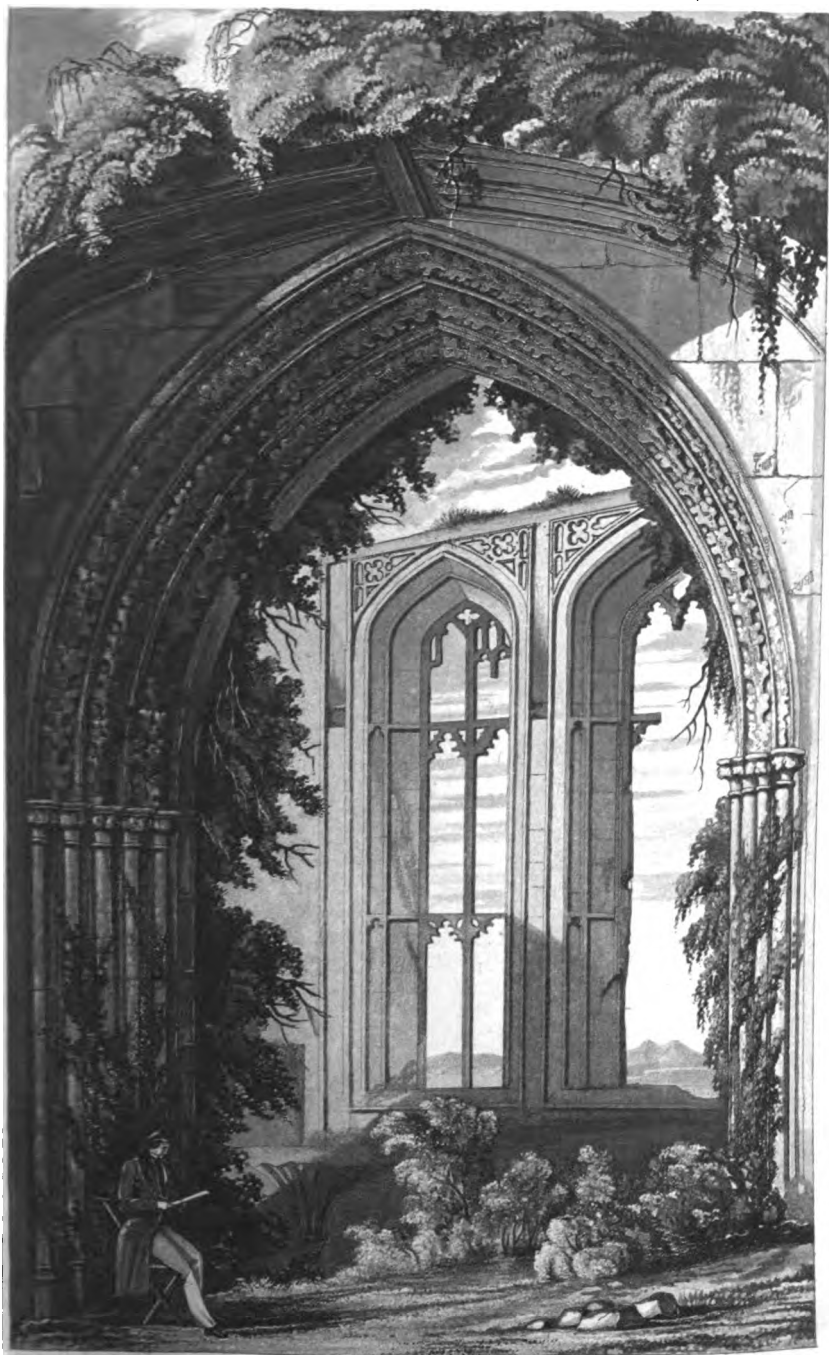
The following, though less striking as an illustration, is worthy of transcription, both from its connexion with the subject and its own merits.

A change comes—the deeper, blacker shades,
Coil themselves up and gradual fall away ;
The crescent moon, her silent walk begun,
Ascends the East, and through careering clouds,
That envious now conceal her lovely face,
And now are seen the chariot of her beauty,
Her fitful light dispenses ; higher still
She climbs the wide expanse, more frequently
Her pearly smile adorns a sleeping world.
How beautiful ! how softly beautiful !
The silver radiance pours in gentle streams,
And bathes the hoary pile ;—no more enwrapt
In horrid gloom, nor yet distinctly shewn,
As by the glitter of meridian day,
Its ruined splendour strikes ; high on the walls
The moon-beam lies, or through the stately arch,
Or shattered portal slanting takes its way ;
The fragment jutting from the lofty height

* Whitaker, 1830.



Kenilworth Castle.



Kenilworth Castle.

From a sketch by E. Perry, taken Oct. 1846.

Published by William Johnston, Street, for the ROYAL LADY'S MANUSCRIPTS.

And threatening to fall, upon its brow
 Receives its welcome light ; whilst shadows trail
 Their lengthened form, on shapeless masses fall,
 And only hide what the eye would not see.
 Now is your empire, venerable towers !
 When the storm lowers and lightnings blaze around,
 And darkening horrors fold ye in their shades,
 Ye frown terrific o'er the vale, and seem,
 As though the exulting demon of the storm
 Swelled on your heights ; his potent rod outstretched
 To guide his wrathful legions.

ANCIENT BALLAD.

It is not many years since the touching and simple song of "Auld Robin Gray" was affirmed by most to be an ancient ballad, of, at the latest, the sixteenth century, and the obscurity in which its origin was involved, led not only to warm disputations and frequently contests, but also to the offering of rewards to discover the author, who was asserted by others to be living. In the year 1825, however, Sir Walter Scott enlightened the members of the Bannatyne Club with a tract which contained an account of the fair author, and of the circumstances under which the song was written. This tract was exclusively circulated among the Club, but as it has been at length offered to the world, we think the value and interest of the paper warrants our giving it a place in a miscellany which we hope we have already distinguished by the literary merits of its contents. It will be seen that the melody alone claims the title of ancient, and that the words were written by Lady Anne Lindsay, of Balcarras, who afterwards married Sir Andrew Barnard, and died in 1825 at an advanced age. We have purposely omitted the continuations of the song, which were in fact almost of another character, and far less effective.

"The beautiful and long contested ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' was well known to the Editor, from a very early period of his life, as the production of Lady Anne Lindsay, of Balcarras ; in whose name it is now formally claimed. Mrs. Russell, wife of Lieutenant-colonel Russell, of Aghesteil, and maternal aunt of the Editor, was upon a visit at the house of Balcarras when it was written ; and, as a most intimate friend of the

fair Authoress, was admitted to her confidence while it was in the course of being composed. Mrs. Russell sang beautifully, and with much feeling ; and it may easily be supposed, that 'Auld Robin Gray' was often her choice. Whatever secrecy she might at first think proper to observe, the name of the real Authoress was not withheld at a later period, when attempts were made to deprive her friend Lady Anne of her just fame. In fact, most of her domestic circle became acquainted with the particulars, and amongst others the present Editor.

"This circumstance, joined, perhaps, to a continuance of regard which may be termed hereditary, induced Lady Anne to distinguish the Editor, by imparting to him the following interesting account of the origin of 'Auld Robin Gray,' contained in a letter, dated — July, 1823 ; in which, after mentioning that the Editor was the first person whom she had favoured with such an explanation, her Ladyship proceeds thus :—

" 'Robin Gray,' so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London : I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond ; — —, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history

of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me—'I have been writing a ballad, my dear: I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.'—'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fire-side, and amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing *any thing*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret.

"Happening to sing it one day at Dalkeith House, with more feeling, perhaps, than belonged to a common ballad, our friend, Lady Frances Scott, smiled, and, fixing her eyes on me, said, 'You wrote this song yourself.' The blush that followed confirmed my *guilt*. Perhaps I blushed the more (being then very young) from the recollection of the coarse words from which I borrowed the tune, and was afraid of the raillery which might have taken place, if it had been discovered I had ever heard such. Be that as it may, from one honest man I had an excellent hint. The Laird of Dalziel, after hearing it, broke out into the angry exclamation of 'O, the villain! O the auld rascal! I ken wha stealt the poor lassie's coo—it was Auld Robin Gray himself.' I thought it a bright idea, and treasured it up for a future occasion.

"Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very ancient ballad, composed, perhaps, by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my coun-

sel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballet of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure, while I hugged myself in my obscurity.

"Such was the history of the First Part of it. As to the Second, it was written many years after, in compliment to my dear old mother, who said, 'Anny, I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jennie and Jamie ended.' To meet her wishes as far as I could, the Second Part was written. It is not so pleasing as the first; the early loves and distresses of youth go more to the heart than the contritions, confessions, and legacies of old age. My dread, however, of being named as an Authoress still remaining, though I sung it to my mother, I gave her no copy of it; but her affection for me impressed it on a memory which retained scarcely any thing else. I wrote another version of the Second Part, as coming from Jenny's own lips, which some people may like better, from its being in the same measure.

"I must also mention the Laird of Dalziel's advice, who, in a *tête-à-tête*, afterwards said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and, instead of singing, 'To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gae'd to sea', say, to make it twenty merks; for a Scottish pund is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na such a gowk as to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line (whispered he) that tells me that sang was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots money quite so well as an auld writer

in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it."

" 'I was delighted with the criticism of old Dalziel; if it had occurred to the Antiquarian Society, it might have saved Mr. Jerningham the trouble of his visit. But I have never corrected the error by *changing* the one pound, which has always passed current in its present state.' " * * *

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

As originally written by Lady Anne Lindsay.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the
cows come hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are
gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae
my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly
sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me
for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething
else beside.

To make the crown a pound, my Jamie
gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were
baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth
and a day

My father brak his arm, our cow was stown
away;

My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at
sea—

And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-
courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother
cou'dna spin;

I toil'd day and night, but their bread I
cou'dna win;

Auld Rob] maintain'd them baith, and,
wi' tears in his ee,

Said, 'Jennie, oh! for their sakes, will you
marry me?'

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie
back;

But hard blew the winds, and his ship was
a wrack;

His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jen-
nie dee?

Or wherefore am I spared to cry out, Woe
is me!

My father argued sair—my mother didna
speak.

But she looked in my face till my heart was
like to break:

They gied him my hand, but my heart was
in the sea;

And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman
to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only
four,

When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my
door,

I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'd na think
it he,

Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to
marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say
of a';

Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bade him
gang awa.

I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to
dee;

For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is
me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to
spin;

I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a
sin.

But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be.
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind
to me.

So much for 'Auld Robin Gray.'

TITLED AUTHORS.

THE KEEPSAKE, FOR 1831.

THERE is no publication of the present day which so obviously suggests the title we have chosen, as the volume now before us; because no work with which we are acquainted, professes to rely (so exclusively almost) upon the advantages of aristocratical contributors. We shall proceed, therefore, to examine its contents, under this peculiar distinction; but, at the same time, with a just regard to its claims independently of it.

MR. REYNOLDS condescendingly informs us, in his preface, that he has this year admitted into the sanctuary of the *Keepsake*, "a few anonymous articles for the satisfaction of those who may desire to judge of the merit of a work undazzled by

the *prestige* attached to an illustrious name;" but whether, by an "illustrious name," he means an illustrious literary name, an illustrious hereditary name, or an illustrious money name (such as Rothschild's, for example), we are wholly unable to divine. As the *Keepsake*, however, is a sort of aristocratic annual, ranking among its contributors, Lords, Honourables, and M. P.s;—as we cannot recollect any very illustrious names in the unaristocratic republic of letters, that ever graced its pages; and as, moreover, we do not happen, ourselves, to belong to that owlish class of readers or critics, whose eyes would be "dazzled" by *any* name, we shall venture, in a plain, straightforward, homely manner, to deal with the *heads* of the Lords, Honourables, and M. P.s, even the same as if they belonged to anonymous shoulders.

Pope has spoken of the "*mob* of gentlemen who write with ease," and having, we presume, surmounted the "*prestige* of illustrious names," thus castigates the disposition to admire the rubbish of titled authors:

What woful stuff this madrigal would be
 In some starvel, hacknied sonnetteer or me;
 But let a *lord* once own the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens, and the style refines!

This is sadly, soberly, and disgracefully, the truth. And it springs from that same parasitical pliancy of the judgment, proud to applaud the dull joke of a booby lord, which, when it crawls into the heart, makes it equally ready to pander to the vices of a profligate one. There is the Duke of Wellington, who, we will engage, does not know a spondee from a dactyl, or rhyme from rhythm; yet, were his Grace to favour the world with an epic poem upon his own campaign, he would find hundreds of persons ready to swear, ay, and in print too, upon the faith of their reputation, as critics, that, never since the time of Milton, had so noble a production appeared; forgetting even "*Portugal*," a poem, by Lord Nugent, ponderous as himself, two pages of which met our eyes only the other day, embracing a lovely stilton cheese.

Let it not be supposed we are cynically inclined to derogate from the intellectual pretensions of men who are born rich and great. Far from it. We hope we have a becoming reverence for lord and lady authors and authoresses; and that we can be respectfully delighted with the effusions of the honourable Mr. Inkhorn, or the honourable Mrs. or Miss Pen. Rousseau used to say, he could never find a man's argument bad, whose wine was good; and writers with a rent-roll from a thousand a-year upwards, are not to be confounded with the herd of professional scribblers, from a hundred a-year, down to nothing that comes in periodically, save a few loose guineas now and then, from such periodicals as *Blackwood*, the *New Monthly*, and the *Royal Lady's Magazine*.

We do not mean to assert, that our peerage is merely the register of persons known only as the concatenating links of their genealogical chain. The names of Bacon, Clarendon, Herbert of Cherburg, Buckingham, Roscommon, Lansdowne, Shaftsbury, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Lytleton, Orford, and about half a dozen more, forbid us to do so. But what are these? The exceptions, not the rule; and, say logicians, *exceptio probat regulum*. Neither do we mean to assert, that because there have been so few children of genius among the children of hereditary greatness, only those few have actually been born. Heaven forbid we should circumscribe the power of the Deity! We dare say, on the contrary, many a "flower has blushed unseen," and "wasted its sweetness on the desert air." We, however, have to deal with the facts as we find them; and certainly, a very small rosewood book-case, put up in one corner of a lady's boudoir, would contain all the works of titled authors that have survived the authors themselves. The truth is, man is by nature a lazy animal, and hence we suppose the primeval curse, that he should get his bread by the sweat of his brow. Indolence, not labour, is his supreme desire. When he works, it is because he must, and not because he delights in toil. We have had ocular proof that many of Lord Byron's finest compositions owed their existence to the necessities of his pocket; and therefore we did not enumerate him in our list of noble authors, as well as because he became a lord by accident, rather

than by birth. Let us then charitably conclude, that if dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons, had nothing to vouch for their rank beyond the parchment on which their patents of creation are engrossed, they would display as much talent as flourishes in the plebeian soil, whence sprang our Shakspeares, our Chaucers, our Miltons, our Drydens, our Popes, our Johnsons, our Barrows, Jeremy Taylors, Tillotsons, Clarkes, Bentleys, &c. &c. &c.

And now let us see whether the patrician breed has improved in these our days; let us examine, with an impartial, but just spirit, the pretensions of the "illustrious names" of that illustrious annual, the *Keepsake*. It is not thought sufficient, we perceive, to affix to each article, in the table of contents, the names of the respective writers; a formidable and ostentatious array of them is separately made, *en masse*, under the title of "List of Contributors." This list runs thus:

Lady Blessington, Lord Morpeth, Lord Porchester, the Hon. George Agar Ellis, the Hon. Charles Phipps, Lord Nugent, Lord John Russell, R. Bernal, M. P., the Hon. Henry Liddell, the Hon. Hobart Cradock, the Hon. Grantley Berkeley—

Let us pause to take breath! With the alteration of a word, we are ready to exclaim, in the language of Faulconbridge, "we were never so bethumped with *names* since first we called our brother's father dad." What a falling-off, as we read on, and find the list finished with sundry misters and misses of low degree (our friend Theodore Hook among the number), who are thrown into the lot as blessings or makeweights. It is like making but one step from the drawing-room to the garret, or falling asleep in St. James's, and waking in Marylebone parish. Spite of our boast, our eyes are dazzled; our senses are bewildered; we are almost ready to prostrate ourselves in silent adoration before such a gorgeous array of the magnates of the land. But no. We have buckled on our armour—we have bestrid our coal-black steed critic—we have couched our lance, and—sound, heralds, the clang which ushers us to the conflict!

Who is he that advances first into the lists, bearing on his 'scutcheon a faded beauty and decrepit beau? The Hon. George Agar Ellis, and he points with an air of triumph to the motto on his shield—"Chesterfield and Fanny." Fanny, blooming fair! Stanhope, the wit among lords, but the lord only among wits!

Metaphors, similes, and allegories, are as much in the way of those who are not used to them, as the finery of my Lady Mayoress on the ninth of November. We confess our inability to get on in the inspired mantle of Spencer. It would only trip us up at every step; and therefore we shall lay it aside, before it lays us under the necessity of making an awkward exhibition of our august selves. In plain, sober phrase, then, the *Keepsake* opens with an article entitled "Chesterfield and Fanny," from the pen of the Hon. George Agar Ellis; written partly for the purpose of instituting a grave inquiry into the moral and historical uses of scandalous anecdotes: and partly to inform the world (see note, p. 4.) that Pope had a house at Twickenham. We are grateful for both. It is important to have the latter fact confirmed by so high an authority; and it is equally important to know that immorality among the higher classes is not peculiar to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

It would be unjust, however, to the Hon. George Agar Ellis, to insinuate that he has merely performed these two services. He has done much more. His extensive and recondite reading has enabled him to illustrate his subject by quotations from rare works, such as Warburton and Bowles's edition of Pope, Horace Walpole's Letters, those of Baron de Bielfield, and the writings of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. By the aid of these authors, and two hitherto unpublished letters from Lord Lovell to the Earl of Essex, complaining, very much like a booby, of Lord Chesterfield's superior success with Fanny, to whose favours he also aspired, but in vain, the Hon. George Agar Ellis has contrived to present a very curious history of those two celebrated personages, "Chesterfield and Fanny." We shall be delighted to find, in the next *Keepsake*, an equally elaborate exposition of the loves of Waller and Sacharissa.

At p. 6 the Hon. George Agar Ellis informs us, that in Chesterfield's time (not

quite a century ago), "the love of literature, and still more, any talent for it, was so rare an attribute in a man of quality, that Lord Chesterfield stood almost alone as a noble author, and as the Mæcenas of all others." We should hardly have expected this to be the case, considering that in the age immediately preceding, and almost treading upon the heels of Chesterfield's appearance, there was such a cluster of noble authors and Mæcenases, the pseudo rivals and patrons of the plebeian writers, from Dryden down to Pope. However, the Hon. George Agar Ellis says so, and of course it was so; else we should have been tempted to insist upon a directly contrary conclusion, from pure respect to the aristocracy.

When "men of quality" condescend to write for the amusement and instruction of their inferiors, we are aware it does not become the latter to cavil at their lucubrations. We should, therefore, as in duty bound, have abstained from noticing what we are about to do, were it not that we fear the example of great names might have an injurious effect upon little ones. It is with this commendable feeling only that we venture, respectfully, to say a word in behalf of our old friend Priscian, whose head the Hon. George Agar Ellis has broken most unmercifully in more than one instance. For example:

Besides, at the time he wrote, the very name of Whitfield and Methodism was a by-word for ridicule.

Whitfield and Methodism are not a name, but *names*. We hope the Hon. George Agar Ellis would not say, "the very name of O'Connell and emancipation was a watch-word for faction." Again:

The liveliness and frivolity which is graceful in youth, becomes disagreeable and contemptible in older life.—p. 15.

We beg leave humbly to suggest, that this is bad grammar; and though we can put 'up with bad grammar in noble and honourable authors, we really cannot afford to be equally civil to less exalted writers. Besides, we may judge how the mischief will work, by the examples already before us. Mrs. Shelley (or the author of "Frankenstein," as she prefers to call herself) has a tale entitled "Transformation" in this volume of the *Keepsake*. It is a wild, ridiculous narrative, told in short sentences and unmeaning words, with rather less than her usual number of negatives coined for the occasion.* But surely Lindley Murray, or Lowth may be bought cheaply enough, to instruct her in the concords, and so snatch her pen from such vulgar blunders as the following. Nay, what must we think of the editor, Mr. Frederic Mansell Reynolds, when he allowed them to escape his own erudite superintendence?

I grew a favourite with all; my presumption and arrogance was pardoned in one so young.—p. 21.

Her's was that cherub-look, those large, soft eyes, full dimpled cheeks, and mouth of infantine sweetness, that expresses the rare, &c. &c.—p. 23.

Hope from whom? To whom? From a wandering outcast—to a mighty noble. I, and my feelings were nothing to them.—p. 26.

Him, Mrs. Shelley; for "noble" is the antecedent.

By the by, while we are noticing this lady's contributions to the *Keepsake*, we may as well advert to her "Dirge," p. 85, for the purpose of convicting her of a singular plagiarism. The poem itself is so beautiful, and so short—so full of exquisite pathos, and so fraught with meaning—that we shall extract it, both as a gratification to our readers, and the better to enable them to judge of the imitation.

* This lady has an unhappy predilection for negatives arbitrarily formed, by the addition of *less* to the primitive word. If she wanted to say that a room was unfurnished, she would write *furnitureless*—that a house stood alone—it would be *neighbourless*—that an ancient female went to the grave unmarried—she died *husbandless*—that a grate was without its usual accessories—it would be *pokerless*, *tongsless*, and *shovelless*—and so forth. We dare say she mistakes this for a sort of poetical licence in prose.

' A DIRGE.

By the Author of "Frankenstein."

This morn thy gallant bark, love,
Sail'd on the sunny sea ;
'Tis noon, and tempests dark, love,
Have wreck'd it on the lee.
Ah woe ! ah woe ! ah woe !
By spirits of the deep
He's cradled on the billow
To his unwaking sleep.

Thou liest upon the shore, love,
Beside the swelling surge ;
But sea-nymphs evermore, love,
Shall sadly chaunt thy dirge.
Oh come ! oh come ! oh come !
Ye spirits of the deep !
While near his sea-weed pillow
My lonely watch I keep.

Far, far across the sea, love,
I hear a wild lament,
By Echo's voice for thee, love,
From Ocean's caverns sent.
Oh list ! oh list ! oh list !
The spirits of the deep—
Loud sounds their wail of sorrow
While I for ever weep !

No one will deny, we think, that the above is palpably borrowed from the following :

MY HUSBAND'S COAT.—A LAMENT.

By the Author of "Lays of the Fireside."

This morn thy new black coat, love,
Was taken from the chest ;
'Tis noon, and tempests dark, love,
Have spoil'd it for a best.
Oh dear ! oh dear ! oh dear !
By storm and drenching rain,
'Tis cockled up so short
It can't be worn again.

It is hanging on the line, love,
Beside the kitchen fire ;
But though 'tis superfine, love,
I fear 'twill cockle higher.
Oh come ! oh come ! oh come !
Ye clothiers of the north !
While I do what I'm able
To save the precious cloth.

Far, far beyond Cheapside, love,
I hear joy's laughing note ;
'Tis Rag Fair's voice of mirth, love,
Exulting o'er thy coat.
Oh list, oh list ! oh list !
The wretches of Rag Fair—
Loud sounds their song of pleasure,
While I am in despair !

Our readers may find the original by turning to page 302 of the seventh edition of *Lays of the Fireside* ; where also, in a note, they will see how highly the editor of the *Literary Gazette* speaks of the "Lament ;" ranking it inferior only to the effusions of Miss Landon.

The "Gondola," p. 16, by R. Bernal, M. P., is pretty enough ; but desperate love-sighs they must have been which helped the zephyrs to impel a ship !

Wanton zephyrs odours throwing,
Woman's sighs more sweet bestowing,
Gently waft the gondola.

The sudden change of the present for the past tense, in the concluding stanza, has a disagreeable effect.

Next comes the Hon. Henry Liddell, who informs the world in some haberdashery stanzas upon "Woman's Love," p. 40, that "death imparts a lasting grace to beauty." We can *almost* understand how beauty may impart a grace to death ; but certain old-fashioned notions touching the character of the "grim anatomy" prevent us from comprehending how *he* can *improve* our looks. But we will not be too fastidious, for the discovery is introduced to illustrate (most originally we allow) a sunset in clouds ; that is, the setting sun bestows a parting grace upon the clouds, just as death lends a last grace to beauty. We do not understand it ; neither did Boniface understand Latin, but he liked the sound of it ; and so do we the Hon. Mr. Liddell's sunbeam darting athwart the gloom, like the afore-said grace of death imparted to "beauty's fading bloom."

At page 41 we have a lively trifle from the pen of Charles Brinsley Sheridan, entitled "Lines sent with a Seal in the shape of Scales," and at page 42, a heavy one from that of Lord John Russell, written at the residence of Mr. Dugald Stewart. We hope his lordship will now have something better to do as Paymaster of the Forces, than scanning ten-syllable lines for the readers of *Annuals* ; or perpetrating tragedies, such as *Don Carlos*, which, we take it for granted, are written for nobody, because they are read by nobody.

"Twice Lost, but Saved," a tale by the author of the "O'Hara Family," is well told in some parts, but it seems to have been composed with a prudent reference to quantity. The determination to make it enough to produce enough in the shape of sovereigns or bank-notes, is plainly discernible. We beg leave to remind the author that "expiation" p. 44, is not synonymous with "atonement," which is the word he intended to use ; that "whether or no," p. 47, is grossly ungrammatical ; and that "acquaintances," p. 50, is a vulgar error ; it has no plural.

"The Coward," p. 67, by one of the Anonymi, is a decent affair, but vastly inferior to a paper which turns upon the same idea in a recent number of *Blackwood*. We may here observe that all the poetry by the Anonymi in this volume of the *Keepsake* is vile trash. If the writers are wise they will keep their own secrets.

"The Use of Tears," p. 84, by Lord Morpeth, is a frigid and unmeaning title for a very chaste poetical effusion, in which there are *thoughts* as well as *words* ; and, what is more to the purpose, the words are fitly chosen to express the thoughts.

Who is Mr. Arkwright ? We ask the question in all the humility of profound ignorance. We never heard of him before. But we learn, at p. 86, that he has written a song, called "Leaves have their Time to fall, and Flowers to wither." The assertion is undeniably true ; and as the Hon. Charles Phipps is of the same opinion (for he has addressed some stanzas to Mr. Arkwright, beginning "Yes, yes, it is true"), we are anxious to know something more of the song itself and of the author. Perhaps some of our readers will supply us with the information.

"The Two Brothers," p. 87 (another of the Anonymi), is a piece of commonplace rubbish, which would hardly have been admitted into a sixpenny magazine fifty years ago.

At p. 102, we are presented with some admirable poetry ; an extract, for the purpose of illustrating a plate, from Pope's translation of Homer. The work is scarce, we know ; but we think we have met with it before.

"A Story of Modern Honour," p. 105, by Lord Morpeth, is a masterpiece of writing ; combining energy of language with intellectual power. The characters are vividly contrasted ; the reflections are tersely pungent, as well as profoundly just ; and the moral, impressively brought out. It is a long time since we have read a composition of equal length condensing so much knowledge of the world, such deli-

cate discrimination of motives, and such felicity of style. What a difference between the severe and classical simplicity of this story, the exact sufficiency of words in which its striking thoughts are clothed, and the inflated tawdry nothings, the unnatural incidents and affected sentiments which we find in its successor, "The Swiss Peasant," by Mrs. Shelley. It is like turning from a piece of Grecian sculpture to look upon the monstrous pork-fed conceptions of Fuseli, when he was resolved to keep holy the second commandment, and not attempt the resemblance of any thing that is "in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

Dear Miss Landon! We are glad you are no longer ashamed of your name, and that we can now talk of *somebody* instead of the eternal L. E. L. of the *Literary Gazette*. We began to quarrel with those initials; for appended, as they usually were, to amatory effusions they seemed to stand for "Light Easy Love." Somebody (we forget who it was), has called you the British Sappho. We hope the blunderer was as ignorant of Sappho's history as he was of the art of paying a refined compliment. But to return from this digression.

Miss Landon is, beyond all dispute, the most felicitous writer of tuneful no-meaning since the days of the Anna Marias, and Laura Matildas of Della Cruscan fame. Oh, that another Gifford would arise, to silence for ever the maudlin race! They jumble glittering words together, and call the tinsel mass poetry. They get hold of an idea by the tail, and while they are trying to keep it, fancy they are describing it. Things that never were; men that never existed; women that cannot exist, and situations that ought not to exist, are precious treasures for their pens. The eye passes along the gaudy surface of their lines; Fashion simpers out—"Beautiful!" and thin-brained critics expire with ecstasy over the tinkling nonsense that trickles through their pages. This is not the occasion; but some day or other—and perhaps in this very arena—we will sally forth, armed cap-à-pie; and if we do not succeed in drowning (God forgive us for saying so, but we are awfully angry) if we do not, we repeat, succeed in drowning in the puddle of their own absurdity, some half-score of be-praised and be-fooled poetasters, who forego the darning of stockings, and the hemming of skirts, for ambling upon their hobby-horses in the purlieus of Parnassus, we will consent, ever afterwards, to read three hours a-day whatever they may write. And we know the consequence. In three months we should live at Hoxton, under the care of Mr. Warburton, and a strait waistcoat.

Miss Landon has contributed four pieces to the *Keepsake*. Our limits will not permit us to subject all the four to the process which is necessary for establishing our position that she writes without ideas, or, that when there is an idea, it is of the most common and superficial character. But we will select one among the number ("The Return," p. 273), and our readers shall judge for themselves; promising only, that the same tests applied to the poetry—we hope to be forgiven for thus profaning the name—of the rest of our fashionable female writers would produce precisely the same results.

THE RETURN.

Drop down your oars, the waters trace
Their own path fast enough for me;
Life sometimes asks a breathing space—
Such, I am fain this hour should be.

There is the same faultless character about this stanza which we should find in a person who said "shut the door." It is all very proper—but where is the poetry?

Fair city, I am come once more;
Travel and toil are on my brow;
With all I thought so great of yore—
With all I think so little now!

Here we begin to have a glimpse of Miss Landon's no-meanings. Pray, will the lady herself, or any of her readers, undertake to explain the ideas conveyed by the last two lines? What are the great thoughts of yore, and the little thoughts now, that appear upon a man's forehead?

Sorrow for friends I left behind—
 Misgiving fears were with me then ;
 And yet I bore a lighter mind
 Than now I see those walls again.

The first line refers to nothing: it stands by itself. The second attributes no very uncommon quality to "fears," which are generally, we imagine, of a misgiving character. The last line has neither grammar nor sense. A meaning may be picked out; but it must be hunted for first, and discovered by supplying a clumsy ellipsis.

Hope is youth's prophet, and foretells
 The future that its wish reveals ;
 The energy that in us dwells
 Then judges but by what it feels.

Hope is not merely "youth's prophet." It beguiles us at every age. A somewhat better poet than L. E. L. has told us

Hope springs eternal in the human breast—
 Man never *is*, but always *to be*, blest.

We learn something, however, from Miss Landon; that Hope "*foretells the future*." What a queer prophecy that would be which predicts the past! This comes of scribbling words, instead of conveying thoughts.

And it feels buoyant spirits, health,
 And confidence, and earnestness ;
 And it ascribes such power to wealth,
 Which but to seek is to possess.

And who requires to be reminded that youth is sanguine, full of spirits, and commonly in the enjoyment of good health? These are very venerable truths, Miss Landon. In the last line, grammar undergoes another martyrdom. It is unintelligible nonsense to say, youth "ascribes *such* power to wealth, *which* but to seek is to possess." What she meant to say, no doubt, was, "youth ascribes such power to wealth, that it believes it has only to seek it, in order to possess it."

The future was my own ; my life
 Has pass'd as many men's have past—
 Adventure, trouble, sorrow, strife,
 Yet with success, and home at last.

Happy would he be who could exclaim "the future is my own;" but, since the eternal decrees of Providence have prohibited this knowledge, and we none of us know what is to happen the next minute, what mere babyism it is to write in this way!

But Hope has fled on morning's wings, !
 And Memory sits with darken'd eye ;
 And I have learn'd life's dearest things
 Are those which never wealth could buy.

We dare say it is very pretty to talk about hope flying away upon the wings of the morning, and memory sitting with darkened eye; so let them pass. They tinkle on the ear like the bells of a waggoner's team. There is no tune in the bells; and there is no meaning in the words. We shall only add, that we need not live long in the world to find out that the "*dearest things*" are those which wealth cannot purchase.

Affection's circle soon grows less :—
 The dead, the changed, what blanks are there !
 And what avails half life's success
 No early friends can see and share ?

This is a tolerable verse: and why? Because it expresses a thought—common-place enough—but still a thought. In the last line, however, there is the same ignorance of grammatical construction, as we have already noticed:—or if not ignorance, at least an unwarrantable use of the ellipsis.

My heart has still turn'd back through years
 Whose shadow now around me falls;
 I dread to turn to truth the fears—
 The hopes in yonder city walls.

Fears and hopes are not so likely to be met with in city walls, as stone and mortar; but there are those, we dare say, who will nevertheless vouch for this being poetically fine.

How fair a scene, the morning light,
 And human life's most cheerful sound;
 The banks so glad, the stream so bright—
 I hear my native tongue around.

We have nothing to complain of here. But is there any thing to admire? Is it POETRY, to celebrate the morning's light, the talking of people, "glad banks," (what are they?) a shining river, and the sound of our vernacular tongue?

Oh! for some voice I used to hear,
 The grasp of one familiar hand—
 So long desired, and now so near—
 On, boatman, on, I long to land.

And thus ends "The Return." And if any man, woman, or child, presumes to tell us that such writing is any thing more than the dribblings of a very ordinary mind, we tell such man, woman, or child, that he, she, or it, has no mind at all. It is time that the voice of sound, manly criticism, and the rebukes of insulted taste and reason, should be heard, to silence the reign of nonsense, and put to flight the cant of hacknied eulogy, doled out, by the week, by a class of reviewers, who are the veriest panders to a knot of writing blockheads, and their click of publishers, that ever disgraced our literature. What we have here done, is but a prelude to what we will hereafter do; and now we return to the *Keepsake*.

At p. 150 there is a fragment, entitled, "Remorse," by Lady Blessington. It is a good subject badly executed. The concluding incident is puerile in the extreme. At p. 156 Archdeacon Spencer indites some rhymes to dissuade a lady from travelling in winter, by convincing her that the spring time of the year is much more agreeable; because "the brown mountains, blue waters, and the shroudless charms of nature's face," will meet "her raptur'd view." No doubt; and the archdeacon might have indited another piece to the same lady, satisfying her in a reasonable way, that the dog-days are much warmer than Christmas: but, save the parties concerned, whom else can it interest to learn these valuable truths through the medium of a score or two of hobbling lines?

The "Dead and Living Husband," p. 158, is a monstrously improbable story, founded, as the author declares, upon a fact, which is "perfectly authentic." It may be so; for the *vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable*; but though it is managed, in some portions, with tolerable skill, the whole is intolerably heavy, and we rise from the perusal with a conviction, that however authentic the fact may be, all the rest is violently out of nature.

Lord Nugent is among the contributors of the *Keepsake*. His lordship's article is entitled, "Mrs. Allington's Pic-Nic." It is an attempt at the ironical, the sarcastic, the humorous, and the sly, in depicting the characters, manners, and habits of modern society. Every body knows that Lord Nugent is a wit, and a great master of the ironical; for he once wrote an epic poem, and not a soul could discover that he was in earnest. He has also written love lyrics with such a happy contrivance in saying nothing about love, that the best judges were deceived into a belief he intended to say nothing. In the same way "Mrs. Allington's Pic-Nic" relates to every thing but the Pic-Nic, the narrative being a vehicle merely for his lordship's incomparable powers of wit and humour. We will select two specimens; one, *bran new*, the other, *second-hand*, and a little the worse for wear.

To whom is the shop of Jarrin, the prince of confectioners, New Bond Street, and to whom are the comely dimensions of Madame Jarrin, at whom a man once fired a pistol, through pure love and a pane of glass (capital) unknown? Of all the confectionary won-

ders ever presented to the eye, the most admirable ever seen, was that which attracted crowds to Jarrin's window all last winter. A billowy sea of sugar, which it scared the stoutest heart to look upon, and a boat, and a lighthouse, and a rock, whereupon stood the noblest work of God—an honest man, rather larger than the lighthouse, which I suppose was right (how satirical!), but much larger than the boat that brought him there, which I think was wrong (beautifully ironical, my lord!).—p. 197.

A fire-work maker's widow at Eton applied to the captain of the school, the late Mr. —, to be good enough to furnish her with an epitaph for her defunct husband. He undertook it. "One of the neatest and most touching epitaphs to my fancy," in our language," said he, "is that upon the monument of Purcell, the composer, in Westminster Abbey—'He is gone to that place where only his own harmony can be excelled.' Now what do you think of adopting that inscription (and you cannot have a better) with merely this necessary alteration:—He is gone to that place where only his own fire-works can be excelled?"—p. 199.

Ha! ha! ha! excellent! Ha! ha! ha! Although we have laughed at it a hundred times before, we declare it seems as good as the first time we heard it. Thank you, my lord! How do we wish you would edit a new edition of Mr. Joseph Miller's work, with an appendix, containing all your own best!

We said we would extract only two specimens; but we cannot resist a third, which stands laughing in our face! Mrs. Allington's Pic-nic is given in the open air—a thunderstorm comes on—the fiddlers are just playing God save the King—

And scarcely (says his lordship) had the band surmounted its second stanza, and began to give effect to the prayer of the third—"On him be pleased to pour—long may he reign"—when rain it did in right earnest; and it soon poured.—p. 200.

Oh my lord! You will positively be the death of us! We have cachinnated over this exquisite morceau—this gem of your lordship's wit—till we absolutely blush to think of our vulgar fraction of the polite Lord Chesterfield's dictum. Confound it! You see, my lord, how infectious your pleasantry is, and that in more respects than one you resemble Sir John Falstaff; for you are not only witty yourself, but "the cause of wit in others."

At p. 213, we have a "Moral Song," by Mr. Frederick Mansell Reynolds, the editor of the *Keepsake*, the burden of which affected us almost to tears; it is so beautifully simple, so touchingly pathetic, and so sublimely true. We quote it:

Let it pass
For, alas!
We are transient as the grass,
Fragile as the frailest glass;
And we must
Turn to dust
Whether we're corrupt or just!

We think we remember to have read something similar to this, but vastly inferior, in a publication whose name we forget. It was part of an address from a naughty little girl to her good little brother, who would not be persuaded to steal a piece of plum cake.* It ran thus:

Cut a slice
'Tis very nice!
And we'll lay it on the mice,
Or say 'twas cut by Mrs. Price;
Come, we must,
For, at worst,
Ma can only whip you first.

The reader will perceive, at once, how greatly Mr. Reynolds has improved upon the original.

"Saumur, a Tale of Real Life," by R. Bernal, M.P., has no very conspicuous defects, nor any very striking merits. It is agreeably told, interests the reader a little, and does not surprise him at the end, when he finds every thing happening according to the established canons of romance-writing.

Mr. Theodore Hook has furnished two contributions; one, "The Brighton Coach," in which he professes to relate an adventure that befell a *friend*; the other, some humorous stanzas, entitled, "Chacun à son Gout," where he plays pleasantly enough upon an equivocation arising out of a literal English pronunciation of that phrase. Mr. Hook has too much talent at command, ever to write absolutely bad; but like every clever man, he has his degrees of excellence, when compared with himself. "The Brighton Coach" is distinguished by that easy familiar style, and those off-hand touches at character and manners, which impart so attractive a quality to all he writes. We think, however, he adapted the value of his contributions to his notions of the value of the work in which they were to appear; and satisfied with making them better than the rest, did not trouble himself to make them so good as he might.

"Arthur Chamberlayne, or the Secret," has one fault; it is too long for the slender material out of which it is wrought. Reduced to half its length, it would be one of the few effective pieces in the volume. There are some half-dozen other articles which we have passed over without any notice, out of mere charity to the writers, and a due regard for our readers. Mere imbecility is beneath criticism, for exposure can neither work amendment, nor operate beneficially by way of example. In conclusion, therefore, we shall only say, that the *Keepsake*, with all its pomp of names, is inferior, decidedly inferior, in its literary character, to its rivals and competitors; and when we recollect what, generally speaking, is the sort of literary character that belongs to all these yearlings, we apprehend it would not be easy to signalize its imperfections by a more concise or comprehensive sentence. Of its graphic merits we have spoken in another part of this number.

THE COMIC ANNUAL.*

THIS volume of great promise has at length appeared, and confirms an opinion—which we have always held—that Mr. Hood writes too much; not that we hesitate one instant in awarding to him the laurels for the year 1831, although claimed by two or three competitors; but that he appears careless of his name, and admits into his Annual many pieces of inferior, nay of no real merit; which are the more conspicuous, when we can turn to brilliant specimens of his fertile humour. The *Annuaire* are, in general, beneath criticism, in a literary point of view; and to deal in general terms of praise or condemnation is not our practice. We would rather select the best than the worst specimens, when the whole are the productions of one pen: and after all is said, we are but sorry judges of poetry, if the number who are content with mere jingle be taken into account against us. In an ode to Mr. Vigers, on the publication of his volume on the Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society, there is one verse which we must take—it is exquisite in its way.

What is your gardening volume?—like old Mawe's!
 Containing rules for cultivating brutes,
 Like fruits,
 Through April, May, or June;
 As thus—now rake your lion's manes, and prune
 Your tiger's claws!
 About the middle of the month, if fair,
 Give your chameleons air,
 Choose shady walls for owls,
 Water your fowls,
 And plant your leopards in the sunniest spots;
 Earth up your beavers; train your bears to climb
 Thin out your elephants about this time,
 And set some early kangaroos in pots;

* By T. Hood. London: C. Tilt.

In some warm shelter'd place
 Prepare a hot-bed for the boa race,
 Leaving them room to swell;
 Prick out your porcupines, and blanch your ermine;
 Stick up opossums; trim your monkeys well;
 And "destroy all vermin."

But the rest is lame and poor. Another portion which we shall extract is one of the author's happiest hits.

DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

"I really take it very kind,
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
 I have not seen you such an age—
 (The wretch has come to dinner!)"

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
 What heads for painters' easels!
 Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
 (And give it p'rhaps the measels!)"

"Your charming boys I see are home
 From Reverend Mr. Russel's:
 'Twas very kind to bring them both—
 (What boots for my new Brussels!)"

"What! little Clara left at home!
 Well now I call that shabby;
 I should have loved to kiss her so—
 (A flabby, dabby, babby!)"

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well,
 Ah! though he lives so handy,
 He never now drops in to sup—
 (The better for our brandy!)"

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
 About Matilda's marriage;
 You're come, of course, to spend the day—
 (Thank Heav'n I hear the carriage!)"

"What! must you go! next time I hope
 You'll give me longer measure;
 Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
 (With most uncommon pleasure!)"

"Good bye! good bye! remember all,
 Next time you'll take your dinners!
 (Now, David, mind I'm not at home
 In future to the Skinners!)"

The "Insurrection of Stoke Pogis," a burlesque of the French revolution, upon which the author appears to pride himself not a little, reminds us of an entertainment of Matthews, in which he caricatured the second and third editions of a newspaper; but it is not without point, though the Mrs. Malaprop-ish narrative of a "high-vitness" is not so good as might have been expected. The designs are for the most part excellent; and though it is not saying much for it, the volume is decidedly superior to its would-be rivals.

THE KEEPSAKE ILLUSTRATIONS.

In another place we have noticed the literary department of this autocrat of the *Annals*, and if we have adopted a severity of criticism not suited to the tastes of mere pretenders, we have at least served the cause of literature. So if we be too nice in our estimate of the embellishments, for the gentry who speak of engravings only in reference to what they have cost, we shall not the less deserve the confidence of the numerous patrons of art by pointing out the merits and defects of a work which, from its pretensions to superiority, challenges fair and bold remark. The frontispiece, "*Haidee*," by C. Heath, from a painting by C. L. Eastlake, R. A., is a highly finished engraving, by no means faultless, but deserving praise, especially for the countenance, which is well lighted up, and exhibits something like an intellectual brilliancy of eye, not to be discovered in many portraits; but the hair is coarse and wiry. The drapery, too, wants boldness; nor has the flesh that solidity which a little judicious shadow and the more elaborate finish demanded by a background so highly wrought would have given it. The title-page, from Corbould, by Thomson, is a splendid subject, and delicately engraved; but the right leg of the principal figure is so prominently brought forward in comparison to the left, as to destroy entirely the anatomical beauty of the composition: from the hips downwards nothing can be more ill defined; still it is a gem. "*The Gondola*," a pretty subject, by C. Heath, from Stephanoff, is but awkwardly managed; the shadow of the pedestal is out of keeping altogether with the pedestal itself, and offends the eye at the first glance; it could not have been more decided in a brilliant moonlight, although the rest of the engraving is in good sober tone and the distance finely harmonized; the boat, too, is but half-engraved, and great part of it is flat and undefined. "*Juliet*," by J. C. Edwards, from Miss Sharpe, is a fine engraving, in which her exquisite touches upon the drapery are faithfully preserved; the subject is pleasing and effective. "*Mima*," by C. Heath, from Cristall, would be a sweet little subject, could we blot out the background, and put in a few vigorous touches in front; the former is all confusion, the latter wants force; the figure is pretty and natural. "*The Use of Tears*," by C. Rolls, from R. P. Bonnington, is a touching and beautiful subject, chastely engraved, full of expression, and deserving great praise. "*Nestor and Tydides*," by R. Brandard, from Westall, is showy, but the horses are out of drawing, and the subject will not bear criticism in any of its details. It is engraved better than it deserved to be. The "*Swiss Peasant*," by C. Heath, from H. Howard, R. A., is a fine plate, and except that the child appears to have the gout in his legs, we might say it is good in all its parts. The foreground is not so much neglected as many of Mr. Heath's engravings. "*Sea Shore, Cornwall*," by W. Miller, from Bonnington, is a magnificent subject, with nothing but cliff, sky and water; it is a beautiful sketch, elaborately engraved, and highly effective. "*The Knight and the Lady*," by C. Heath, from Stephanoff, is but a middling subject; nobody could make much of it; C. Heath has, perhaps, done all that he could, but we look in vain for sentiment and expression; it is a mawkish concern. It is quite a relief to turn to "*Adelaide*," a sweet engraving by C. Heath, from A. E. Chalon, R. A.; the subject is so pleasing that we cannot look for faults; the arch playfulness of the child chides us for thinking of it. "*Saumer*," by R. Willis, from Turner, is an effective plate, and full of beauties. "*Milan Cathedral*" by W. Willis, from S. Prout, is another effective and elaborate engraving. The architectural magnificence of the interior is finely depicted, and the Gothic ornaments managed admirably. "*Nantz*," by J. T. Wilman, from Turner, is a laboured plate, the sky broken and muddy, distance absolutely bad, nor does the eye at all take in the subject, which is confused. "*The Secret*," by J. Mitchell, from R. Smirke, is by no means an attractive plate, nor is it a well defined subject; a lady kneeling on the ground, and another standing behind her, without any apparent object. We find, however, by turning to the letter-press to solve our difficulties, that the lady on her knees is listening at a key-hole; although the engraver has contrived to make it distant. "*Chacun à son Gout*," by F. Bacon, from Stephanoff, is showy and imposing, and not without expression, though the lady

looks more like a love-stricken damsel, than a thorough-paced tormentor. "The Orphan Boy," C. Heath, from Christall, is a delightful print, not inferior to any thing in the book, and rigid though we be, we must, to do justice to the *Keepsake* embellishments, pronounce them, upon the whole, a very splendid set of plates.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LE KEEPSAKE FRANCAIS, AND THE TALISMAN.

THESE two works exhibit a practical illustration of economy and retrenchment. The same set of illustrations embellish both works, although the literary portions of each are widely different. The one is furnished by the chief French writers; the other principally gathered from periodicals of acknowledged merit. The one printed in French, the other in English. One notice of the illustrations will, however, apply to both. To commence, we have a very beautiful young French face peeping from widow's weeds, and entitled "*Jeune Veuve*," boldly engraved by Robert Graves, from Bochart, but there is, in all but the face, a sketchy appearance, which detracts from what would otherwise be a very sweet plate. A "*Vignette*," by Sangster, from Colin, is a formal little piece; "*Le Chevalier de Lauzan*," by Bacon, from E. Devéria, is rather an attractive plate, but is as good for *Le Chevalier* any thing else, as *Le Chevalier Lauzan*, and although we are half informed that the principal figure of a beautiful lady, is *Madame de Monpensier*, it will do just as well for any other pretty divinity. "*Vue de Paris*," by W. Cook, from T. Boys, is a pretty sketch of not the most important part of the French metropolis, displaying, however, some passable engraving. "*Cromwell*," by E. Smith, from Decaisne, is a tolerably good subject; *Cromwell* is contemplating the portrait of Charles I., his daughter kneeling beside him, chiding him, for soliloquising; the portrait of Charles is about as ill managed as can be well conceived, and is more like an ill-shaped model. "*Curiosité*," by Humphries, from Roqueplan's design, shows us three young ladies rummaging over the contents of a work or trifle box which does not belong to them; but there is no expression in the features, and the only Lady who shows her face has two different sleeves, which notwithstanding our distaste for the formal, appears very odd. "*Don Quichotte*," an engraving by Sangster, from an admirable sketch by Bonington, is pretty well managed. The knight is gloating over his tales of chivalry, his countenance is lighted up by some brilliant idea, his next battle is more than half gained. "*Miss Croker*," from Sir Thomas Lawrence, by Thomson, is worth all we have yet passed, a charming portrait of a very charming woman; Thomson has almost surpassed himself in this splendid engraving. "*Lac de Como*," by R. Willis, from Stanfield, is another beautiful work of art, all brilliancy and effect, yet true to nature. "*Entrée dans L'Eglise*," by Smith, from Johannot, is a lady, looking very demure, and a gentleman with his back to us. There is some pretty good effect in—apparently—the interior of a church, but not much to admire in the whole. "*Sa Majesté La Reine des Français*," by Thomson, from Hersent, a magnificent specimen of chalk engraving, but, with all due respect for her French majesty, by no means an attractive portrait. "*L'Ane et les Reliques*," by R. Corbould, from X. Le Prince; rather a pretty bit of scenery, spoiled by the introduction of a piece of senseless mummery. The plate had been as well omitted. "*Dieppe*," by W. R. Smith, from J. D. Harding; a cleverly-sketched and well-engraved view, and, upon the whole, an effective plate. "*Le Jeune Berger*," by Chevallier, from Johannot, is a fine bold piece of rocky scenery: the peasant and the dog are natural, but the former rather coarse. "*Le Jeune Savoyard*," by Radcliffe, from Decamps; a trumpety business. The light, come whence it may, is decidedly false; and the subject nothing to look at, if well done. "*Chateau Barnard*," by Willimore, from Turner, is Turner all over: his faults, as well as his beauties, are faithfully copied, but the engraving is pretty notwithstanding. "*J. Suisse*," by H. Rolles, from Collins, is a very chaste piece of forest scenery, enriched

with a beautiful Swiss peasant girl. The foreground is rather poor, but altogether the plate is not the least attractive. Upon the whole, the embellishments of these works are inferior to those of the "Keepsake," most of the subjects being meagre. They have, however, been, if we mistake not, got up with more haste than most of their rivals. The French titles to the plates in "The Talisman" are in bad taste—they might have been avoided.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

Reader, our room is a perfect chaos; every part of our table is piled up with books, prints, and music; our chairs are full of packages yet unopened; the ground strewn with MSS.; every time the door closes some of the piles of literature give way, and we know not what mischief we shall do unless we clear off some of the odds and ends. We have already had many accidents. We were but this moment so intent upon the sheets of "Moore's Second Volume of Byron," that we did not discover, till too late, Lady Ellenborough trampled to pieces under our feet, Fanny Kemble beneath the table, and her father in the ashes. We shall fill up our vacant space, therefore, with brief notices of the first we come to; it will at least give us elbow-room. We can but manage the following list:—

1. *Divines of the Church of England, No. VII.* Valpy.
2. *Family Classical Library, No. XII.* Colburn and Bentley.
3. *Family Cabinet Atlas, No. VIII.* Edward Bull.
4. *The Queen's Page, a Romance.* By Selina Davenport. 3 vols. Newman & Co.
5. *The Military Bijou.* By John Ship. 2 vols. Whittaker and Co.
6. *The Gentleman in Black; with Cuts by Cruikshank.* W. Kidd.
7. *Sutan in Search of a Wife; with ditto.* E. Moron.
8. *The Emperor's Rout.* C. Tilt.
9. *Knowledge for the People.* By John Timbs. S. Low.
10. *The Fenwickian System, and the Works of M. L. Fenwick de la Porquet.* Simpkin and Co.
11. *French and English Pictorial Vocabulary.* By N. Whittock. Whittaker & Co.
12. *The Tulba; a Romance.* By Mrs. Bray. 3 vols. Longman and Co.
13. *The Musical Bijou.* D'Almaine and Co.
14. *Mr. Bayly's (Embryo) Song Book.* Z. T. Purday.

1.—The seventh number of this valuable publication contains the second volume of Barrow's Works, one of those illustrious men who shed such glory upon the Church of England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; a glory not only unscathed, but unapproached, even by the splendid names of Bossuet, Fenelon, Massillon, and other eminent divines of the Gallican Church during the same period. It is hardly necessary to say any thing in favour of an undertaking which carries with it its own paramount claims to attention; but when we consider its intrinsic value, the form and arrangement of the several volumes, their price, and typographical accuracy, it is impossible to suppose there can be any obstacle to its complete success.

2.—We have here a second volume of Murphy's translation of Tacitus. This publication, like the one we have just noticed, advances pretensions wholly different from those which belong to numerous other *libraries* that are candidates for public favour. A reprint, in a cheap, elegant, portable, and correct form, of standard works, upon which the concurring voice of ages has pronounced, needs no other recommendation than the simple announcement that it is going on.

3.—The eighth part of this ingenious and useful work displays all the beauties which characterized its predecessors. The maps are Egypt, the Turkish Empire, Naples, or the Two Sicilies, and Hindostan; and they are gems in the way of map engraving.

4.—"Selina Davenport!" a name pronounced with veneration almost, by the

readers of the old school of romance, has added one more to her already long list of works; and, what is more, she has tried to surpass her former efforts in the way of fiction. In this new dish there are to be found all the usual materials for romance, but it is seasoned after the manner of modern cookery, and is somewhat more pungent than her "Italian Vengeances," "Donald Monteiths," "Hypocrites, or modern Januses" &c.; thus her "Queen's Page" may really be attempted by a reader of very moderate appetite, always remembering that it is formed after the plan of the Minerva Press.

5.—A series of short papers, comprising all subjects to be noticed in a soldier's life, but none of them likely to have been picked up by any above a corporal, nor read with pleasure by any above the rank of sergeant. Whatever Mr. Ship may think of the undertaking, he may depend on our assurance, that it was not worth the beautiful type and paper which have been bestowed upon it.

6.—A prosing, heavy, and unpalatable tale, in which sundry young men have dealings with his Satanic majesty, and reap the fruits of their indiscretion; the only good things in it are Cruikshank's embellishments.

7.—Another piece of *diablerie*, in the shape of a poem, in wretched taste, though not without humour, and here, as in the last, the cuts are ingenious and droll. By-the-by, if others are no better pleased with works of this kind than ourselves, authors who deal with his Satanic majesty will not find the trade profitable.

8.—One of the "Butterfly's Ball" tribe, a poem in which the principal moths which delight the connoisseur are made to figure as visitors, or as part of the household, at a rout, given by the "Emperor" moth. It is a pleasing trifle, and the embellishments, which are coloured specimens of the moth, are decidedly good.

9.—A clever and ingenious little work, by the author of "Laconics," conveying scientific as well as general information, by means of question and answer.

10.—The Fenwickian System of learning and teaching French was, on its introduction, considered a rebellion against all the orthodox rules of education; but as treason is no longer treason when successful, the Fenwickian system is no longer rebellion. Among its earliest friends, Common Sense must have been highly serviceable, for it could hardly have failed to enforce the necessity of adopting the, at first unwelcome, inroad upon scholastic prejudices. The system consists of giving students practice in the language intended to be taught, while the humdrum plans of schools only practised the pupils in the language already known. Did we require to learn French? They would give us something French to translate into English. Mr. Fenwick, on the contrary, makes us translate English into French. Did a French scholar wish to learn English? They would give him English to turn into the language already known. Mr. Fenwick, on the contrary, would make them translate French into English. In short, the system of Mr. Fenwick, from its simplicity and success, is becoming generally useful; and those who began by opposing it as ineffective in theory, and injurious in practice, are already turning round, discovering that it was nothing new. If there were nothing new, why oppose it at first? If it were bad at first, why adopt it now?

11.—An ingenious little work, better planned than executed; consisting of a series of small engravings, with the names in French and English of whatever subjects are represented. It is very incorrect.

12.—Mrs. Bray's last performance, *Fitz of Fitzford*, was more in her way, and better suited to her talent than the *Talba*. The scene of the latter is laid in Portugal, at a period when the Moors were in a state of slavery; and historical facts supply her with excellent materials. The work is interesting, but too long; the anecdotes occasionally well worked up, but common-place; and there is another fault which we quarrel with more than with either of those mentioned: Mrs. Bray takes it for granted that her readers are of a class to want her continual digressions to inform them that her story is consistent with the times and the manners of the people of whom she writes. Nothing can be in worse taste; those whose approbation can alone be valuable, know all the historical facts, and want only the unbroken tale. Were Mrs. Bray to write the *Talba* in one, instead of three volumes, it would be admirable.

13.—The spirited proprietors of the "*Musical Bijou*," have published the third

volume, which we can see at a glance is got up with the same disregard to expense that distinguished those for 1829 and 1830, and which defies successful rivalry. Among the contributors, are some of the most distinguished composers, and many popular song-writers, but we lay it down in haste only to take it up again at leisure. The lithographic sketches are excellent.

14.—We have been favoured with a sight of several portions of Mr. Bayley's new volume of Songs, a volume which promises to merit the popularity of his former works. Some of the poems richly deserve the chaste and effective music which belongs to them. We have availed ourselves of the privilege of enriching our present number with an extract, while the book is yet without a name.

FINE ARTS.

A SPECIMEN OF LITHOGRAPHY.*

THE lovers of Art must hail with delight this extraordinary sample of the perfection to which Lithography has been brought, a perfection which we could not have supposed possible did we not actually behold it. That a style of engraving at once so brilliant in its outline and so powerful in its effect was capable of being wrought on so unpromising a material as stone, is truly wonderful. Among the various subjects introduced into this specimen, we are particularly struck by the execution of the map; there is no workmanship on copper or steel that can exceed, if indeed it can equal it. The interior, likewise, of the Cathedral, with the tomb and recumbent figure, shows with what distinctness even the most minute tracery of the fretted Gothic may be given to the eye, and that Lithography is capable of giving the utmost effect to all the beauties of architectural decoration. Indeed, the *tout ensemble* is a performance which places Mr. Martin at the head of the Lithographic Art.

JULIET. *By W. Say, from Miss Corboux. Ackermann.*

13.—The engraving before us is a delicately-handled mezzotinto, in the execution of which Mr. Say has been particularly felicitous. The softness and brilliancy of the lights, the bold effects of the drapery, give splendour to a picture in which the expression of Juliet seems in keeping with the detail. It is, in short, a most effective engraving of an impressive scene. The work is dedicated to Her Majesty.

MUSIC.

1. *I'll Press thee to my Heart.* Composed by E. J. Westrop. Z. T. Purday.
2. *Like the Rose-bud Fair is Woman's Youth.* Composed by W. Grantham. Z. T. Purday.
3. *The Gondola, for Four Voices.* By J. Green. Green.
4. *I'm Thine For Ever.* The poetry and melody by W. Robertson Hayward, Esq. Z. T. Purday.
5. *Five Serious Songs.* Composed by Edward Cruse. J. Green.
6. *Green's Hints on the Spanish Guitar.* Green.

1.—A pretty plaintive ballad in three sharps, the poetry simple and feeling, the arrangement good, and upon the whole effective.

2.—A lively air, in the same key, a pretty tripping melody, which will tell any where.

3.—A beautiful and richly-arranged glee for four voices, in C the harmony in some passages is delightful; but that which gives it additional claims in our eyes and to ears, may be against it; that is to say, it is neither difficult nor laboured—sad defects with some musicians.

4.—There is some originality in the melody of this ballad, and the arrangement by J. R. McFarlane, is ingenious if not clever; but as the public may hear Mr. Wilson sing it at Covent-Garden Theatre with great effect, it wants no character at our hands.

5.—These songs are as the title pronounces, really serious poems, set to serious

* By R. Martin.

music, but having three or four voices to each, they are fairly entitled to the appellation of concerted pieces. The poetry is chiefly by H. K. White, though one is said to have been written at his grave by a lady. They do not please us, but that is no rule for others; we like not such serious songs, though both the music and poetry deserve praise in their way.

6.—The novelty of this publication consists in so adapting the arrangement of an accompaniment, that it may be played with one, two, or three fingers, according to the progress the student may have made. Our readers will be a little surprised to learn that by this plan, exemplified in the several sets or classes of melodies published by the author, a lady who understands music, could learn to accompany a song in an hour after she took a guitar in hand; we have seen this accomplished by a mere child; can we then *hesitate to speak with confidence* of the system?

Drama.

We open this part of our work with no professions; and we buckle on our armour as readily as if we had been in the service for years. In the general way, we may observe, that the Patent Houses have been losing ground; the Minors gaining in proportion; and that, according to our notions of theatrical talent, the metropolis was never worse supplied at the two great national theatres. To particularize, we shall commence with

DRURY-LANE THEATRE. — A Miss Huddart, who had made her appearance in *Belvidera* twice before, with but ordinary effect, played, a month ago, *Lady Constance*, in *King John*, which we may conscientiously say was scarcely ever performed worse in a Theatre Royal. Miss Huddart is not only wanting in all the qualifications which nature should supply for her character, but she is totally unacquainted with Shakspeare; with a horrible provincial dialect, and the total absence of dignity, and of mind, her execution and conception are alike bad. Macready's *King John* was unequal; he was at times conversational and careless; but there were parts in which he rose to excellence. His defiance to the Pope's Legate, was nobly given; and when imparting his designs against King Arthur's life, to Hubert, he appeared awfully real. Wallack's *Falconbridge* was all bombast; and, with the exception of Cooper's *Hubert*, the remaining cast of the tragedy was intolerably bad.

The opera of *Masaniello* loses considerably by the substitution of Sinclair for Braham; but it is only in comparison to Braham that Sinclair suffers. Auber's music is beautiful; and so far as the band, which is very effective, was con-

cerned, justice was done to the composer.

The *Beaux Stratagem* tried the strength of the house in comedy, and it was small; the real talent that was brought forward, was paralyzed by mere pretenders. A Mr. Balls played *Archer* with no more of the gentleman in the character than our own footman hides under his livery: he appeared something between a waiter and a groom, and threw as much of impudence as any other quality into the person he represented. Cooper, as *Aimwell*, did well, but was not great. Liston made *Scrub* a buffoon, and provoked laughter and applause without a whit of genuine comedy. It was broad farce throughout. Miss Chester romped through *Mrs. Sullen*, and Bennet, in *Gibbet*, exhibited certainly the best piece of acting in the play.

The revival of the comedy is no great compliment to the public taste; and the treasury of the theatre has, we hope, given Mr. Lee a broad hint now he is likely to be rewarded for his choice.

The last season's farce of *Perfection*, in which Madame Vestris's exquisite acting was so conspicuously the life of the piece, has been played, with exchanges which made it insupportable. Mrs. Waylet is clever and vulgar, looks impudently, and sings sweetly; but she must never play after Madame Vestris. The farce is half too long at best; it is only sufferable while Madame Vestris is on the stage.

The *Stranger* has been produced with Macready and Miss Phillips, as the two props. Of Macready, we are compelled again to say, that he was occasionally careless, almost flippant in his manner; but the larger portion of his acting was

inimitably fine. His melancholy brooding over wrongs which could neither be forgotten nor forgiven; his desolate picture of hopeless grief, were true to nature, and there was in the manner in which he told the history of his sorrows to *Baron Steinforth*, an intensity of feeling, which rivetted the attention, and called forth the marked, the genuine applause of his audience. Why he descends occasionally to mere trick, or subsides into carelessness, he can better than ourselves explain. Miss Phillips, as *Mrs. Haller*, excited painful recollections, of what we have lost in *Mrs. Siddons* and *Miss O'Neil*. She neither looked, dressed, nor acted the part; the only scene in which she rose above mediocrity, was that in which she disclosed her history to the *Countess*. *Farren*, as *Solomon*, was good; *Harley*, as *Peter*, a steady performance for him; and *Cooper*, as *Baron Steinforth*, mechanically correct: more he aimed not to be.

The most decided novelty of the month, was the production of Lord Byron's *Werner*, a tragedy, which has been singularly mangled for adaptation at the minors, but which has for this house been ably and judiciously curtailed. The part of *Werner*, by Mr. Macready, has been made essentially his own, as much so as was *Virginius*, or *William Tell*. It was a noble piece of acting throughout; nothing could exceed the effect of his performance; the part was admirably conceived; dress, appearance, and acting, were alike faultless; he was identically the *Werner* created by the noble bard, and this is a reason for not selecting one scene or one point as better than another. *Cooper*, too, surpassed himself. We have often seen him act well, never other than respectably, but we never saw him great till we saw him perform *Gabor*, *Wallack* ranted in *Ulrick*, Mr. H. *Wallack* played *Baron Stralenheim* wofully, *Mrs. Faucit* acted *Josephine* with success, and poor *Miss Mordaunt* did her best, which was bad enough, for *Ida*. The tragedy was eminently successful. We are sure that with one or two changes it would have a long run.

A trifle under the title of *The King's Fireside*, was produced a week too soon. It might have pleased children in the holiday week, but was a trumpery business to bring out before Christmas; and

the tragedy of *Werner* is the single exception to a month of poor entertainment.

COVENT GARDEN.—We must commence our notice of the doings at this house, with the *Chancery Suit*, a five-act piece, called a comedy, but, in reality, a tolerably broad farce: from the beginning to the end, not a jot of real comedy; but it was well received by a thin house, and has been repeated to better. *Warde*, *Power*, *Blanchard*, and *Bartley*, acted well their several nothings, and had the merit of doing more than the author, for the success of the farce of five acts.

Miss Fanny Kemble's claim stands next. Much as we admired her uncle and aunt—much as we respect and admire her father, it would be a compromise of our judgment, to fall in with the worthless—for so it will turn out—the very worthless flatterers, who have already done infinite mischief by their praise. That she has been overrated, is no longer doubtful; that she is infinitely less deserving the character at first bestowed upon her acting, than people who have not seen her, imagine, is now a stubborn fact; making due allowance for all this, but, taking into account the advantages she possessed in the advice of well-skilled artists in the dramatic profession, we were sadly disappointed. Her pronunciation is frequently faulty—sometimes barbarous; and although there are occasional bursts of action and passion in her acting, it is upon the whole far from creditable, after the example of her gifted relative. We saw her play *Calista*, in the *Fair Penitent*, and she exhibited strong proofs that her faults might be got rid of, if she but set about improving herself in good earnest. To a wretched deficiency in either her powers or her knowledge of elocution, she appeared to add a carelessness, which pervaded all the early part of her performance. It is but justice to admit, however, that she improved as she proceeded, and elicited considerable applause; and that, too, under the disadvantage of Mr. Parry's *Allamont*, a freezing, miserable piece of acting; and *Abbot's Lothario*, which was not much better. Mr. Charles Kemble was the only person whose performance supported his daughter; who, with a pair of lovers that would paralyze a stage heroine of three or four apprenticeships,

certainly added to the reputation to which she was entitled by her former acting,—again we say of Miss Kemble, she can do better. She has, or ought to have good advisers, splendidly gifted tutors. If they will not tell her when she is wrong, and how to act rightly, we will do our best to inform her.

The Carnival at Naples, with Mr. Barnet's hash up of pretty music, has been played with Mr. Diddiar as *Manfredi*, and Miss Taylor as *Nina*. The former is a very miserable apology for an actor; the latter will be very clever. Mr. Bennet, of whom some people say a good deal, performed *Benedetto*, and fired off every word like a cannon ball. Mr. Bennet does nothing without an effort; he is just the man to borrow a sledge-hammer to kill a fly with. Abbot was Abbot; what more can we say? he would be the same person, whether he had to play *Richard* or *Romeo*. Powers's *Dermot O'Donovan* was a bit of rich humour, which raised him justly in our estimation, and even invited comparisons by which he did not suffer. A Farce, called *The Omnibus*, founded on a paper in the *New Monthly Magazine*, entitled, "The inconvenience of a convenient distance" has been produced. Blanchard, Keeley, and Bartley, play in the piece, but the chief burden rests on Power. On repetition, with curtailments, we may pronounce it to have been the most successful farce we have seen.

The grand spectacle of *Cinderella*, with music chiefly from Rossini, has been produced within a fortnight. A young lady, with a new name, Miss Inverarity, was the principal singer, and exhibited powers not equalled by any of the numerous candidates of the last few seasons. Her voice is a rich mellow soprano, of considerable compass, and is a vast acquisition at this period of dearth. Her acting is bad, but this may be improved. Mr. Wilson was the *Felix*, and over sung, as well as over acted; when he attempts less he will accomplish more.

The Romantics.—Victor Hugo's "*Hernani*," which no long time since split the dramatic world at Paris into two furious factions, has been brought out on the Munich boards, and laughed off the stage.

Miss Stephens has been at Brighton

for some months, but has refused all offers of an engagement.

Young has been performing at the Plymouth Theatre, and among other characters, that of *Werner*, in Lord Byron's tragedy.

Miss Mitford's tragedy of "*Ines di Castro*," which has been written for several years, and has been in the hands of each of the managements, but for some reason delayed from time to time, is at length to be produced. Mr. Kemble and his daughter play the chief male and female characters.

Kean has been playing at Bath even so lately as Thursday last.

The comedy of the *Provoked Husband* gave us an opportunity of witnessing Miss Fanny Kemble, as *Lady Townley*, and we cannot but condemn the performance as a total failure; there was none of that high bearing which characterizes a woman of fashion. She appears to misconceive the part altogether in four acts out of the five, and her better acting in the fifth, does not save the character. Mr. Charles Kemble's *Lord Townley* was a finished performance. The *Wronghead* family, excepting Bartley, in *Sir Francis*, were more vulgar than they need have been. Mrs. Gibbs, Mr. Meadows, and Miss Nelson, vied with each other in endeavouring to throw as much coarseness as possible into their characters.

The pantomimes have been brought out at both houses with great spirit and but little point. At Covent Garden, the opening is novel, and exhibits some good acting, but after the pantomimic transfiguration of *Harlequin Pat*, and *Harlequin Bat*, or the *Giant's Causeway*, have taken place, we have hardly any new or good tricks. The scenery is, as usual, good. At Drury Lane, the entertainment is called, *Davy Jones*, or *Mother Carey's Chickens*, which will do as well as any other title for a pantomime. The scenery is splendid, and a diorama, by Stanfield, is a *chef d'œuvre* in the art of scene painting. It would be useless to speak of the play at either house, for scarcely a word could have been heard by any body.

FLORENCE.—(Extract from a private letter.) The concourse of foreigners here this winter is far greater than usual; among them are many who usually re-

sort to Rome and Naples, but who, under apprehension of a possible movement in those countries, had taken up their residence here, in full security that the same wise measures of the last twenty years, introduced by Leopold and Fossombrony, would still be adhered to. The recent attempt to govern by the Holy Alliance system has created so much discord, that many distinguished families are about to leave. The Russians are extremely numerous, consisting of the Orloffs, the Galitzins, the Poniatowskis, the Wittgensteins, the Trebitakois, the Dalgeroukis, &c.; and at the Palace San Clementi, the residence of Lord and Lady Normanby, the whole of the *beau monde* assembled last week to witness the performance of the comedy of the *Honey-Moon*, with the afterpiece of *Charles the Second*, which were given in a style worthy of such talented performers. The pieces were cast as follows:—

THE HONEY-MOON.

Duke Aranza . . .	Lord Normanby.
Count Montalban .	Mr. St. John.
Balthazar	Colonel Bradyll.
Jaquez	Mr. Dakes.
Lampedo	Mr. Lyons.
Campillo	Mr. Perry.
Lopez	Mr. Thellusson.
Juliana	Lady Normanby.
Volante	Mrs. Perry.
Hostess	Miss Stephenson.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

King Charles . . .	Lord Normanby.
Rochester	Colonel Bathurst.
Captain Copp . . .	Mr. Thellusson.
Edward	Mr. Marriott.
Lady Clara	Miss Stephenson.
Mary Copp	Lady Normanby.

Among the English who graced the audience in this little theatre, were the families of Lady Dallas, Sir Gordon and Lady Drummond, Sir H. and Lady Williamson, the Barings, Macdonnells, Lamberts, Boltons, Kerricks, De Courceys, Lady Dorothea Campbell, General Cumming, Admiral Donnelly, and Lords Howard of Effingham, Wiltshire, Dalmaney, Arcd. Seymour, and Albert Cunningham, who are in great requisition at all the balls. Mrs. Bolton, Mrs. Lambert, Miss Drummond, Princess Galitzin, Princess Euolani, and the Countess Gamba Quircioli, are the new reigning beauties.

It is reported that Lord Normanby is to be appointed British Charge d'Affaires at the Tuscan Court. The English residents in Florence will hail this with delight, so universally are Lord and Lady Normanby esteemed for their hospitality and kindness.

VARIETIES.

The Æolophon.—This new instrument is played like a pianoforte. In its tones it resembles the *Æolina*, but it has much greater compass. Among its highest honours is the approbation of the queen, before whom it has been performed upon at St. James's Palace.

THE APOLLONICON concerts are resumed, and we take our Saturday morning's lounge in St. Martin's Lane as regularly as the day comes. Perhaps there is no place of public amusement upon which so many terms of praise have been expended, yet they all fall short of describing either the effect of the performance, or the delight of the visitors. As a mechanical exhibition, the instrument is unique; as a musical treat, it is unrivalled; and we know not on which to bestow the highest commendation—the selections, or their performance.

We have received a prospectus and specimen of a series of medallions, to be stamped on cards in various colours. They are ingeniously contrived and well executed, and it is proposed that they shall comprise among the subjects, many from costly antique gems.

Chantry, the sculptor, has completed a bronze statue of his late Majesty for the city of Edinburgh; and in announcing this fact to Lord Meadowbank, the artist offers, as a proof of his gratitude to the committee, a present of a pedestal of a Haytor granite, on which it is to be placed. The value of this present is about 800*l.*, the proposal will, no doubt, be appreciated.

ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S, AND FASHIONABLE NOTICES.

It is gratifying to be able to state, that their Majesties' health is unimpaired; and to add, that the town of Brighton was scarcely ever known to be more gay than it is at this moment.

On Monday, the 27th of December, the marriage of Miss Fitzclarence and Viscount Falkland took place at the Pavilion, Brighton. Their Majesties, with the bride and bridegroom, and a splendid and select party, took breakfast in the banquetting-room of the palace, and, directly after the repast, removed into one of the drawing-rooms, where the marriage was solemnized in their presence, and that of the duke of Sussex, the Princesses, Prince George of Cambridge, Colonel Frederick Fitzclarence (bridegroom-man), Mademoiselle D'Este and Miss Boyle (bridesmaids), the Marchioness of Wellesley, Lord and Lady Clinton, Lady A. Fitzclarence, Messrs. P. and B. Carey, and the whole of the bridal suite. The ceremony was performed by the Lord Bishop of Chichester, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Harvey.

The King gave the bride away. The bride wore a dress of British lace, with a wreath of flowers in her hair, from which depended a rich lace veil, also of British manufacture: the bridesmaid, Mademoiselle D'Este, was habited in a white satin slip, with blonde lace cap; Miss C. Boyle, a white satin dress, trimmed with blonde lace, and white satin hat. Soon after their union the happy pair took leave, and departed for Cumberland Lodge, in Windsor Great Park.

About six o'clock in the evening his Majesty held a Privy Council, consisting of Earl Grey, Lord Holland, Lord Durham, Lord Melbourne, Lord Clinton, Lord John Townshend, Sir James Graham, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. Clerk of the Council, Mr. Bathurst.

They afterwards dined with their Majesties and Royal suite, as also did Sir Robert Otway, Major-General Dalbiac, Colonel Downman, Colonel Clive, Colonel Grant, Colonel Wallace, Captain Mingaye, R. N., and Major Scarlett. Later in the evening the company received the following increase:—Lord and Lady G. Seymour and family, Lady Carr and the Misses Perceval, Lady and the Misses Otway, Sir Matthew, Lady, and Miss Tierney, Sir Thomas Trowbridge, Mrs. Wallace, the Countess of Belfast, Lady Huntingdon, Sir Thomas, Lady, and Miss M'Mahon, Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Dickens, Major-General Upton, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Caton, Colonel Garwood, Captain and Mrs. Stephens, Sir Thomas Reynell, the Bishop of Chichester, Mrs. and the Misses Carr, Mr., Lady Sarah, and Miss Bayley, Mrs. and Miss Boyle, Colonel French, Lady E. Park, Miss Dalbiac, Miss Knight, Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Cuthbert, Admiral and Mrs. Rodd, Mr. and Mrs. Barrington Price and family, Mr. H. Greville, Mr. and Mrs. Ridsdale, Mr. and Mrs. Townshend, and the Officers of the Guards and 5th Dragoons.

Fashions.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Or all changeable things, fashion is perhaps the most changeable. There ought to be, in those who follow fashion, a natural taste, which study rarely confers, and which mere wealth cannot bestow.

A female on her entrance into the *beau monde*, if she has not been endowed with native elegance, has much to acquire. It is of little avail that she is enabled to expend 20,000 francs a-year upon her toilet, there must be that at-

tractive *ensemble* which proclaims the woman of good taste—there must be no display which outrages the authority of fashion. The manner of throwing on or off a shawl, the placing a hat gracefully, but without any appearance of affectation, the step—the gesture—the mode of expression—these are the *minutiae*, which language would vainly attempt to define.

The shape of the hats are now fixed for the season; they vary only in the ornaments, which are themselves liable

to variation. The fronts are more open, and larger than they have lately been; they admit more of the face and hair to be seen, but at the same time are not so upright as they have been worn for these two last years; they are a medium between those shapes and those of the *tuyau de paille* of last season.

Velvet is the most becoming material for hats worn during the day; with an evening dress they are quite elegant enough; and with an undress they have nothing displeasing.

To sustain the *nauds* of gauze, which have a tendency to fall down, they use a species of velvet *cornets*, which contains the *nauds*. If the hat is lined with coloured velvet, the *cornets* must be so likewise.

We observe fewer hats trimmed with white blonde than during the summer season: the black blonde is the most prevalent. But few flowers are worn on hats for the *demi-toilette*. For walking, and in the street, flowers have an ill effect.

Satin lined with plush makes a pretty morning hat. Where variety is studied, or when you wish to diversify the materials, you may in this respect consult your own taste. A plush hat may be lined with velvet, or a velvet hat lined with plush, and satin indifferently with either. There are very pretty ribbons of gauze *satinée*, which produce a very pleasing effect upon hats.

The velvet *berets* are perhaps somewhat too heavy, and have not so elegant an appearance as those made in crape or gauze. As a *negligée* evening head-dress, caps of blonde with flowers is by far the most becoming for the face. The front is a single high border, turned upwards; the flowers placed against the hair.

ROBES.

In the form of these there is nothing of novelty introduced. The *corsage* plain and buttoned in front; a band of velvet commences from the elevation of the shoulder, and crossed under the belt. The upper part about the breadth of the hand, and diminishing to half that size at the end.

The *Sevignées*, or crossed draperies, is the form most employed for evening dresses. For silk robes, in full dress, a *revers* of velvet is placed upon the cor-

sage, and falls back upon the shoulders *en jockies*, with four points. This has a very pleasing effect when in any material of a light colour; the points are edged with white blonde; the long sleeves are also composed of white blonde. When on a velvet dress the points are finished by a trimming of black blonde.

Satin dresses are worn both for morning and evening costume.

Pelerines of velvet, cloth, or plush, are still generally worn.

MORNING DRESSES.

A *redingote* of dark green cachemire, belt and *sautoir* of emerald-green velvet. Cap of tulle with one border very much elevated. The *nauds* edged all round with narrow lace: an enamelled watch suspended by a short enamel chain; gloves, *peau de Suède*; shoes, iron-gray kid. A *redingote* of chestnut *gros de Naples*, *corsage* plain, buttoned in front. The hair turned up in a single curl, the ends *en papillotes*. *Collerette* of muslin trimmed with lace in several small pipes. A bow of celestial blue velvet confines it at the throat. An apron of *gros de Naples* of *Haiti* blue, deeply vandyked round the edge. Shoes, black *gros de Naples*.

WALKING DRESSES.

High dress of black velvet; *corsage* plain. Pelerine of velvet trimmed with blonde. White plush hat, with two white plumes. Boa and muff of light gray fur. A short matted gold chain with gold scent-bottle appended. Boots furred. Gray gloves. A dress of plain black satin, lace *collerette*. Mantle of deep blue cachemire; the pelerine of blue velvet, with lining of the same; square falling collar of blue velvet, edged with black blonde. Black satin hat richly ornamented with blonde and gauze ribbon. Boots, *gros de Naples*.

EVENING DRESS.

A robe of hyacinth velvet, ornamented above the hem with a satin ribbon, round which black blonde is twisted. *Corsage à la Sevigné*, with sleeves of black blonde. Black blonde is also tastefully intermingled with the bows of the hair; ornaments of gold or pearls. Black satin shoes. White gloves. Robe of white satin, bordered above the hem with a trimming of toucan feathers. These

feathers bear a close resemblance to fur, from their extreme shortness. They are red and yellow. *Corsage* rather high, which is ornamented, as is also the skirt with *Brandenbourgs* in matted silver. Gauze bows of red and yellow are mingled with the plumes of the head-dress. Black satin shoes. White gloves.

We are totally without novelty in dress. The state of the public mind precludes all idea of festivity, and the timid are reluctant to appear abroad. The chief novelties are in morning and walking dresses; the latter are, without exception, trimmed lavishly with furs of various kinds; ermine, and a red brown fur, prevail. Capes, and even collars, to dresses of cloth or silk, are very general: the capes are not simply round, but as variously formed as those of silk wore in summer, even to vandyke edges and cut shoulders. Hats mostly of silk, and, spite of the weather, flowers still continue to be worn by those who, in troublesome times, choose to move about.—*Paris, Dec. 26.*

ENGLISH FASHIONS.

WALKING DRESS.

Hat of lilac satin, lined with white, and ornamented under the brim with two bows of narrow lilac gauze ribbon; also at the back, with very wide ribbon of the same, and a *bouquet* of heart's-ease. Dress of crimson *gros de Naples*, trimmed with a deep fur of *martre Zibeline*: around the neck a *colletette* of lace. Cape, which is cut into points at the shoulders, boa, and muff, are of the same fur as the trimming.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Hat of white satin, lined with lilac, and ornamented inside with white gauze ribbon cut in vandykes; the back tastefully trimmed with blonde and flowers. Pelisse of pea-green *gros de Naples*, fastened in front with four bows of the same material: cape of ermine fur, which is fastened inside the belt. Two rows of narrow ermine trim the front of this pelisse, so as to form what is called *le tablier*, and another of the same width nearly surrounds the skirt above the hem; *manchettes* of fine cambric embroidered in vandykes. Belt of the same material as the pelisse; brooch and buckle of pale silver: boots of pea-green prunella.

OPERA DRESS.

Hat of pale blue *tulle*, rather low on the left side, and ornamented over that side of the brim with rich gauze ribbon; on the right side, which is much more raised, are placed white ostrich feathers, one falling very low, another placed under the brim, and fastened by a gauze ribbon crossed over the forehead. A dress of blue gauze arranged in full folds over the bosom, and fastened in the centre by an emerald *Sevigné*. Around the bust a quilling of narrow blonde; rich figured blonde sleeves, fastened at the wrists with handsome worked gold bracelets. Cloak of olive black levantine silk, lined with white *gros de Naples*. A very deep cape, cut in vandykes, and edged with rich fringe of the same colour: a small falling collar, cut also in vandykes, and edged with fringe.

EVENING DRESS.

Hat of rich plum-coloured velvet, very broad on the right side, where it is ornamented under the brim with white gauze ribbon, cut in vandykes: it narrows to the left side, which has scarcely any brim, and is ornamented with three white ostrich feathers, tastefully disposed. Dress of pink *gros des Indes*, or *gros d'Ivry*. The *corsage* arranged in folds, and made to cross from right to left; cape epaulettes of the same material as the dress, cut in vandykes, from beneath which appears an ornament composed of satin and gauze, formed by a square piece, one end of which is cut into three or four long points; and the other end, which is fastened under the fall, is gathered and drawn. Around the bust a quilling of narrow blond; very wide sleeves, composed of white *tulle*, over lesser ones of white satin: at the knees is a fall with larger vandykes, connected by a circular cut, but, in other respects, corresponding with the cape and epaulettes. The ornament, as well as the vandyke, are on a larger scale; and on the left side a double ornament is placed above the fall, with the points upwards. The brooches, buckles, and bracelets, are of real stones, or enamelled in colours. Both the cape epaulettes and the trimming at the knees are varied in form; but some rich trimming is invariably used to project from under the falls.





WALKING DRESS.

CARRIAGE DRESS

I KNOW A SPOT.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I know a spot where we scarce mark the flowers
 That Spring scatters round her to tell us she's come;
 I know a spot where the evergreen bowers
 Are bright in *all* seasons, that dear spot is *home*.

I know a spot where in Winter's rough weather,
 We laugh while the elements bluster and foam;
 I know a spot where, when thus met together,
 We've smiles for *all* seasons, that dear spot is *home*.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

- On the 17th Nov., at Aldwarke, Rotherham, Lady Bouverie, of a son.
 At Walling Wells, on the 22nd Nov., the lady of Sir Thomas Woollaston White, Bart., of a daughter.
 On the 27th, at his seat, Denby Grange, Yorkshire, the lady of Sir John L. L. Kaye, Bart., of a daughter.
 On the same day, at Aldwark Hall, near Rotherham, the lady of General the Hon. Sir H. F. Bouverie, K.C.B., Commander of this district, of a son.
 On the 3rd Dec., in Grosvenor Street, the Hon. Mrs. Colville, of a daughter.
 On the 4th, her Grace, the Duchess of Richmond, of a daughter.
 At Rothsay, on the 1st, the lady of Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope, G.C.H. of a daughter.
 In Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, on the 2nd, the lady of the Right Hon. the Lord Justice Clerke, of a son.
 On the 10th, at Fitray House, Aberdeenshire, the Hon. Lady Forbes, of Craigievar, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- On the 27th Nov., at the Pavillion, Brighton, by the Bishop of Chichester, Viscount Falkland to Miss Fitzclarence.
 On the 12th Nov., at Clontarf, near Dublin, F. H. Halpin, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Caroline, daughter of Sir William Stamer, of the above city, Bart.
 On the 18th, at Waltham Abbey, Essex, Charles Sotheby, Esq., Captain of the Royal Navy, to Mary Anne, daughter of Admiral and the late Lady Mary Anne Sotheby.
 On the 25th, at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, the Rev. Frederick Pace, to the Hon. Geraldine Fitzgerald de Roos, third daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Henry Fitzgerald, and the Baroness de Roos.
 At St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, by the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, Henry William Chichester, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, second son of the late Henry Chichester, Esq., of Northover House, Somerset, and Wood House, Essex, to Miss Isabella Manners Sutton, daughter of his Grace the late Archbishop of Canterbury.
 On the 29th, J. B. Trevanion, Esq., of Caerhays, Cornwall, to Susannah, second daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M.P.
 On the 1st Dec., the Earl of Jermyyn, eldest son of the Marquis of Bristol, to Lady C. Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland.
 At Willey Church, Shropshire, the Hon. George Anson, second son of the late Viscount Anson, to the Hon. Isabella Elizabeth Annabella, third daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Lord Forester.

On the 4th, at Bathwick, Hamilton Blair Avere, Esq., Captain of the Hon. East India Company's ship Warren Hastings, son of the late Lieutenant-General Avere, of Rugeley, Staffordshire, to Mary Sarah, eldest daughter of Henry Hill, Esq., of Pultney Street, Bath.

On the 11th, at Putney, Frederick Woods Ommanney, Esq., eldest son of Sir Francis Ommanney, to Marianna, eldest daughter of William Jones, Esq., of Putney.

On the 14th, at Hambledon, Hants, Sudlow Roots, Esq., of Kingston, Surrey, to Cecilia, eldest daughter of Admiral Bligh, of Whitedale House.

At Trinity Church, Marylebone, the Rev. Carew St. John Mildmay, brother of Sir Henry St. John Mildmay, Bart., to the Hon. Caroline Waldegrave, youngest daughter of the late Admiral Lord Radstock.

On the 16th, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Captain Augustus Wathen, of the 15th or King's Hussars, to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Jane Leslie, youngest daughter of George William, late Earl, and of Charlotte Julia, Countess of Rothes.

Mr. Sutton Egerton, to Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Loftus.

The Hon. and Rev. Augustus Cavendish, to Miss M. A. Legh.

Lord South to Miss A. M. Roche.

The Hon. and Rev. John Vernon, to Miss Fanny Duncombe.

The Hon. George Anson, to the Hon. Isabella Forester. 3

DEATHS.

Pope Pius VIII. is dead. His late Holiness, François Xavier Castiglione, was born at Cingoli, on the 20th of November, 1761, elected to the Papedom on the 31st of March, 1829, and crowned on the 5th of April following.

On the 13th Nov., at his Rectory of Kegworth, Leicestershire, the Rev. Thomas Parkinson, Doctor in Divinity, Archdeacon of Leicester, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester, in his 86th year.

On the 19th, Clementina, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, K. C. B.

On the 20th, at Isleworth, Margaret, relict of the late Sir John Boyd, Bart., and youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Thomas Harley.

Same day, Katharine, the beloved wife of the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Asaph, and youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Nicholl, in her 32nd year.

On the 22nd, at Oriel Lodge, Cheltenham, Miss Law, daughter of the late Rev. J. Law, D.D., Archdeacon of Rochester.

On the 28th, at Castle Bernard, the Right Hon. the Earl of Bandon.

On the 20th, at Moncrieffe House, Perthshire, Sir David Moncrieffe, Bart., in his 42nd year.

On the 28th, Gianina, wife of Sir William Franklin, of 24, Charlotte Street, Portland Place.

At Cheltenham, on the 27th, Admiral Robert Montagu, Admiral of the Red.

Suddenly, on the 30th, Henry Walter Bury, aged seven years and seven months, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Tullamore.

On the 1st., suddenly, at his house in Somerset Street, the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot.

On the 6th, at the house of her son, Dr. Lushington, Hertfordshire, the Dowager Lady Lushington.

On the 30th Nov., at Fisherton, near Salisbury, Amelia, the widow of the late Admiral Sir Robert Calder, Bart., in her 76th year.

On the 8th July last, on his voyage from Bombay, Lieutenant-Colonel David Campbell, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

On the 6th Dec., at Southampton, Rear-Admiral Stiles, in his 76th year.

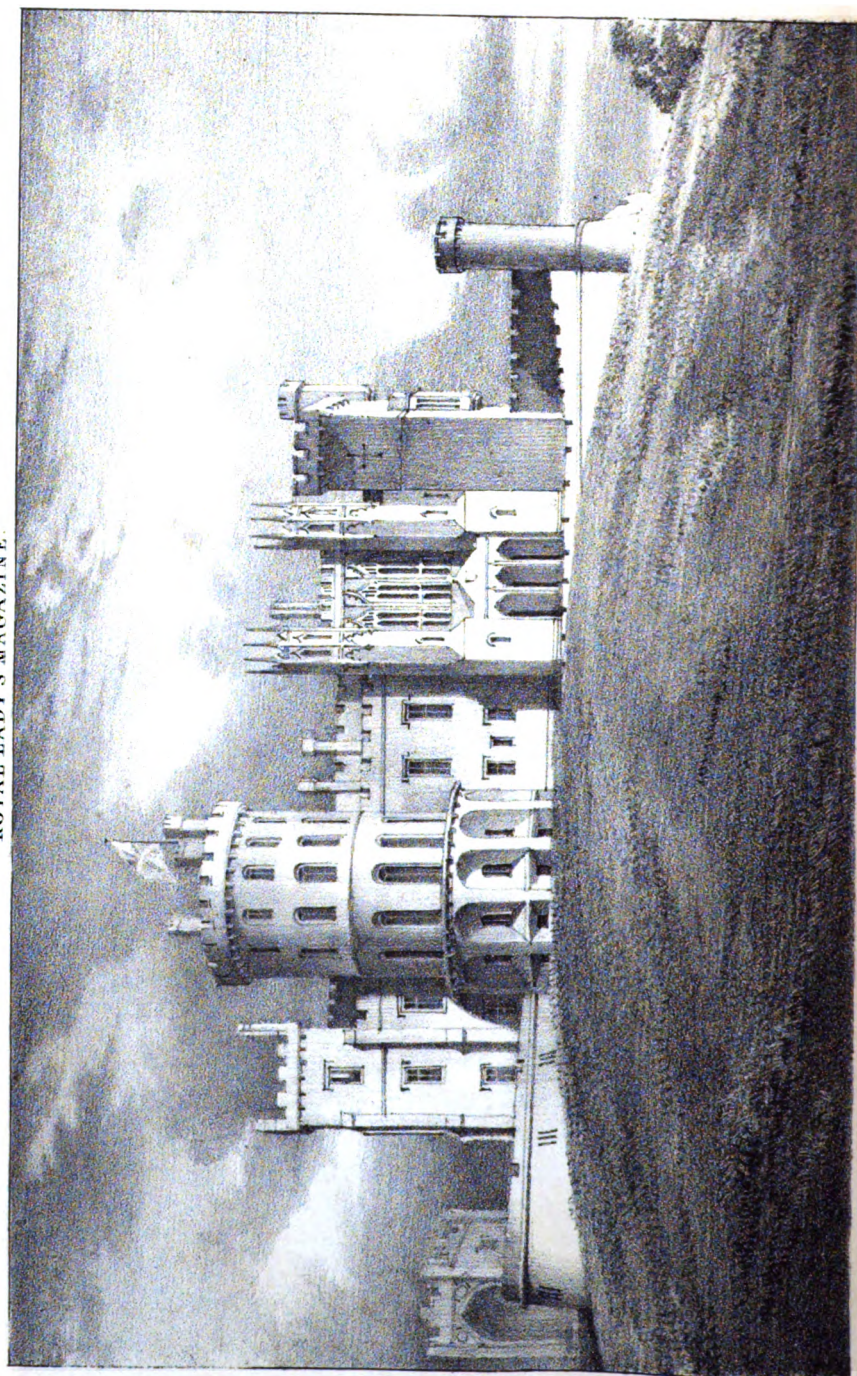
On the 4th, Lord Henley, G.C.B. F.R.S., at Grimley Hall, the seat of his son-in-law, in his 78th year.

On the 1st, at Nice, Sir Robert Williams, Bart., M.P., of Fryars, Anglesea, in his 66th year.

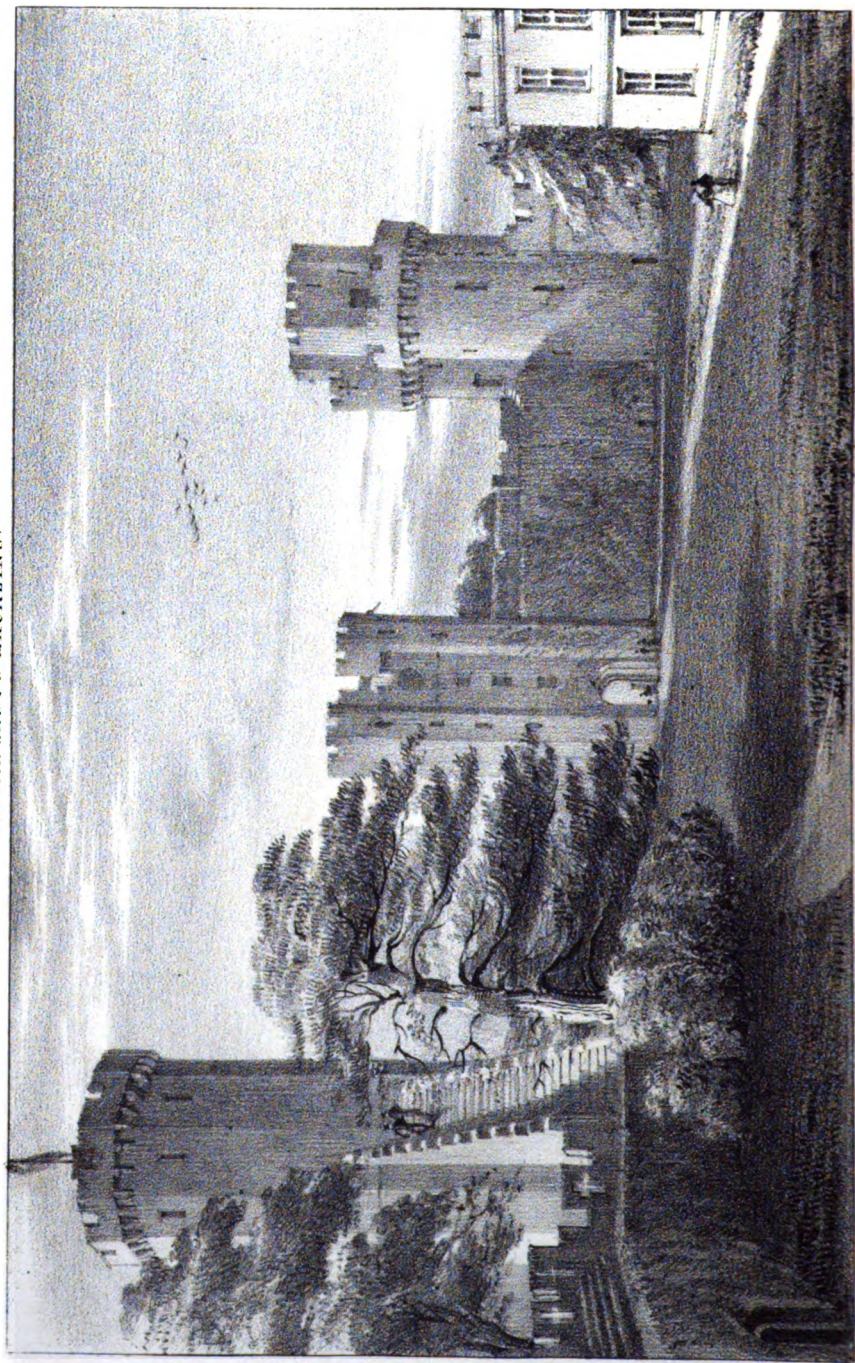
On the 11th, at Tuddenham, Norfolk, of a fall from his horse, the Very Rev. Edward Mellish, Dean of Hereford, in his 64th year.

On the 29th Nov., ten days after having given birth to a son, at Streive Hill, the seat of her brother, Marcus Gage, Esq., Julia, the wife of Sir Hugh Stewart, of Ballygawley House, Bart., M.P. for the county of Tyrone.

On the 21st Dec., at the Elms, Beddington, Hants, Marian, the daughter of Sir Theophilus Lee, aged seven years and four months.



SOUTH FRONT OF BELVOIR CASTLE.



THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE,

AND

Archives of the Court of St. James's.

FEBRUARY 1831.

Embellishments.

PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.

VIEW OF BELVOIR CASTLE, the Seat of his Grace the Duke of Rutland, from an Original Drawing, by A. Pugin, Esq., F.A.S.N.

VIEW OF WARWICK CASTLE, from the Inner Court, sketched Sept. 1830.

FIVE PORTRAITS OF LADIES IN FASHIONABLE MORNING AND WALKING DRESSES FOR FEBRUARY.

A PORTRAIT IN EVENING DRESS FOR DITTO.

A PORTRAIT IN BALL DRESS FOR DITTO.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The substitution of another work for the *Royal Lady's Magazine* has, we have reason to know, in numerous instances, disappointed our friends. They who have suffered by the artifice, or mistake, whichever it may be, may have copies of our first number, in exchange, upon application at No. 5, Lancaster Place, Strand.

The conclusion of "The Unrevealed" did not reach our hands till the 28th; though, from the date of the note which accompanies it, we surely ought to have received it, at least a week earlier. The cause of the delay we are wholly unable to explain: but we hope this circumstance will be a sufficient apology both to "The Unknown," and to our readers, for an omission which has vexed us exceedingly.

Several Musical favours are unavoidably postponed.

To J. P.—Whatever length will best express a thought, will be most acceptable, whether it be four lines or four hundred.

We have received two or three angry letters on the subject of our Theatricals: we can only assure the writers, that we have great respect for many persons whom we nevertheless shall be very candid with in print; and that a favourable notice in the *Royal Lady's Magazine* can be obtained but in one way—it must be deserved. Those who are most angry with us, do not venture to say we are wrong; we cannot help being "unkind" now and then.

It is impossible to notice one-half the communications we have received.

Thanks to M. H. J. Her verses do her credit. She will, however, see that it is only occasionally we can avail ourselves of her kindness.

F. M. should read our opinions on poetry; we have given them honestly in the first number: their perusal will show what is acceptable.

Several newspapers have taken articles from our first number, without having the honesty to say whence they copied them. It is an unworthy trick, to say the least of it.

To "Incognita" we are much indebted. Her Legendary Ballad was in type, and not omitted without deep regrets. In other papers we were more fortunate, though they appear, according to her wish, without her usual signature.

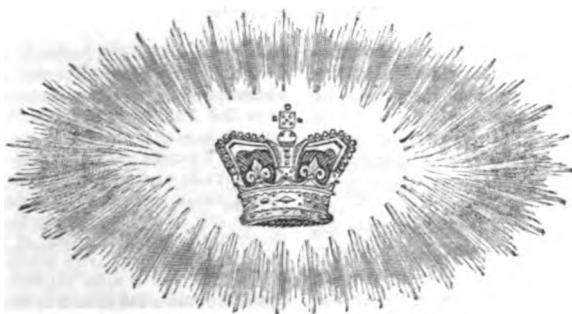
The sketch of the "Castle of ——" was received too late for the present number, but we shall have it in our next in a style worthy of the deep interest which it naturally excites.

James —, O. Y. the author of "M——," and the poem of I. T., have been read, ordered to lie on the table and be printed—some shall appear in our next.

The "Lines on a Churchyard," the "Lines to a Wood Nymph," and one or two other "lines," are not original. Our correspondents in *this way* can never hope to hoax us with any thing *but*; they will see, however, that we do not mind running the risk of inserting a good thing, come whence it will, so that we have not seen it in print.

We could indulge here in the expression of very grateful thanks, for the enthusiastic manner in which the females of England have seconded our attempts to rescue the literature devoted to them from the merited obloquy which confined its circulation to the lower classes, but we are sure that our thanks will be better expressed by a determined perseverance in the course we have pointed out for ourselves, and in which, though at an immeasurable distance, we shall soon have followers.

We cannot answer for the insertion of any advertisements that arrive after the 25th of each month.



ROYAL
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
AND
Archives of the Court of St. James's.

"OUR AMBITION IS TO RAISE THE FEMALE MIND OF ENGLAND TO
ITS TRUE LEVEL."—*Dedication to the Queen.*

FEBRUARY 1831.

MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

MADAME DE GENLIS is dead!—Time was when such an annunciation would have struck sorrow to the heart of every novel-reading member of the community; and, although we can ourselves recollect a period when such an epithet would have been deemed an insult by the merest boarding-school girl, *who*, now, does not, more or less, belong to that class? But the days are gone by when we expected the *Romans* of Madame de Genlis, if not quite with the eagerness with which we have since watched for the novels of Sir Walter Scott, yet with as much as the writings of the Bulwers and the Jameses call forth. The lapse of years naturally dimmed the original brilliancy of the authoress's imagination; and in her anile endeavours to recall the energies of youth, the flights of her fancy became far more extravagant than those of the wildest of the Romanticists whom she so inveterately reprobates; and the same solar revolutions that withered the

charms of her imagination, matured her didactic propensities, as they deepened her conviction of being the great school-mistress of the world, the sole effective instructress of men and women, of children and sovereigns. Her writings grew proportionably duller, and gradually ceased to be read. Still the name of the almost nonagenarian *Comtesse* stood pre-scriptively high—traditionally, we apprehend, with the rising generation of readers—the epistolary intercourse to which she was admitted—she says invited—by Napoleon, that hater, and professed despiser of Mad. de Stael, added a new peculiarity to the career of a woman who had already enjoyed the singular, and, we believe, unparalleled distinction of being appointed *governor* to princes of the blood; and the recent elevation to the French throne of the prince, whose education is her best claim to praise, has casually produced a sort of second Martinmas-summer flowering of

her celebrity. These circumstances combined, fully entitle Mad. de Genlis, the *Doyenne* of all female writers now, or lately living, to some pages in a work especially dedicated to the entertainment and instruction of the sex of which she was certainly an ornament, though as certainly not the brightest.

Mad. de Genlis has been infinitely too much cried both up and down; that is to say, if we are to take her own word for the unbounded admiration that has pursued her through life, for the innumerable impassioned friendships, and yet more impassioned loves that she has inspired; these last even since she has borne the somewhat anti-amorous title of grandmamma, if not of great-grandmamma. She was not a model of all male and female virtues, talents, and accomplishments; but neither was she a revolutionary *enragée*, an apostle of vice, murder, and blasphemy. She was beyond all question, a woman of extraordinary abilities; possessing a lively imagination, the power of original thought, and great industry, as well in using that power, as in gathering materials upon which to use it. But there was a something, or rather there were two things, that counteracted, that almost neutralized those goodly gifts. The first of these, like her endowments, came "by nature;" and this was vanity. A vanity so entire as to leave the possessor perfectly unconscious, unsuspecting even, of its existence; and which, therefore, appears unveiled throughout her *Memoires*, in great things and in small, with a *naïveté* so amusing, as almost to take away its ordinary offensiveness. Of this frank vanity we shall take, at random, a few specimens.

"Tous convinrent que c'est la seule histoire (hers) complète de Henri IV., et que tous les portraits qui s'y trouvent sont bien faits." * * * "Il fallait la patience dont je suis capable pour entreprendre ce prodigieux ouvrage." * * * "Mad. de Stael avait fort peu d'instruction réelle." * * * "J'ai regretté sincèrement qu'elle n'eût pas été ma fille ou mon élève; je lui aurais donné de bons principes littéraires, des idées justes, et du naturel." * * * "Je jouais de la harpe d'une manière étonnante et unique jusqu'alors." * * * "J'ai poussé ce talent aussi loin qu'il peut aller." * * * "Comme auteur j'ai eu à me plaindre de tout le monde excepté du public." (that is to say, all professional critics cut her up). * * * "Il n'y a

certainement pas d'arguments qui puissent démontrer aussi bien l'horreur des principes philosophiques, que la scène que j'ai placée dans *les Parvenus*." * * * "Les succès qu'elle (herself) obtient si constamment." * * * "Je crois que nul littéraire n'a peint avec plus de vérité les mœurs du 18^{me} siècle et du commencement de celui-ci, et n'a donné une idée plus juste du ton de la cour, de celui du grand monde, et n'a présenté des caractères plus variés mieux soutenus." * * * "Quand à mon influence, j'ose me flatter qu'elle a été utile à la religion, et que ma faible main a porté de redoutables coups à la fausse philosophie." * * * "En un mot je crois avoir combattu avec succès le mauvais gout en tous genres."

Finally, for we begin to tire of the subject, of a letter which she wrote to Napoleon, upon his return from Elba, urging him to spare the Bourbons, she says:

"Je ne me flatte pas que cette lettre seule ait décidé sa conduite, mais j'ose croire qu'elle contribua à l'affermir dans cette idée."

Such vanity must surely have been indigenous; for what exotic could thus have flourished in an uncongenial soil and atmosphere? It must be confessed, however, that Mad. de Genlis seems to have been favoured with a mother whose genius for fostering and forcing that tawdry plant, must have secured the prize in any vanity-cultural society under the sun. A mother, who educated her without an idea beyond exhibiting her tiny self, and as tiny acquisitions *en spectacle* to flattering audiences. The young actress had such *succès* in a part of Cupid, that she wore the *costume* for months, if not years, actually going to church in it, with merely the addition of a cloak, and the subtraction of the wings, which the cloak would probably have crumpled.

The second thing injurious to Mad. de Genlis's intrinsic merit, was the "gift of Fortune," being neither more nor less than the calamitous accident of having been born a Frenchwoman of Quality, under the *ancien régime*; that is to say, a creature essentially factitious—factitious in principle, factitious even in feeling. Educated, as we have seen, Mad. de Genlis grew up during the reign of the *Encyclopédiste* philosophers. She was presented at the court of Louis XV. simultaneously with Mad. du Barri, the most infamous of the whole infamous

class of *Favorites en titre*; and, according to the now obsolete *Chronique Scandaleuse* of those days, the young *co-débütante* of the exulting courtesan followed the fashion, as strictly in morals, as in dress and manners. Nevertheless, she was endowed with an intellect too powerful to be wholly perverted by the fallacies and vices surrounding her, or blinded even by her own frailties. She saw what was wrong, if not what was right; the conflict between her situation and her opinions tinged her strain of thoughts; and in the anomaly of what is termed in modern French *une fausse position*, united to her vanity, we find a key to the extravagances that disfigure the best of her multitudinous works, and render the worst a mere sarrago of absurdities.

Bearing this key in mind, let us now consider Mad. de Genlis as a woman and an author.

At seventeen she married the Comte de Genlis, and by his high connexions, yet more than by her own, was *lancée* into the *tourbillon du monde*. We beg pardon for so many French expressions. We have no taste for the prevalent polyglot style of writing; but really it is difficult to speak of so thorough a French woman in plain English. She was, as we have said, presented together with the courtesan-mistress, and she was *chaperoned** by her husband's relation, Mad. de Puisieux, an unobjectionable person, we believe, and by her own aunt, Mad. de Montesson, a lady of a very different character, who ended temporarily, at least, a course of dissipation and profligacy, by entrapping the Duke of Orleans into a generally-known secret marriage, through a series of tricks, that could not, we should have imagined, have deceived the silliest old dotard, father, or guardian, ever brought upon the stage for the express purpose of being duped; but which, nevertheless, Mad. de Genlis alone, of the whole *société*, had the wit to see through. Mad. de Genlis afterwards gladly married her daughter to her aunt's new favourite, M. de Valence, to whom, in consideration of the marriage, Mad. de Montesson left her large fortune.

Either the progress of the first matrimonial intrigue, or the mere splendour of her harp-playing, which she represents as the wonder and envy of all Paris, brought Mad. de Genlis into intimacy with the son of her aunt's husband, the then Duke de Chartres, afterwards the notorious Duke of Orleans, and yet more odiously notorious M. Egalité. Their connexion she terms friendship, but judiciously abstains from saying much about the matter, observing, that memoir-writers are not bound to reveal such of their faults as have no historical results. As to the real nature of the attachment, no doubts were entertained we believe, in the contemporary great world; and the well-known Pamela, afterwards Lady Edward Fitzgerald, whom she produced as an English child, purchased to assist in teaching the young princes English, was understood to be its fruit. The affair took, in the first instance, the ordinary course of such amours. The noble mistress was appointed to a post in the princely wife's household; but the next step was less commonplace. Mad. de Genlis became, as she assures us, the prime favourite of the Duchess de Chartres; and so completely so, that with her full approbation, she, the mistress, was intrusted with the entire education of the whole Orleans family, princes and princesses. To conduct this education the more uninterruptedly, she retired to a convent with her pupils, her own daughters, and her mother. But this mode of retiring to a convent did not prevent her receiving the visits of friends, including the Comte de Genlis, and the Duc de Chartres. The duchess appears subsequently to have repented of her concurrence, and violent quarrels ensued. But her objections to the governess were, we are told, altogether political, and of course erroneous.

That a mother should think more of the politics, than of the morals of her daughter's governess, seems to our *bourgeois* English notions, somewhat perplexing. To be sure, if the story we have heard of the governess, or rather lady-governor, taking, or impelling the young princes to witness the execution of their

* Under the *ancien régime* spinsters were not admitted into society, and young married women were the persons who required *chaperons*, an office usually held by elderly female relations.

unfortunate kinsman and sovereign, Louis XVI. be true, we could not much wonder at the mother's dislike of such politics. This, however, must be a mistake, since we know from Mad. de Genlis herself, that she never interfered with politics; a piece of information confirmed by another piece of information, given us in one of her other works, that politics are peculiarly detrimental to the complexion. But whatever were the princess's motives for committing her children to Mad. de Genlis's care, or for wishing to take them away again, the governess proved more worthy than could have been anticipated of the trust reposed in her. She discharged her duties better than, we are pretty sure, any other person, of either sex, likely to have been named in her stead, would have done; and her residence at Bellechasse, the convent to which she retired, is the most useful and honourable portion of this remarkable woman's life. It was then and there that she directed the education of Louis Philippe, late Duke of Orleans, now king of the French; and if we cannot quite adopt the assertion of M. Lemaire, senior of the Faculty of Letters, in his funereal panegyric upon Mad. de Genlis, "that her most beautiful eulogium is upon the throne of France," it is chiefly because that eulogium is, as we would fain hope, rather prospective than present, whilst there is a past moment of her royal pupil's life which appears to reflect yet more credit upon his preceptress, if indeed it be to her lessons that he owes his virtuous independence of spirit. We, ourselves, not appertaining to the pedagogic confraternity, are apt to think quite as much of nature as of education. We allude to the time when, in exile and indigence, the present king honourably earned his bread, as teacher of mathematics, at a Swiss school, instead of languishing in helpless idleness upon public or private British alms, like so many of his fellow-sufferers, his inferiors, or his equals.

During the remainder of her life the governess is to be considered only as an authoress—the character in which she is most generally known, and in which alone we conceive, she was allowed to correspond with Napoleon, to whom she wrote upon religion, morals, education, and literature. As an authoress, we will now speak of her.

To enumerate Mad. de Genlis's works were a task for a modern Hercules; and we, who pretend not to compete with the son of Jupiter, shall content ourselves with attempting, by classification, to facilitate a general notice of them. They seem to fall readily enough under three heads: 1st, the *Pedagogic*, comprising those written avowedly for purposes of education: 2d, the *Romantic*, or may we be permitted to say, the *Novelistic*, in order to obviate the danger of exposing, by any misapprehension, such a staunch anti-Romanticist to a possible momentary suspicion of Romanticism. For the 3d class, we can find no better denomination than the *miscellaneous*, since it must include *Mémoires*, *Souvenirs*, *Dictionnaires d'Etiquettes*, *Diners du Baron d'Holbach*, *Soupers de la Maréchale de Luxembourg*, and the thousand and one others, of which we cannot recollect, if ever we knew, the titles.

Of the first, first: in Mad. de Genlis's youth, some sixty or seventy years ago, female authors were neither numerous nor respected, as at the present day. The lady accordingly began her literary career under salutary restraint, with the fear of ridicule before her eyes; and she was successful. Her earliest publications were for the use of children. They were nearly, if not actually, the first of the species combining amusement with instruction, and were long decidedly the best things of their kind. Nay, we feel strongly inclined to say, that many of them are still unsurpassed. The imagination, that afterwards ran wild, gave, whilst yet under control, a delightful animation to the *Théâtre d'Education*, the *Veillées du Château*, &c.; happily and sufficiently disguising the pedagogic purposes of admonition and instruction, at a later period so arrogantly predominant even in her novels.

Mad. de Genlis then advanced a step higher in the scale of pedagogism, undertaking to teach the teachers of youth. Her *Adèle et Théodore* is a scheme of education wrought into a novel, in emulation of Rousseau's *Emile*, which, by the way, she holds in supreme contempt, in regard as well of composition as of principle. Of *Adèle et Théodore*, we may briefly say, the whole lives of the Papa and Mamma, including their domestic, and even their visiting arrangements, are a sort of continuous drama of the *Thé-*

âtre d'Education, in which the juvenile actors perform their parts unconsciously.

Timidity was now no more; and Mad. de Genlis, allowing her imagination to expatiate freely in the realms of possibility, proceeded to works of the second class. As a novelist, we have already intimated that she has, or once had, a high reputation. Her earlier novels seized upon our attention and sympathy with an intensity hardly enduring interruption by the ordinary avocations of life. This was their merit; but even these were tainted with our authoress's all-pervading fault, factitiousness in sentiment and feeling. We must illustrate our meaning by an instance or two.

In the *Fœux Téméraires*, one among the very few of Mad. de Genlis's novels wherein the interest turns upon a virtuous passion, the story arises out of an unnatural exaggeration of sentimentality. The excellent widow of a very bad husband, instead of blessing her stars that she had passed through the fiery ordeal unscathed, is at the trouble of going to the churchyard, and carving upon his tombstone a vow of perpetual widowhood. Why or wherefore we cannot guess, unless to provide a good and sufficient obstacle to the love which she forthwith conceives for a very amiable and suitable lover, whom, but for her vow, she might have married as soon as the lawyers and dressmakers had completed their preparations.

The *Meres Rirales*, though, as we recollect, a most fascinating tale, is at least equally factitious, having been written for the express purpose of putting down the passion of love, to which Mad. de Genlis had a mortal antipathy, even in its most legitimate form. A young couple married *par convenance*, are portrayed as perfectly happy, so long as they entertain for each other no sentiments beyond esteem and friendship. The husband becomes unfaithful (whether this be an essential part of connubial felicity we know not); circumstances make the wife appear so; esteem and friendship are no more; whereupon the husband falls madly in love with his wife, becomes madly jealous; and the enamoured pair are as miserable as any novel hero and heroine need to be. We forget whether the discovery of the lady's innocence cures the gentleman's love, and thus restores them to happiness, or whether a

"consummation so devoutly to be wished," is reserved for the less splendid but pretty sure achievement of old age.

But this is moderate nonsense compared with a later novel, *La Tendresse maternelle, ou l'Education sensitive*, which the authoress herself says, was "un tour de force, qui, de l'avis de tout le monde, me reussit," and contains "une idée très neuve sur l'éducation." This new idea is a mode of guarding against the dangers resulting from the association of feelings, or impressions, rather than of ideas; and the remedy and the danger, as here depicted, being equally original and fantastical. A lady, otherwise a paragon of virtue, is unfortunately very much in love with her husband, who, as unfortunately, wore a *bouquet* of heliotrope upon their wedding-day. During his absence, a dexterous gallant visits her, adorned with that identical flower. The association proves irresistible, and the lady's nuptial fidelity is overpowered by the treacherous perfume. A daughter is the consequence of this fatal nosegay, whom the penitent mother resolves to secure against such beguiling associations. Her purpose is much facilitated by her being shut up in the vaults of a castle, where she is supplied with every thing she asks for, except fresh air. She accordingly contrives many admirable associations; amongst others, teaching the little girl to say her prayers when she smells roses. Never was plan more successful. The young lady, emerging from her subterranean school-room, is wooed with dishonourable intentions. In a snug, well-lighted drawing-room, the designing lover makes such fearful progress, that the reader begins to tremble lest the daughter should prove frail as the mother; but luckily the seducer, thinking to improve his advantage "under the mellow lights of eve," amidst the balmy fragrance of

violets blue,

And fresh blown roses washed in dew,

draws his intended victim forth into the garden, and leads her to a bower of roses; when, as much to his surprise and discomfiture, as to the relief of the anxious reader, down she pops upon her knees, falls to her prayers, and all present danger is of course at an end.

We have paused to consider how to despatch the miscellaneous class collect-

ively in few words, and begin to suspect that we have erred in separating it from the others, since the *Autobiography*, *Souvenirs*, &c. may with perfect propriety be ranked under the novelistic head; and the *Dinners*, *Suppers*, *Dictionaries*, &c. &c. under the pedagogic; simply observing, that they are meant to pedagogue grown ladies and gentlemen. In these last the ex-concubine of *Citoyen-Egalité*, assumes the lofty character of champion of religion, legitimacy, classicism, and the manners of the *ancien régime*, against the *Encyclopédie*, the Liberals, the Romanticists, the male innovators upon politeness and propriety, who talk politics in company, and insist upon speaking to the mistress of a house at both their entrance and their exit, and their female coadjutors, who put their feet upon ottomans.

Against romanticism, and new fashions, we fear the *pedagogue*-general has not effected much, at least so her friend my Lady Morgan reports, and Madame de Genlis herself speaks but vaguely of her triumphs over those enemies. We trust she found consolation for such failure in the glory of her success in her more important warfare. The *Encyclopédie* is overthrown; it was she, we believe, who determined Buonaparte to re-establish popery; and certainly, for she herself says so, it was she who brought Louis XIV. into fashion again, and prepared the way for the restoration (with which the allies had mighty little to do)

by the dauntless heroism of publishing *Madame de la Valliere*, and her other historical novels, under the empire. Rather a shabby return, by the by, for the pension, and apartments at the arsenal, that the emperor gave her.

We would not be misunderstood in what we have said touching Mad. de Genlis's doing battle in behalf of religion and morality. Far be it from us to sneer at those who, by such means as they possess, great or small, labour to uphold the highest of human interests. It is the bounden duty of all so to do; but all need not write books for that purpose; still less need all agreeable novelists fill their pages with twaddling polemics. We humbly conceive they contribute their proper quota to that great end by painting virtue and vice in their true colours. But this modest task could not satisfy the ambition of Mad. de Genlis; and really when we see a reformed demirep scribbling controversy, boasting of ratiocinative victories over the Voltaires, Diderots, &c. whom, by picking detached passages out of their works, she sets up like so many ninepins to be bowled down again with a bottom of brown thread, asserting that her antagonists cannot forgive her, "*d'avoir toujours raison*," and are therefore incessantly plotting her assassination, why then the reverence of gray hairs, and even the sanctity of the grave lose their restraining power, and our indignation is only checked by our laughter.

THE MEETING.

And do we *really* meet again
 'Mid fond and happy tears?
 Then have the hopes not *all* been vain,
 Which I have nurs'd for years!
 Though many chid me, still I clung
 To girlhood's cherish'd vow;
 And if o'er life a shade it flung,
 Thou hast o'erpaid me now.

I see that Time has shed a tint
 Of silver, o'er thy hair;
 And on thy cheek there is a print
 Which tells that tears were there.—
 I heed not this—for while thine eyes
 Their tale of truth impart,
 A train of old, fond memories,
 Come stealing on my heart!

The sun of that far, southern clime
 Has darken'd o'er thy brow ;
 My thoughts have whisper'd many a time,
 It would be even so.
 I do not mourn—whatever change
 The world beside may see,
 I feel that nought can e'er estrange
 My heart's best hopes from thee !
 I too have changed—but shall I fear,
 Though youth no more is mine,
 That I can ever be less dear,
 To such a love as thine ?
 I know my eye has lost its fire,
 Thy cheek has lost its glow,
 Nor may I to the praise aspire,
 I waken'd long ago—
 Yet fear I not that *Thou* wilt see
 The ruin, time has wrought ;
 My cheek has paled with care for *Thee*,
 Mine eyes grown dim with thought.
 I have no doubt—no fear of ill,
 Thus pillow'd on thy breast—
 I only feel I love thee still,
 And trust to *Thee* the rest !

S. S.

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF SULLY.

PART II.

MARRIAGE is an event which gives its colour to the whole of life. From the highest condition to the humblest, from the prince to the peasant, the great source of real and rational happiness is the fireside. The throng of fashionable dissipation brings with it nothing of true enjoyment. In solitariness and seclusion, the mind soon wearies, and the spirits lose their elasticity. The secret of our irksomeness, in both conditions, is, that the heart has no home. The social affections have no circle to which they can retire from the deceit and hollowness, and mockery of the world. The philosophic mind of the Duke of Sully qualified him to estimate the outward splendour of life at its real worth. He sought repose from the harassment of his high station in the endearments of his new bride. "The tender solicitude due to an amiable wife," says he, "detained me at Rosny during the whole of the year 1584, amidst the occupations, exercises, and amusements of the country, another kind of life, not less new to me than the military. The country, to those accus-

tomed to divide their time between the court and the field, usually occasions a double expense ; but it supplies many resources to a man who knows that a wise frugality may be made to supply the place of wealth. My taste for fine horses, which I had merely for pleasure, turned itself to good account in my domestic economy. I employed grooms to seek out horses for me in foreign countries, in which they were cheap ; and I sent them for sale into Gascony, to the court of the King of Navarre, where I never failed to obtain high prices. I remember to have sold to Viscount Chartres, a peach-blossom roan horse for six hundred crowns, which cost me but forty. The tapestry, describing the labours of Hercules, which adorns my hall of Sully, I received from M. de Nemours, who paid me with it for a fine horse which I had sold to him for twelve hundred crowns."

But it was not given to Sully long to indulge in domestic endearment, or to occupy himself with his personal and private concerns. At the close of this

year, a letter from the King of Navarre informed him that he must hasten to join the Protestant standard; for that the moment was now arrived when he required the service of all his adherents. He set off immediately on the receipt of this summons, taking with him the sum of forty-eight thousand francs, raised by the sale of some forest timber which he had cut for the purpose of supplying, as well this prince's necessities, as his own.

He was in the midst of battles, sieges, and negotiations, when a plague broke out in Rosny, which almost depopulated the town: most of his domestics were carried off, and his amiable wife was obliged to betake herself to the neighbouring forest, where she remained two days and a night in her coach, and afterwards took refuge in the castle of Huet, belonging to Madame de Compagnac, her husband's aunt. Sully flew to watch over and console her: she happily escaped infection, and he remained with her till the contagion had ceased, when he removed her back to Rosny. This done, he was obliged to betake himself again to the field. Armies of the faith were every where in motion; and the religious leaders were each forcing the other into his own path of salvation at the *bayonet's* point.

Such of the Protestants whose means enabled them to live in Paris, chose to reside there in preference, as they could conceal themselves much better amidst the throng and tumult of the capital. Sully, with the same view to security, had removed his wife there, but under an assumed name. The state of affairs was such, however, that she was subjected to great privations; besides which, she was now far advanced in pregnancy, and in want of all the requisite conveniences of her situation. As her time drew nigh, Sully, apprehensive of the sufferings to which she might be exposed, resolved to go himself to Paris. After making the necessary arrangements, he set off, and, on his arrival, found she had just been delivered of a son. Prudence required that the least possible publicity should be given to the happy event. The Lord of Ruères, then a prisoner in the Conciergerie, was chosen godfather, and the infant was carried from the baptismal font to the church

by a citizen named Chauffaile and his wife. For the Protestants continued to meet in churches, and to hold religious assemblies, notwithstanding the danger to which it exposed them. At this very time several women were burnt for thus assembling; and at length the number of spies was so multiplied in every quarter of the city, that Sully found it utterly impossible to remain any longer in Paris, with any chance of escaping their vigilance. He therefore set off alone, and in disguise, to rejoin the King of Navarre, which he did in time to be present at the great battle of Coutras, in which the king's forces gained a complete victory (A. D. 1587). Not long afterwards, intelligence was brought him by a courier, that his wife was alarmingly ill: he immediately set off post; but before he could reach her, all hope of recovery had fled. All remedies were ineffectual. The only consolation left him was to receive her last embrace; she expired four days after his arrival. Sully was deeply affected by this event. "The loss," says he, "of a wife so dear to me, and who, in her lifetime, has experienced such sad vicissitudes of fortune, closed my heart, for a time, to every feeling but that of grief. I heard with indifference the progress of the arms of the two kings, which, at any other time, would have inflamed me with a desire to partake the danger and the glory."

It will here be necessary to glance slightly at the events which had led to the posture of affairs at this time, and to which Sully refers.

Henry III., a prince wholly unfit to rule the destiny of France at this perilous crisis; unreflective, hot-headed, immersed in pleasure, and abandoning himself to his favourites, in an emergency of affairs that called for the utmost watchfulness, and the best-weighted resolutions, kept the nation in a perpetual state of sedition and outrage. His brother, the Duke of Alençon, had died at Chateau-Thierry about three years before (A. D. 1584), unmarried, and Henry himself having no issue, young King Henry of Navarre,* became heir-apparent to the throne of France. This event had served as a pretext for the Duke of Guise to declare himself chief of the league: being highly accomplished

* Prince Henry had become King of Navarre by the death of his mother.

—affecting on all occasions to take part with the people, and always keeping alive the fire of zeal, he had acquired great influence over the multitude. He exclaimed earnestly, and with effect, against the fatal consequences of having a heretic on the French throne. The pope, at the same time, fulminated a bull of disinheritance against Henry, as an alien from holy church. The duke, artfully profiting by this pontifical edict, persuaded the cardinal Bourbon, uncle to Henry of Navarre, that the crown lapsed to him. The old cardinal, who had a deep-settled hatred of the Reformers, delighted to find himself heir-presumptive, rose up against his nephew as his rival, raised the standard of rebellion against the royal authority, and issued a manifesto, exhorting the French people, as they valued all that was dear to them here and hereafter, to continue the crown in the Catholic branch. The Duke of Guise, who himself aspired to the throne, lent nevertheless, all his aid to the cardinal, well knowing that from his great popularity, and the strength of his position, he could catch the ball when it fell. He had been blamed by his party for thus supporting the claim of the cardinal, as in so doing he indirectly recognised the title of the nephew, but he had no doubt made up his mind to rid himself, in the interval, of this bar to his ambition.

The association of *The Sixteen* was established; a league confined to Paris only, composed of those in the interest of the duke, and sworn enemies of the reigning monarch, who instead of meeting all these measures with a counter-energy, had suffered the conspiracy to gain strength, till, in a fit of weak but desperate vengeance, he resolved to crush it at a blow. He had made himself a member of the League, as we have already seen, from a principle of fear. The error of this policy had now become manifest. The Guises were the soul of the party, and all the passions of the populace were at their command. Henry, being at length persuaded that the duke and his brother, the cardinal of Lorraine, intended to dethrone him, caused them both to be murdered. No sooner did intelligence of this fatal step get abroad, than all was alarm, uproar, and anarchy. The Council of Sixteen assembled to denounce this act of the king. The

priests were exasperated against him, conceiving that the Guises had been made away with to favour the Huguenots. The people were enraged, and the impulse of vengeance diffused itself far and wide. The parliament met; the majority, who were for quelling this tumultuous spirit by force, were imprisoned in the Bastille by the desperate and ferocious Bussy le Clerc; and to obtain their liberation were obliged to swear alliance with the League. The king, alarmed at the confusion that surrounded him, and looking only to his own preservation, removed his parliament to Tours. But here the thunder of the Vatican was heard in the distance: presently the storm came on, and with redoubled fury. He was excommunicated by pope Sixtus V. for the murder of the cardinal of Lorraine. Kings might be assassinated—the people might be massacred; all this was pardonable; but to kill a cardinal, was a crime without atonement—a sin never to be forgiven. This bull of excommunication issued against a monarch already hated by his subjects, kindled a flame from one end of France to the other. The Council of Sixteen was desirous that the Duke of Mayenne, who had taken up arms to revenge the death of the Guises, should assume the title of king, but this he declined, contenting himself with exercising all the functions of royalty, under the title of Charles Duke of Mayenne, lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and crown of France, which he caused to be inserted in the official seals of the kingdom, having previously caused the royal signet to be broken, as if the throne had been vacant.

Henry III. still remained in retirement at Tours; beset in every direction, he endeavoured to conciliate the usurper, but in vain. Seeing, at length, that he had no choice but to lose his kingdom, or to win it back by force of arms, he resolved to address himself to the young King of Navarre, with a view to procure his co-operation. The two kings had an interview at Tours. It was arranged that they should make common cause against the chiefs of the League, and measures were concerted for reducing the rebel forces to obedience.

Such was the aspect of affairs to which Sully alludes, when, absorbed in grief for the loss of his wife, he confesses himself to have heard with indifference of

the combined efforts which were making to crush the spirit of revolt, and to bring back order and good government in France. But hearing that the two allied monarchs had, with this view, besieged Paris, he was suddenly roused from this revery of sorrow, and set off without delay to join the army. In an encounter in which he was soon engaged, depressed in mind, and careless of life, he exposed himself with great rashness to the enemy. The King of Navarre observed this, and was about to remonstrate with him on his imprudence, when an aid-de-camp coming up at the moment, hastily whispered something in the king's ear, and instantly left him. The king, startled by what he had heard, stood for a moment lost in thought; then, with the strongest emotion of surprise and alarm, he called Sully aside, and told him that an assassin had stabbed the King of France; then, hastily mounting his horse, he immediately took the road to St. Cloud. He found the wounded monarch in his bed, having apparently no apprehensions as to any fatal result; and in reply to the anxious sympathy manifested by Henry, he expressed himself satisfied

that he should speedily recover; that God would prolong his life, and that he should be enabled to afford him new proofs of his attachment. These sanguine hopes were confirmed by the physicians in attendance; and it appearing that no fatal result was to be apprehended, the young king, after the interview, returned to his head-quarters at Meudon.

A few days after this, while Sully was sitting alone in his apartment, Ferrel, the king's secretary, was announced, and on entering said, emphatically, and with emotion, "Sir, the King of Navarre, and, perhaps, the King of France, desires to speak with you." Sully, struck by this enigmatic expression, and the agitated tone of the speaker, made no inquiry, but went instantly to his majesty, who informed him that Henry III. was dead; that the wound which had been given him with the knife was not deep, and would not of itself have been mortal, but that the blade had been poisoned, and that he was no more.*

The king proceeded to advise with Sully as to what measures it behoved him to pursue, in order to possess himself of the throne to which he had right-

* The assassin was Clement, a jacobin monk of the convent of Paris. He had been introduced into the king's bedchamber by La Guesle, attorney-general, having pretended that he had a letter of the utmost moment to deliver; and while the king was reading it, he stabbed him in the belly with a knife. La Guesle saw the act, and in an instant ran him through the body. The corpse was afterwards burned, and his ashes thrown into the Seine.

Henry III. was assassinated on the 1st of August, 1589; he was in his twenty-ninth year only. It is curious to remark, that the month of *August* has been, to France, the most inauspicious in the calendar.

Most of the kings of the race of Capet died in this month. On the 26th of August 1346, that famous battle was fought at Crecy (in Picardy), between France and England, which rendered the reign of Philip of Valois so full of calamity to the former kingdom.

It was on the 5th of August, 1393, that Charles VI. fell deranged; which derangement caused a revolution which contributed to place a king of England on the throne of France. It is worthy, too, of remark, that the king (Henry V.) died at Vincennes, near Paris, on the 31st of August, 1422. The record of this our former sovereignty, was to be found on our coin as late as the reign of Geo. III. "of Great Britain, *France*, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith," and so forth.

The French Protestants massacred the Catholics, on the 24th of August, 1569; and the Catholics massacred the Protestants on the 24th of August, 1573.

On the 21st of August, 1648, the civil wars of the minority of Louis XIV. commenced, during which he was twice expelled his capital; and on the 13th of August, 1704, the battle of Hockstet was fought, which put an end to the prosperity of that great monarch, and was felt in its consequences during the whole remainder of his reign.

It was the memorable night of the 4th of August, 1789, that ushered in the revolution of the French monarchy; and the 10th of August, 1792, brought with it a second revolution, more disastrous than the first.

The event of last August, when Charles X., exiled from his throne, took refuge in England, is fresh in the memory of all. The curtain fell for ever on the fortunes of that branch of the family of the Bourbons, whose adverse destiny this month had so fatally signalled.]

fully now succeeded. "It was not," he said, "a petty kingdom like that of Navarre which he had at stake, but the greatest monarchy in Europe."

The Pope a short time before had declared him incapable of succeeding to the sovereignty, but he was just then flushed with his glorious successes at Coutras, and surrounded by his victorious battalions he set his Holiness at defiance. A papal bull had no terrors for a royal heretic in full march. But the late event had changed the whole face of affairs. The death of the king had deprived him of a great part of the royal army. The forces of the League, commanded by the Duke de Mayenne were numerous and well disciplined. Many who had made it a point of conscience not to appear in arms against their Catholic sovereign, felt themselves prompted by the same stirrings of conscience to prevent the accession of a Protestant to the French throne. He had no dependence on the nobles, who looked only to their own individual interests—he had nothing to hope from the clergy, who, having higher interest in contemplation, trembled for the fate of the church with a schismatic at the head of the state. The French monarch, in this emergency, was greatly indebted to the sound and salutary counsel of Sully, which he adopted without delay. Henry IV. had the advantage of being greatly popular. He had gained the confidence likewise of those about him, by his chivalrous sense of honour, and the fidelity with which he, on all occasions, kept his word. The Queen-mother too was dead, which was greatly in his favour; the intriguing spirit which tainted every measure, and breathed itself into every counsel was gone, and jealousy began to sow divisions among the faction, which her presiding mind no longer kept together. It was resolved that the first and great concern was to subdue the troops of the League, and to this purpose all their exertions were now devoted. Paris was the focus of treason and dis-

content, and the ulterior object of all his enterprises was to reduce that capital to obedience. But various battles were to be hazarded before that result could be looked for. The most important was the memorable battle of Ivry, in which Sully so greatly distinguished himself. At the first onset he received a wound in the calf of his leg, and his horse being shot in three places fell under him. He mounted another and in the next charge, this second horse was killed, and he himself received a pistol shot in the thigh, and a sword cut on the head. He was removed from the field without his helmet, and almost without armour, for it had been wellnigh battered to pieces. Henry, who had fought with his accustomed bravery, and signalized himself in every part of the action, sought out Sully after the victory, and after loading him with praises, expressed the deepest solicitude for his recovery; and having carefully satisfied himself from the surgeon that the wounds were not dangerous, retired, that he might as little as possible disturb his repose, and on taking leave of him said "My dear friend, keep yourself quiet, and be assured you have not served an ungrateful master."*

The battle of Ivry had spread consternation among all the chiefs of the League, but Henry had many severe battles yet to fight with the aspirants of that desperate confederacy, and Sully was present with him in all his expeditions. With all the bravery of his troops, Henry was sometimes obliged to resort to those collateral means of success so perfectly well understood in the art military. A curious instance of this occurred at the siege of Louviers, in Upper Normandy. We will give it in Sully's own words: "This city kept in its pay a priest,† who from the top of the highest belfry, which he never quitted, performed the office of a spy with great vigilance. The moment he saw even a single person in the open country, he set a certain bell ringing, and hoisted on that side a large

* They long preserved as a memorial on the plain of Ivry, the tree under which Henry the IV. reposed after this battle. When time had destroyed this tree, the Duke de Pontbriève caused a pyramid to be erected on the same spot, which was destroyed at the time of the revolution. Buonaparte, when on his passage through the department of the Eure, in Normandy, stopped on the plain of Ivry, and, while walking over this field of honour, he cast his eyes on the ruins of this historic pyramid, and ordered it to be reconstructed.

† This priest was called John de la Tour (John of the Tower).

banner. We did not despair of being able to corrupt his fidelity, and two hundred crowns, and the promise of a benefice of three thousand livres a-year did the business. It now remained to gain over some of the garrison; the Sieur Du Rollet undertook this, and was successful; he addressed himself to a corporal and two soldiers, who easily induced the rest of the garrison to confide the guarding of one of the gates wholly to them. Every thing being thus prepared, the king presented himself before the gates at eleven at night. No priest rung the bell, no movement within the garrison gave alarm. Du Rollet entered, and opened the gate, through which the King marched without the smallest resistance into the very centre of the town." * Thus surprised, all attempts at defence were vain. The city was delivered up to be pillaged; and Sully tells us that the produce of his share of the plunder was three thousand livres. Whether the pious warden of the belfry ever received his promised benefice we are not told.

It was at this time that, while remaining at Mante, an accident brought Sully acquainted with Madame Châteaupers, a young widow lady of rank, whose attractions were such as to incline him to

entertain thoughts of a second marriage, and on returning to the same place about two years afterwards, he renewed his professions of regard for her; his suit was successful, the lady had good sense enough to estimate his high qualities, and she rewarded them with her hand.†

It is one of the peculiar excellences of Sully's character, that he, at no time, when at the height, either of his military fame or his political elevation, ever ceased to consider the tenderness of female society, and the endearments of domestic life, as the chief source of real and rational happiness. However disheartened by the conflicting selfishness of public men, or worried by the intrigues of his official adversaries, in his household he was always cheerful. When in the bosom of his family his delight and consolations as a husband and a father, were refreshing to him. His mind and heart were ventilated from the noisome vapours of the court, for he had nothing before him but truth and innocence. To all those talents which fitted him for high station, he combined all those estimable qualities which make an agreeable and interesting fireside, Madame Châteaupers never repented her second union.

S.

THE MINSTREL.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

"Why, lady, from those eyes so fair
Do tears in torrents flow?
Wherefore thus rend thy golden hair,
Whence this excess of woe?"

"Palmer, my hair I well may rend,
Well floods of tears may weep!
The ills that over me impend
My soul in anguish steep."

"Lady, reveal thy cause of grief;
Perchance by Palmer's aid
Thy bosom's pangs may find relief,
Th' impending ills be staid."

"Oh reverend Palmer 'tis in vain!
Nought can avert my fate,
And but thy pity to obtain
Will I my griefs relate."

"My father in the Holy Land
Fights for the Christian name,
Whilst lawless tyranny would brand
His own with sin and shame."

"The monarch's guilty roving glance
Has fall'n on this sad face;—
His suit of insult to advance,
And plunge me in disgrace,

* *Memoirs*, liv. iv. p. 304.

† They were married on the 22d of May, 1592. Her maiden name was Rachael de Cochflet, she was daughter of James, Lord of Vancelas. She was first married to Francis Hurant, Lord of Châteaupers, who had been now dead two years. She survived the Duke of Sully, and died in the year 1659, aged 93 years.

"My plighted bridegroom, stout and bold,
But trustingly unwise—
A sentenced captive in his hold,
If I submit not dies.

"To-morrow is his day of doom—
And mine to bid him live!
—I must redeem him—and the tomb
From shame shall refuge give."

"Hold, lady, hold, nor heav'n thus brave
But strive by prayer to win
That mercy which alone can save;
Such blessing crowns not sin!

"Be 't mine to seek this tyrant king,
And trust a Palmer's word,
His guilty spirit I will wring;
Or should it fall unheard,

"On wilful ears the warning strain—
Still, still, despair thee not!
Thy minstrel-friend, John de Rampagne,
Lady, is he forgot?

"He, who thine infant beauty sung,
Who chose thee for his muse,
His fancy's lady, whilst too young
For feelings balmy dews?

"Lady, whate'er can knightly sword
Or minstrel-skill achieve
Must fail, or for her plighted lord
No more shall Edith grieve."

The Palmer's hat was flung aside
To meet the maiden's gaze;
With kindling cheek and eye she cried,
"To blessed Mary praise!

"Who to redeem me from despair
Sends mine own minstrel true—
Oh well I know what man may dare
John de Rampagne will do!

"Bending before our Lady's shrine,
In penitential guise,
Will I implore her aid divine
To speed thine enterprise.

"Incessant will I weep and pray,
On knee unwearied kneel;
Nor food shall touch my lips this day,
Nor sleep mine eyelids seal;

"The livelong night shall hear my voice,
The morning meet my cry;
I rise nor rest, till I rejoice
In thy success—or die!"

Fair Edith to her chapel went
Our Lady's aid to seek:—
His steps the Palmer court-ward bent,
In her dear cause to speak.

The shell, the palm, the pilgrim weed,
Suited but ill a court,
Swarming with those who nothing heed
Save merriment and sport.

The Palmer pleaded Edith's cause,
In monitory tone;
But they who scoff at virtue's laws,
And Heav'n's commands disown,

Will they the preacher's voice respect
Obeying his behest?
With insult they enhance neglect,
And many a scurrile jest

The Palmer from the palace drives—
Sighing he pass'd away.
The hours roll on until arrives
The evening banquet gay.

The bowl is circling merrily,
Discarded all restraint,
And food for graceless mockery
Affords the routed Saint.

Lo! visitors more welcome far,
More meet for pleasure's sphere!
Whilst yet unseen, the gay guitar
Proclaims a minstrel near.

He comes—a momentary thrill
Of horror shakes each breast;
Black as the father of all ill,
Appears the tuneful guest.

The first such terrors to command,
Was England's King, who said,
"In what yet undiscover'd land
Wast thou, dark Minstrel, bred?"

"My native Ethiopia lies
Beneath the torrid zone,
Whose scorching sun, in tyrant guise
Thus brands us as his own."

"And in that distant sultry clime
Heard'st thou of England's King?"
"Oh, Monarch, neither space nor time
May bound Fame's restless wing:

"Thy triumphs over many a king,
O'er knights approved in arms,
O'er noble dames, their hands who wring
And curse their fatal charms,

"All, all the voice of Fame employ,
And grace, or stain thy name."—
The Monarch's laugh spoke idle joy
And recklessness of blame.

He bade the sable Minstrel show
His Ethiopian skill.
The sable Minstrel bending low,
Observant of his will,

Sang a soft tale of faithful love,
And woman's constancy;
Sang how her honour to approve
The gentlest maid can die;

And sang of tyrants from the throne
By honour's vengeance hurl'd—
The Monarch frowned—"The Ethiop's
tone,"
He said, with lip scorn-curl'd,

"Were meeter for the nunnery grate,
Or burgher's hour of glee,
Than for the hall of royal state
And courtly revelry."

Again the son of night bow'd low,
Then sang the joys of wine,
Those that from power unbounded flow,
And love, no laws confine.

Loud laugh'd the Monarch, raised the bowl
And pledged the Minstrel deep,
And asked more lay—still o'er him stole
Excess's offspring, sleep.

The Prince was to his couch convey'd,
Dispersed the jovial band;
But music's friend, de Bracy, staid,
And grasp'd the Minstrel's hand,

And pray'd, unless he too confess'd
Slumber's resistless pow'r,
With wine and music as his guest
He'd cheat the midnight hour.

With glad assent the Minstrel heard
A prayer his wish that met,
And following, utter'd many a word
Of kindness and regret

For knights in distant regions known;—
Then stout Sir Audulf named.
The gay De Bracy's alter'd tone
Sad pity's touch proclaim'd.

"Alas!" he said, "at break of day
Must that good knight be slain."
Loud cried the Minstrel, "Well away!
His friendship to obtain,

"Your far-famed English court I sought;
And must my travel's end
Be with such disappointment fraught?
He, whom my future friend

"I deemed, shall he unknown expire?"
"Nay be not thus cast down,
But disappointment, friendship, ire,
In brimming goblets drown."

As in De Bracy's chamber now
The new companions stood,
With hands clasp'd tightly o'er his brow,
In melancholy mood,

The Minstrel 'gainst the casement leant,
And said with heavy sigh,
"Might I, with fruitless toil forespent,
But see him ere he die!"

De Bracy mused—"The nightly guard,
Is set, secured each gate;
Why should the Minstrel be debarr'd
A wish allowed by fate?

"What though he dies with morning's
light?

Go, warders, bring him here;
And tell him his last earthly night
Shall wine and music cheer."

A song of thanks the Minstrel raised,
Passing the goblet by;
Sir Audulf came, and wildered gazed
On that strange company.

The Knight attempted to explain;
But with a courteous bend,
The Ethiop said, "John de Rampagne,
Fair Edith's earliest friend,

"Bade me his fancy's Lady seek,
And thee, her plighted Lord."
More than his words his glances speak,
And glimmering hope afford.

Whilst mute, perplex'd, the captive hung
On each mysterious glance,
The sable Minstrel smiled and sung,
"Of knights with sword and lance

"Who battled in the Holy Land;
And of one luckless knight,
Made captive by a paynim band,
Through treachery, not might.

"Who lay of Saracens the thrall,
Doom'd for his faith to bleed;
Who saw his last of evenings fall,
His last of nights succeed."

Sang how, "of rescue hopeless now
As long of clemency,
The knight in prayer bent down his brow,
And fitted him to die;

"And thought upon his Lady love,
Who, in her peaceful bow'r,
Breathed orisons to Heaven above
To speed their nuptial hour."

The Minstrel tells, "on waters deep,
The prison walls that lave,
How waits that Lady, when all sleep,
Her knight from death to save."

Tells how "the stream and prison's height
Deeming sufficient guard,
The Paynim, unsuspecting flight,
His casement left unbarr'd.

"A ladder framed of silken cords
He from her boat mast lift:
Scarce his rent clothing length affords
To reach the life-fraught gift."

Tells how, "when he at last obtained,
And fixed the slender stair,
No further obstacle remain'd;
But light as viewless air

"The captive through his casement stept,
Alighted in the boat,
And kiss'd the tears his Lady wept,
As down the stream they float."

No pause the Ethiop songster brook'd,
Till ceased his minstrelsy;
But heedful on the warders look'd,
Then sought Sir Audulf's eye.

The watchful captive notes that glance,
And with a glance replies—
And now, as morning's hours advance,
The bowl De Bracy plies.

And whilst the sparkling wine he quaffs,
And presses on each guest,
He at the ardent Minstrel laughs,
From song who scarce will rest

Th'exhilarating cup to share:
Then in the deep carouse,
Lost every thought of warder's care,
His head in slumber bows.

The Minstrel 'neath his ample cloak
Then show'd a silken stair,
And whilst his skillful fingers woke
A poppy-strewing air,

In tones, sleep's spirit had imbued,
His whispering ditty said,
"A vessel waits on Severn's flood,
Prepared escape to aid:

"Twill answer to whoever calls
The sable Minstrel's friends.
Stay not for thanks.—Within these walls
Death over both impends."

The Knight makes fast the silken stairs
And down them eager springs;
The Minstrel draws yet drowsier airs
Lullingly from his strings;

Observes Sir Audulf's rapid course
Adown each slender cord;
Lists for the watchword, low and hoarse,
Beholds him safe on board:

Then lightly cross'd the chamber floor,
Made every fast'ning good,
Barr'd carefully the chamber-door,
Lest prying eyes intrude;

And down the ladder swiftly flew;
He gain'd Sir Audulf's side,
And instantly the little crew
Their oars with vigour plied.

Whilst on his gratitude's fond theme
Sir Audulf strove to dwell,
The vessel gliding down the stream
Reach'd a sequester'd dell,

Where chargers barb'd, for battle dight,
Stood ready to their need:
Mounted the Minstrel and the Knight,
And urged their coursers' speed.

Scarce had the earliest blush of morn
Illumed the twilight gray,
When, under battlements that scorn
A threatening foe's array,

The fugitives first drew the rein;
Then loud the Ethiop calls,
"Undo your gates! none e'er in vain
Sought shelter in these halls!"

Still at our gracious Lady's shrine
Fair Edith knelt in pray'r;
Now supplicating aid divine,
Now writhing in despair.

Hark! footsteps—From her knees she
springs,
Convulsed with maddening fear,
And to the altar wildly clings:
"The murderers draw near!

"My plighted consort's bleeding head
They bring my soul to quail;
And to the hated tyrant's bed
The widow'd bride would hale."

Whilst thus in agony she shrieks,
Averting her closed eyes,
The voice best loved, "mine Edith!"
speaks—

She faints in glad surprise.
And when again her eyes unclose
Upon her bridegroom's breast,
Her head is pillow'd to repose,
His heart her place of rest.

One hand down hanging, grasp'd she feels
In friendship's cordial strain;
The Ethiop Minstrel smiling kneels—
"Tis he, John de Rampagne."

M. M.

THE ORIGIN OF LOVE.

"Amour—on donne ce nom à mille chimères."—VOLTAIRE.

WHAT is Love? This is a most momentous question; but to answer it would puzzle the wisest of men. In truth, philosophers are the last people in

the world whom I should call into consultation upon the subject. Love never talks in the learned languages, nor ever holds fellowship with bookworms.

Poets are a privileged class. They are among the elect; but even among them there are but few that are thoroughly initiated into the mysteries. The reason of this I take to be, that when Cupid holds a cabinet council none are admitted but females. It is in the hearts of the angelic host alone that the secrets are registered. This accounts for the fact of their being the only true teachers, and that it is in their instructions only that we can put implicit trust. I, who have been a Bachelor years that shall be nameless, have turned the subject of love over and over in my mind a thousand and a thousand times. I have read of it—have talked of it—have dreamt of it—and after all I know no more about it, up to this hour, than if I had never been born. How is this to be accounted for? Is it that some vassals are made to honour, and that I am not one of the number? It must be, I take it, that the Art of Love—for that it is an *art* we have the high authority of Ovid—is not one in which it is easy to take a master's degree. Certain it is, that I have never yet become a member of the craft. Have never taken up my freedom in the company of married men. Not but there have been times in my life when I have fancied myself enamoured, and I once remember to have got nearly the length of a sonnet to *Charlotte*. I say nearly the length, because when I came towards the close I could not get a word that pleased me to rhyme with that adorable name, till at last, in a fit of ill-humour, not uncommon with amorists, I flung the sonnet into the fire, and with feelings that would have given a tongue to a stone, saw it slowly expire in the flame, and felt *my* flame expire with it. None but those who have felt in this way the pang of "Love's labour lost" can take fair measure of the misery that such a disappointment brings along with it. As for myself, I discarded *Charlotte* for ever from my thoughts, which, however, was matter of no great difficulty, for—truth to tell—she was a purely ideal personage; and having now given her up, I returned her magic eye, her vermeil lip, her teeth of pearl, and her cheek which shamed the lily, together with the rest of her unutterable charms, to the common stock of poetical

perfections from whence I had stolen them. But although I could thus readily persuade my imagination to surrender its mistress, it was with grief that I abandoned the Muses, with whom I had fondly flattered myself that I was about to cultivate an amicable intimacy; but the tuneful Nine have all their sex's, coquetry and love of teasing about them. Never should I have attempted writing a sonnet had they not, in a moment of delusion, inspired me with the following couplets:

My spell-bound heart with hope reposes
On chains of gold with links of roses,
Of roses such as intertwine
To tint that virgin cheek of thine.

I was delighted with this; it was an effusion, as I thought, of great promise, and it was the casting of it into the burning fiery furnace that caused me, at the time, such an intense pang; but when the paroxysm had subsided, and the fervour of fancy had time to cool, I sat down to examine this burst of inspiration in the cold critical temper of a reviewer. No sooner did I do so than my heart sunk within me; I perceived that my cherished metaphor was sheer nonsense; I had made the links of one material and the chains of another, this it grieved me to admit was at war with possibility. Nor was it quite clear how a *golden chain of roses* could intertwine to *tint* the virgin cheek.

The fit of metrical fiction being no longer upon me I became sober and reflective. I found that I had been deluded into a belief of my poetical pretensions. I retired, abashed and mortified, from the inspired circle, and never after was able to hold up my head in the presence of the Muses.

But it did not follow because I could not make sonnets, that, therefore, I could not make love. But before you can make any thing, be it what it may, you must know how it is made, and what are the materials of which it is composed. Then it was that the question forced itself upon me—What is Love? No sooner did I begin to meditate upon it than I was in a labyrinth. Often, when I thought it within the very grasp of my contemplations, its essence seemed to evaporate, and all my conceptions, like the Weird Sisters disappearing before the gaze of Macbeth, "vanished into air." At length, after

many days and nights of patient and wearing thinking, light seemed to dawn, and I saw my way clearly to the conclusion which I have come to—that Love is, in its essence, an inflammable gas, which produces in a nuptial match, as in a common match, an instantaneous light. Unless there existed a latent heat which, by some secret process, was called into action, it seems impossible to account for that *love at first sight*, which is by no means uncommon, when the heart ignites before the head is aware, and when reason is dislodged and sent adrift without even the formality of a notice. The language of nature on such occasions seems strongly to confirm this theory. The spark is said to be kindled—the passion-struck youth confesses his flame—his imagination is heated—his declarations are glowing and fervent—his eye lights up—he is described as burning with ardour, and the sincerity of his affection is measured by its warmth. All this indicates an inflammability somewhere. It shows that there is some inward part or particle in the system which catches fire; this, I apprehend, spreads onward till it reaches the breast, for in the human fabric there is no party-wall, and a portion of the heart being consumed turns to a white ash, out of which Love is engendered, and from the moment of his birth extends his lordly empire over the whole frame. No nativity can, in my opinion, be proved upon better evidence. All nature seems to bear testimony to its authenticity. The fact is borne out, moreover, by all the discoveries in modern chemistry. Caloric, which is the name given to every substance which produces the sensation we call heat, is the great principle of life, and consequently of love, without which life could not go on.

But I think I hear some objector say, "Well, but as caloric is diffused over all bodies, how happens it that we are not all alike affected by its influence?" Now, that we are not, is manifest from the number of elderly maidens and superannuated bachelors that abound in the world. This objection admits of an explanation equally clear and satisfactory. Caloric is more or less active in all bodies; and it is in proportion to the greater or less degree of its activity, that the feeling of love is excited. Some

females, for example, are by nature warm-hearted; in them, of course, the caloric is more active, and its temperature higher than in others of a colder and less electric constitution. Besides, time has a great influence in altering the properties of matter. A young lady just entering her teens, is light, lively, thoughtless, and indifferent to all sentiments but those of girlish friendship. As her teens thicken upon her, the flow of her spirits lessens, she becomes more grave as the caloric or principle of love is increased. The same effect, it is well-known, is produced in making butter. When the cream changes from a fluid to a solid, a considerable degree of heat is produced. Nature, in all her operations, is admirable, exact, and invariable; and her process, in these cases, is uniform. Even the most sarcastic, testy, desiccated old bachelor may be raised to a glow of benevolence by the tears of female beauty; in like manner, when water is poured upon dry pulverized plaster of Paris, great heat is produced by the mixture. It is impossible not to remark that the analogy here is complete; and it will be found to fit with equal nicety in all cases to which it is applied.

There is no truth more observable, than that some persons are much more susceptible, and fall in love more readily than others. The cause of this may be found in the fact that some bodies are much more combustible than others. The heart is a curious compound, and varies to infinity, as do the outward shape and form of the individual possessors. Many contain a larger portion of caloric; and are no sooner excited to action than they take light instantly, like a gas-lamp. A heart of this kind is easily melted; for when once heated from without, it becomes afterwards hotter from the intenseness of its own activity. Other bodies there are that are incombustible. These are, in their very nature impenetrable, like adamant. The term descriptive of the heart incased in bodies of this class, is familiar to us all. They are said to have a heart of stone. It is the source of vital motion, and nothing more: you may increase its temperature, but it is incombustible as a lump of asbestos. The eye of female beauty flashes upon it in vain—it is lightning playing on the ice. In fact, nothing

appears to me more demonstrable, than that the whole phenomena of love may be solved by the laws of chemical affinity. What, for instance, can elucidate this theory more clearly than the account given of *combustion* by that great professor of chemistry, Dr. Thomson:

"When a stone, or brick, is heated, it undergoes no change except an augmentation of temperature; and when left to itself it soon cools again, and becomes as at first."* It is impossible to describe the heart of an incombustible old bachelor, in terms more exact. "But," adds the learned professor, "with *combustible bodies* the case is very different. When heated to a certain degree in the open air, they suddenly become much hotter of themselves, continue for a considerable time intensely hot, sending out a copious stream of caloric and light. This after a certain period begins to diminish, and at last ceases altogether. The combustible body has now undergone a most complete change; it is converted into a substance possessing very different properties, and no longer capable of combustion." Can any illustration be more beautiful, or more correct.

It may be imagined by some, that if this theory of combustion, as applied to the phenomenon of love, be true, that the heart—to use the language of the poet—would be always "faithful to its fires;" that it would burn steadily on till it was consumed, and that there would be no such thing as fickleness, and inconstancy, in the world. But permit me to show that this does not follow. To testify this, I need only cite the authority of Berthollet—and there can be no higher—to prove that any particle of matter is indestructible; that the burnt substance is, in no instance, destroyed by combustion, and that this process decomposes the body, "and sets

its several parts at liberty to separate from each other, and to form new and varied combinations."† Thus it would appear that faithlessness in the one sex, and coquetry in the other, is inherent in the very nature of love. It seems to be an attribute of the "sacred flame," that its particles should fly off and form new compounds. This is an interesting fact; and if duly understood, jealousy would be at an end. Jaundiced eyes would be as rare as diamond eyes. Love, that like war, has had its army of martyrs, would not hereafter have a single victim. There would be no weeping or gnashing of teeth: every where would the voice of the turtle be heard in our land, and the reign of harmony would be universal.

If, then, any one hereafter asks, What is Love? let him seek the solution in the elements of chemistry. Let public lectures be established in our new Universities, tracing the operations of the one to the laws of the other, and pointing out the common origin of both. Then would Love, which is now deemed an *art*, be raised to the dignity of a science. It would likewise contribute much to the diffusion of useful knowledge, if lovers would publish annually their *philosophical transactions*. It would be further of great advantage, if the two sexes were jointly to set on foot an establishment to be called the "*New United Service Club*." Being a bachelor, I throw out this suggestion most disinterestedly, having passed the age beyond which I would propose that a bachelor should be black-balled. But should this plan of a grand-junction be carried into effect, I trust that my patriotic devotion to the happiness and interest of the sex may obtain for me the privilege of being an honorary member.

S.

LINE S

Written on the first page of a Lady's Album.

As a portress at the gate
Of some park of antique state
Standeth in her woodland nook,
So grace I this stately book,

* Dr. Thomson on Chemistry, vol. i. p. 417.

† Berthollet, vol. i. p. 163.

Dropping curtsies, as I stand,-
 To all who enter key in hand.
 Onward, stranger ! it receives
 Thee amidst its clustering leaves ;
 Onward, passenger ! and view
 The lovely landscape through and through :
 Breezy lawn and sheltered bower,
 Princely hall and mouldering tower,
 Butterflies upon the wing,
 Summer flowerets blossoming,
 Birds just springing into song,
 Boys and girls a joyous throng,
 Manhood's shape and Beauty's face,
 And all the countless forms of grace.
 Here be fancies bright and gay,
 Light jest and merry rondelay ;
 Here be laws with wisdom fraught,
 Here the nobler world of thought ;
 Life and life's epitome
 In this small compass thou mayst see :
 Then onward gentle friend and view
 The pleasant landscape through and through !

M. R. MITFORD.

BUSY-BODIES.

A BLUNDERING BUSY-BODY.

THERE is a great sameness in the characteristics of all the varieties of Busy-bodies ; nevertheless, while some are comparatively harmless and their circles of mischief small, others possess a tact for making themselves universally disagreeable. All their schemes seem founded in folly, and persevered in, on the narrow, selfish principle which is not content to be successful, unless to the exclusion of all other pretenders.

The BLUNDERING BUSY-BODY is of this kind ; he is not willing that others should be admired or supported. He will try all the means his shallow head suggests for the furtherance of his own plans ; but if another propose any thing that can divide public attention, the original is temporarily abandoned, while its superficial projector throws obstacles in the way of his rival ; a rival not only in a similar measure, but in fame of whatever kind, without reference to the object.

The BLUNDERING BUSY-BODY is an egotist of the first water ; he is so wrapped up in his whims that he breaks through all the bounds of decorum,

without being sensible he is taking a liberty, and vainly imagines the importance of his object justifies the most offensive intrusions. He is sufficiently raised in his own opinion to adopt a familiarity with those far above him in mental capacity as well as in rank, and this vanity leads him to commit the most absurd errors, and to give offence without once dreaming of consequences.

He considers the possession of a little property a passport to all societies, and admittance at all hours to all persons.

He is one of those empty animals who will inquire if a person be at home, and bounce into every room in the house without waiting for his answer ; he is, withal, weak enough to consider that when he has broken in upon a domestic circle at the most unseasonable period, or under the most rude and embarrassing circumstances, he has only to pronounce a silly apology, take the best vacant chair, and make himself at home, when he is heartily wished abroad.

He has that happy absence of common sense which prompts him to ask

interviews of his superiors, for alleged important matters, and, when obtained, to disgust the individuals with the frivolity of his proposals; nay, he even takes credit for having had a flattering reception, when he has, in a courtier's language, which is always civil and obliging, been shown the door.

His schemes are like himself, not only useless but foolish; yet such is his love of being at the head of a project, that he will juggle some greater fool than himself out of any novel plan, and assume all the credit of having originated it.

It is needless to say that none of his schemes succeed. They attract a few weak men who lend their names to any thing, and after they have been laughed at by one half the town because of their folly, and by the other because of their blundering projector, they are abandoned, to the infinite satisfaction of those who have been dolts enough to listen to the sapient schemer.

The BLUNDERING BUSY-BODY is always in some scrape; he cannot join a company without showing that he thinks himself wiser than the rest; he cannot be in a theatre without quarrelling with the plan of the house, or the conduct of the audience; he cannot belong to a society but he offends with his pompous nothings, and is cut by the members for his impertinence; he cannot enter a police-office without finding fault with the magistrate, and getting turned out for his pains; he cannot buy a pennyworth of wafers without grumbling about the quantity, nor settle a washerwoman's bill without differing about the odd halfpence.

He cannot sit down at a table without arguing against the cookery, nor take a glass of wine without discovering some odd flavour which his own has not.

If he take coffee, he stares into his cup and examines the contents, that he may find some fault in its quality, for the pleasure of pointing out a remedy; and he glories if the silver spoon be dull, that he may rudely recommend a new powder for cleaning it.

In private, as much as in public, his affectation of superiority is disgusting.

His schemes are as various and vicious as his conduct. From paying his boot-

maker, to paying the national debt, *his* way alone is the proper one. From taxing his friend's patience, to taxing his enemy's pocket, he is the *beau ideal* of an assessor.

The proposed destruction of any particular interest, demands from him no consideration. If any of the new-fangled projects which he may have either invented or adopted, strike at the root of the church property, the booby thinks it quite right to ask for the sanction of the bishops. If it aim at the destruction of lawyers' profits, he solicits, from pure ignorance of what he asks, the patronage not only of the attorney-general, but of *attornies in general*; and if it favour the objects of the lowest class of radicals, he begs the assistance of a tory duke.

That such a bungling piece of nature's journeywork should often be in trouble, can surprise nobody.

One half his time is occupied in repairing the blunders, or the offences of the other; and one portion of his acquaintance is generally employed in apologizing, for his ill-behaviour, to the remainder.

His companions are easily estimated; men of sense are soon tired, while women of sense see even their characters endangered by intimacy, for his very blunders are blighting.

Designing knaves who have objects of their own to serve, truckle to, and mislead him. Successive disappointments have made him suspicious of all but those who do truckle.

He is tolerated in no company except as a butt; he is respected by nobody, except for his money; he is unsettled from morning till night.

Perpetually out of humour with himself, and with all but his new acquaintance, at the failure of his plans, yet vain of his superiority over those who are less wealthy, he has always some offensive thing to utter, and scarcely cares on whom it lights.

Like all those who are reckless of *wounding*, he would rather be horse-whipped and kicked, than run the risk of *killing*.

He has sufficient cunning to overreach the poor noodles who entertain his schemes, and generally contrives to make a profit of their purses; but, if he meet

with any wise enough to thwart his attempts to outwit them, he is henceforward their deadly enemy.

But even in the exercise of his malignity, he blunders, and exposes his own plans. He has the malice and duplicity to plot mischief, but he fancies there are other men as unprincipled as himself, to whom he can impart his dirty machinations; yet they

only expose him to the persons whom he would outwit; and in the very essence of blundering he falls into the trap he laid for others.

Such is the BLUNDERING BUSY-BODY; a thing of shreds and patches in the mental part, a mere man-milliner in notions; a bandbox-hero in outward decoration; a simpleton in head and a knave at heart.

SPECIMENS OF RUSSIAN POETRY,

BY W. H. LEEDS.

THE GIPSIES GLEE,

From Zagoskia's Russian Opera "Icardovsky."

Our couch is on the mossy sward,
The forest glade 's our bower;
Yet fare we well as baron, barr'd
Within his fortress tower.
We boast no lands, we hoard no wealth—
Nature's untax'd vassals we!
Our only pomp is sturdy health,
Our only riches, glee.
To gipsy lads and gipsy lasses,
Merrily each season passes.

With Care no reckoning do we keep;
We know nor him nor sorrow;
We do not till, we do not reap,
Yet fear not for the morrow.
The sun awakes us not to toil,
Nor to the drudging task;—
Not 'neath his sweltering rays to moil,
But in his bright beams bask.
To gipsy lads and gipsy lasses,
Merrily each season passes.

No calendar we gipsies heed—
We keep nor Lent, nor fasts;
One holiday is all we need—
Yet all the year it lasts.
Have we wine—we drink our fill;
If none—the stream is near;
And liberty is ours still—
Worth all a monarch's cheer!
To gipsy lads and gipsy lasses,
Merrily each season passes.

CHILDREN'S YOUTHFUL PASTIMES.

*From Shlæpushkin.**

The fleecy shower is falling fast,
 Commingling with the boreal blast,
 And, levelled by some unseen stroke,
 Fall lofty pine, and sturdy oak ;
 Yet still our hardy young ones play,
 Regardless of the welkin's fray.
 They don their *shubes*, their waists they gird,
 And fence their heads with caps well furr'd :
 All-mirthful then away they speed
 Across the blank, snow-mantled mead.
 Now the revolving top they twirl,
 The ball they, now, alternate hurl ;
 Anon the growing mass of snow
 They roll, till labour lends a glow ;—
 Or sear the sparkling icy tower,
 And many a tiny elfin bower
 Of well compacted silvery flakes,
 That as they list its fashion takes ;—
 Or else in martial guise engage,
 And mimic, bloodless, battle wage,
 Whilst the wild " hurrah !" rewards
 Of the disputed field the lords.
 Thus they sport with joyous screaming,
 Till, through the evening window gleaming,
 The taper summons them away
 From the frolic brief of day.
 Then, like coursers in the race,
 They homeward urge their gambol chase,
 To outstrip each other trying,
 And winter's frosty breath defying.

Through the drear region of snow 'tis thus
 That sport the hardy sons of Russ ;
 And while in frolic mood they play,
 Deem winter genial as May.

THE SPANISH SERENADE,

From the Russian of Pushkur.

Zephyrs of eve
 Sport, thro' the air,
 And flit o'er the stream
 Of Guadalquivér.

Then Lady fling thy veil aside,
 Nor let it shroud thy beauty's pride ;
 But give, my longing eyes to greet,
 Thy beaming face—thy fairy feet.
 Zephyrs of eve, &c.

* Who has been termed by his countrymen the Russian Bloomfield, is a peasant self-taught poet. A volume of miscellaneous pieces by him was published at St. Petersburg, in 1826 ; since which a second edition has appeared. As may be expected, they are full of localities that render it difficult for those who are unacquainted with the habits of the Russian to enter sufficiently into their spirit, or comprehend the allusions made in them. The above has been selected as free from all obscurity.

Lo ! yon silver orb invites thee,
 As she gives her sheen to view ;
 If her cloudless smile delights thee
 Fairest, then uncloud thee too.
 Zephyrs of eve, &c.

Love entreats thee :—shine, oh shine,
 In all thy Hebe grace divine ;
 And by thy radiance make, to-night,
 This earth as yonder heaven, bright.

THE FLAUNTONTILLES.

BY S. S.

“ Another, and another, and another.”—BYRON.

PERHAPS of all maternal difficulties, there is not one of equal magnitude with the judicious disposal of a goodly sum total of daughters in the holy bonds of matrimony—like the spectators at a theatre, they must all have front seats, effective situations, and heaven knows how many other little conformalities, in order that each may have a chance ; and what with immuring during the day those who “ light up ” well, and parading until sunset those who “ show out ” with advantage in the sun’s eye, the poor mother, sooth to say, has but a sorry time of it !

“ I knew one of these unhappy women,” said Brancepeth, “ who really did her duty to her six girls in a most exemplary manner, and to but little purpose at last—nay, don’t curl your lip, Melbourne, she was neither *my* mother, nor my grandmother—no, as I hope for long life and merry mornings, neither kith nor kin to the Brancepeths.

“ There is not a watering-place in Britain, where the librarian has not inserted the name of Mrs. Flauntontille in his books: not a mile of fashionable sea-sand which has not borne the impress of the tight slipper of some one of the Misses Flauntontille. The lady herself had been a beauty, a country beauty; her father had the command of several votes in his county, and the little Amelia ate in with her bread and butter, the might, majesty, and mysticism of ‘ a member ! ’ She learnt to recite, in order that she should deliver some tolerably bad verses, written by a relation of the family, to congratulate his return for the county: she studied

dancing, that she might favour him with a *pas seul* in her mamma’s drawing-room—and finally, she danced herself into his good graces when she had just attained her fifteenth year, and Mr. Flauntontille, the ——— hero of the lower house had entered his fifty-sixth ; but what imported his years, his green spectacles, or his foxy wig ? he was a member ! and the pretty Amelia, before marriage, thought him a demi-god.

“ Mr. Flauntontille made four very bad speeches in the house, became the father of six daughters, and died. As the girls rose a spoke on the wheel of attraction, so did their mother descend one: every year which rounded the forms of the daughters, squared the *contour* of the mamma’s figure, and by the time the young ladies had commenced rouge, Mrs. Flauntontille’s face was a complete map of fashion, with the high roads to ruin—ugliness and death, crossing each other at every angle ; but what with screwing, padding, and bolstering, the *ci-devant* beauty still contrived a very effective figure, and held herself as erect as though she had swallowed an arrow, partly to preserve her perishing figure, and partly, it may be, as a pattern for her young folks.

“ How the several Misses Flauntontille danced, sung, recited, and sentimentalized ! Miss Alexandrina was a merry little blonde (fortunately for her, as blondes generally wear well), with large blue eyes, a small waist, and pretty loveable little hands and ankles ; she was the Terpsichore of the family ; her mamma must have spread her bread

and butter with quicksilver instead of sugar, for she was always in motion; her indefatigability would have grown into the proverb of a country town, but Alexandrina never remained long enough in one place to become subject for 'a saw.' She waltzed, she quadrilled, she reeled (for *par parenthèse*, she had a spice of the romp in her), she scrambled through sandbanks and up rocks and over ditches; and finally, at the glowing age of forty-two, she eloped with a French ballet-master, and made her *début* as *Psyche*, in a toe-torturing composition of her light-heeled husband.

"Miss Euphrosine was a brunette, and certainly a beauty; her eyes were like kennel coal, black and sparkling, and ever ready to emit light and life. She was a walking peerage; could give genealogies, dates, and possessions; never read poetry which was not written by a lord, and recited with emphasis (not discretion) from Lord Thurlow and Don Juan. When in a garrison town, which, from her mother's arrangements, sometimes accidentally happened, she always quadrilled or quoted with field-officers, unless noble blood or high prospects dignified the inferior ranks. She was anecdotal to an excess, but always aristocratically; told excellent stories at second hand, with a slight alteration in the personal pronouns, and always preferred persons who were baptized by surnames to those who only bore Christian ones; she despised your Johns, and Georges, and Thomases, and exclaimed with Madame de Genlis—'*L'a sent la canaille!*' while she dwelt complacently on Spencers and Leicesters, and revelled amid Courtenays, and Stanhopes, and Burlingtons. She was a year younger than her sister, and espoused, three years before Alexandrina's dereliction, an emigrant *Marquis*, who, on the restoration, conducted her in triumph to the place of his nativity, where she broke her heart on discovering that his father swayed the fortunes of a wine-shop. After these two unfortunate continental exportations, Mrs. Flauntonville laid her express commands on the four remaining spinsters, that come what would, ay, even though it should be old maidenism itself, they would never "seriously incline" to a foreigner, at any rate beneath the rank of an am-

bassador or a plenipotentiary; and she then began, like the baffled spider, whose web has been broken through by two unlucky flies, to repair the damages which her intricate respectability had sustained, by forswearing all communion with Columbine, and refusing to receive the little grandson of the Marquis de Chateau Margot; thus leaving him to encounter the perils of Popery, and the dispensation of *vin ordinaire*.

"Miss Seraphina was the third daughter of the defunct member; always wore black, ate dry bread for breakfast, never took any thing but vegetables when she dined out, wore her hair *en Madonna*, to give a poetical expression to her countenance; the said hair was auburn, and her eyes hazel, and each fine of their kind, but they were her all of beauty, if I except a sweet, a stranger would almost have said a sad smile, which at intervals played over her face. She read Spenser's *Faerie Queene* in bed every night, until Mrs. Flauntonville discovered that it spoilt her complexion, and never allowed her above an inch and a half of taper. Her hair, glowing and luxuriant as it was, would never curl; but Seraphina, nevertheless, wore it in all its length upon her shoulders, and it must be confessed that the effect leant rather to the poetical than the rational. This lover of the Muses had Byron by heart; entered into all the agonies of *Parisina*, and sympathized with *Gulnare*; wept over the illstarred fortunes of *Zuleiga*, and sang the Hebrew melodies to her guitar: doted on Coleridge, extasiated at the name of Moore, and kept a journal. She was by far too sentimental for an old maid; and a young ensign, whose heart her sighs and sonnets had perforated through and through like a bombarded city, romantically retired to a sequestered village on a month's leave—entered her name and his own in the book of bans—went thrice to church in an agony of adoration to hear them coupled together—drew on his agent for an advance of pay—carried off his *Dulcinea* by moonlight in a post-chaise and four—married her in the month of December, attired in spotless muslin, and brought her back in all the fulness of success to ———, his barrack-room! For a short time she was believed in the regiment to be his mother, but she played

bride so prettily in white feathers and muslins, that they were at last convinced. Poor Seraphina! her single room is divided by a large screen, papered with the leaves of her precious journal; and her husband stands the last but one on the list of his regiment. She might just as well have married a foreigner, for her mother has never looked at her since.

"Dorabella Cecilia, the next daughter, was just one of those women to whom the description of neither 'plain or pretty' applied exactly: she had fine teeth, but her mouth was too large; a well-shaped nose, but infinitely too much of it; clear, pleasing gray eyes, but no eyelashes; her person was well moulded, but too fleshy; she looked as if she had been on visiting terms with Mr. Daniel Lambert. There was a qualifying 'but' attached to every thing praiseable in Dorabella Cecilia—she had a smart foot, but her leg was a model of substantiality; a plump little hand, but an arm as red as—but enough of this: you may readily imagine from this slight sketch what Dorabella Cecilia was, and what she was not. She had her particular department in the family *scena*; she sang very sweetly, but she never remembered the whole of any one song which she attempted; she told facetious little stories, but nine times out of ten she missed the point of her own tale; yet she did it so good-humouredly, laughed so heartily and readily at her own deficiencies, and endeavoured so unaffectedly to please, that in spite of the family ban, every body liked her. Mrs. Flauntontville, however, never had any hopes of such an unfashionable being, and yet she was more fortunate than her sisters, for she married an old, gouty, country squire, who in his short intervals of ease called his Dora the best of wives, and in those of torment, cursed her sisters for husband-hunting jades, and her mother for an old, withered, made-up, mad woman!

"Aspasia was now the only hope of Mrs. Flauntontville's heart; she was slight, well formed, fair of feature, elegant of address, and refined alike in tastes, habits, and partialities; but there was a sad, a deadly blight over all this bright blossoming; she was blue, blue, deep blue! She wrote sonnets, essays, elegies—had once sent an article to a

leading periodical, which had not been inserted, and dabbled in metaphysics! What could be done with such a creature? Aspasia would neither flower muslin, or net purses; neither enter into small talk, or play loo: who would marry a blue? the golden hair might gleam like sunbeams, the clear brown eyes sparkle like diamonds—what availed it? She was a *precieuse*; and every man does not think like the ingenious author of the 'Honey Moon,' on the subject of female wits. In vain did Mrs. Flauntontville tutor, torture, and terrify; Aspasia promised to play unsophistication and simplicity; but some unlucky *contresens* always betrayed the cheat; and at seven-and-thirty, Miss Aspasia Flauntontville is still unmarried, and to be seen seated among periodicals, new novels, essays on all sorts of incomprehensibilities, and scraps of paper crossed and recrossed, with her own effusions, prosaical, and poetical.

"Jemima, the youngest, was a tall, bony woman, with sunburnt cheek, and red hair; there was no making any thing fashionable of her, and Mrs. Flauntontville in despair, gave her *carte blanche* to carve out her own fortunes. No one had ever paid Jemima any attention, and her mother prognosticated that no one ever would; but the worthy old lady had been in error two or three times on such subjects; she was wrong again here. Jem, as she had always been called in the family, made a decided conquest one evening, in getting out of a hackney-coach (for Mrs. Flauntontville's carriage was already full to overflowing, and the young lady did not choose to be 'lurched,' as she expressed it, on that account), when she battled with the driver about an odd sixpence, and vowed, by Jingo! that she would have him up to Essex Street the very next morning. Even at this moment did she make a conquest: a gaunt man of six feet and upwards, as she told the story, doffed beaver to her, and despatched the coachman. Jemima made an offer of a seat in her mother's box, and it was accepted. Mr. Chaseall called the next day, to inform his new acquaintance that he had 'settled the Jarvey;' and this sentimental beginning produced a wedding in the family; the gentleman was won by the circumstance of Jemima's having suffered his favourite setter to tear her gown nearly off her

back without a remark: and the lady, by the knowledge that he had a famous stud, and a capital pack. Jemima's bridal attire was a habit and beaver, and her first entertainment, a hunting-dinner; she was the delight of all the grooms and whippers-in for miles round, and might have been so still, had she not one day, in taking a leap, lost her saddle, and broken her neck; her worthy lord and husband followed close behind her, but with better success, exclaiming, as he cleared the leap, 'Poor Jen, she'll be distanced this time any how!' distanced she was sure enough; but I think of the two, I should have preferred her broken neck to her sister's broken heart. Poor Mrs. Flauntonville fulfilled her duty towards her girls, according to her own

acceptation of the term; she gave them all possible opportunities of doing well, and was always in good humour with them before company; but you see it availed them nothing, and she now remains a finger-post for all intriguing mothers, and establishment-seeking daughters, to warn them from the bad taste, and worse fortune of the path which she herself trod."

"But where is the old lady now, Brancepath?"

"Nay, nay, that were to tell tales—you have heard her history; and trust me, Melbourne, that with your face, your figure, and your fortune, you will meet with some of the family before you die!"

ALL' ANNO 1831.

ODE.

Magnus ab integro sæculorum nascitur ordo.

Su brandisci la lancia di guerra,
Squassa in fronte quell' elmo piumato,
Scend' in campo, Ministro del fato . . .
Oh quai cose si aspettan da te!
Nel cammino che'l Tempo ti segna,
Ogni passo sia traccia profonda,
Per le genti memoria gioconda,
Rimembranza tremenda pei re.

Oh! se compì quell' opra sublime
Ond' il Fato ministro t' ha fatto,
L'ANNO GRANDE DEL SACRO RISCATTO,
Il tuo nome ne' fasti sarà.
Glorioso per lauri mietuti,
Ammirato per fulgidi rai,
Benedetto fra gli anni sarai,
Dalla voce di tutte l' età.

Tua foreira l' Umana Ragione,
A gran passi ricerca la meta:
Anch' in Austria si aggira segreta,
Fin in Russia la strada s' aprì.
E scotendo l' eterna sua face,
Mentre passa ripete sovente:
Sorgi, sorgi, mortale languente,
Io son l' alba del nuovo tuo dì.

A que' detti, che l' eco ripete,
In gran cerchio la Gallia già spazia,
Ed Elvezia, Brabante, Sarmazia,
Già gareggian di patrio valor:
E que' detti son soffi di Noto
Nell' incendio di vampe frementi;
E son vampe le fervide genti,
Agitate da nuovo furor.

Dalle cime dell' Alpi nevose,
Alla vetta dell' Etna fiammante,
Ella passa e ripassa gigante,
All' Italia parlando così:
Cinei l' elmo, la mitra deponi,
O vetusta signora del mondo:
Sorgi, sorgi dal sonno profondo,
Io son l' alba del nuovo tuo dì.

L' iperborea nemica grifagna
Che due rostri ti figne nel seno,
La cui fame non venne mai meno,
Ma col pasto si rese maggior,
Ti divora, ti lania, ti sbrana,
Nè tu scuoti l' inerzia funesta?
E non tronchi la gemina testa,
In un moto di santo furor?

Vive faci d' esempj brillanti,
Ti percuoton da lunge gli sguardi;
E tu torpi? che pensi? che tardi?
"La fortuna seconda l' ardir.
Chi ti batte con verga di ferro
Al tuo duolo schernendo sogghigna,
E ripete nell' alma maligna:
Chi sel soffre sel merta soffrir.

Ove sono, domanda taluno,
I nipoti de' Scipj. de' Bruti?
Son que' greggi di schiavi battuti,
Rispondendo quell' altro gli va.
Non in altro che in pietre spezzate,
Può mostrarci l' Italia gli eroi?
Così chiede, ridendo fra' suoi,
Fin quel vile che vile ti fa.

Rincojate, beffardi superbi,
 Il veleno che'l labbro vi tinse :
 In quell' Uno che tutti vi vinse
 I suoi figli l' Italia mostrò.
 Quel tremendo gigante di guerra
 Obbliate che nacque sua prole ?
 Fu scintilla dell' Italo sole
 La grand' alma che il mondo abbagliò.

La sua possa fra gli urti nemici
 Fu tra' venti saldistima balza ;
 Come cedro sui rovi s'innalza,
 Ei s'ergeva sul volgo dei re.
 Di sua mano nel libro de' fati,
 Ei segnava la pace e la guerra ;
 Quei tiranni che opprimon la terra
 Stavan tutti trementanti al suo piè.

Tramontata la viva sua luce,
 Si rialzaron dall' imo lor fondo,
 Come l' ombre risorgon sul mondo,
 Quando il sole dal mondo spari.
 Ombre nere di nordica notte,
 Sulla terra del sole addensate ;
 Ombre nere, svanite, sgombrate,
 Io son l' alba del nuovo suo dì.

Così dice, la face scotendo,
 La foriera del giorno di pace,
 E agitata raddoppia la face,
 Quasi conscia, l' eterno fulgor.
 Incalzate quell' ombre funeste
 Contrastando già vagan d' intorno .
 All' annunzio del prossimo giorno
 Scuote Italia l' indego torpor.

[We shall be happy to receive from any of our correspondents, a spirited translation of the above Ode, for our ensuing Number.—*Ed.*]

Arme, grida Sabaudia guerriera,
 Arme, grida l' audace Liguria,
 E l' Insubria, l' Emilia, l' Etruria
 A que' gridi brandiscon l' acciar ;
 Dalla vetta dell' Etna fiammante,
 Alle cime dell' Alpi nevose,
 Giuran tutte le schiere animose
 La vorace grifagna snidar.

Scellerati che sangue versaste,
 Fin punendo pensiero e desio,
 Dall' ampolla dell' ira di Dio
 Già quel sangue bollendo fumò,
 Gli esalati vapori squallenti
 Muti muti si strinsero in nembro
 So ch' ei cova saette nel grembo,
 Per quai teste le covi non so

Almo nido dell' arti leggiadre,
 Vera patria d' ingegno divino,
 Calpestato Saturnio giardino,
 Fia cangiata la sorte per te.
 Saran rotte le vostre catene,
 O fratelli che in seppi languite ;
 O fratelli che in giogo soffrite,
 Calcherete quel giogo col piè.

Inspirato mio genio, deh tuona,
 Chè profeta l' Eterno t' ha fatto :
 Di che l' ANNO DEL SACRO RISCATTO
 Per l' Italia già l' ali spieghi.
 Ma se pigra l' Italia dormisse,
 Se ponesse nell' opra ritardo
 Qui la voce dell' esule bardo
 Nel sospiro gemendo spirò !

BERTHA DE VERE.

[We have the gratification of being enabled to give the following portion of an unpublished work which will, probably, at no distant day, excite more than ordinary interest.]

"Just before we left India," said General Neville,—"that is, about a month or six weeks before—my poor unhappy son Charles was married to a young lady whom he loved, as every man should love the woman he marries. Poor fellow! what a happy creature he was on his wedding-day! And his wife was as happy—for if ever two hearts were moulded into one, by the perfect union of thoughts, feelings, and desires, by a mutual and entire surrender of every wish that could dream of separate felicity, they were the hearts of Charles Neville and Bertha de Vere. Nor do I yield to a father's weakness, when I

say, she was worthy of the man whose affections she had gained. In truth, they were worthy of each other, and to my thinking, who knew them both, I cannot say more in praise of either. They had been brought up together from childhood, almost; for Bertha was the daughter of a dear and gallant friend, who died in my arms upon the field of battle, and whose last moments I cheered by the promise of protecting his orphan child. He was only a lieutenant when he fell; but, had he lived, and received fair play at head quarters, he would have been a general long before I scrambled up to a majority. He had a head to

conceive and a hand to execute, those grand and daring things, which men of inferior qualities listen to with dismay, when proposed, and wonder at as miracles, when done. Why the very exploit which cost him his life, was one that would have cost the country a pension for his daughter, and a monument for himself in Westminster abbey, if those rewards and honours were always the consequence of earning them. But Lieutenant de Vere could *only* earn them—so, his glory died with him—and I am afraid there is a great deal more of such fleeting, perishable glory, than of that which lives in epitaphs, or keeps a man company in his grave. But I am wandering from my subject, though I can never either speak or think of Bertha de Vere, without paying a tribute to the memory of her noble father, whom I loved with a soldier's and a brother's fondness.

"Well, they were married—and I verily believe I was the happiest of the three; for I had nothing else to think of but a happiness which I thought would last out the remainder of my life; while they, I dare say, sometimes tormented themselves, poor souls, with anticipating troubles that might perhaps disturb theirs, before they died. Ah! they little expected, however, what was to happen so soon. Good God! the morning we embarked on board the *Flora*, I remember the conversation which took place between me, and Charles, and Bertha, about the delightful prospects that would open upon us all, in England, which Bertha had never seen, and which Charles had left too young to recollect. And now, where are *they*, and what am *I*? She—buried beneath the waves! he—the inmate of a mad-house! and I, like some ancient rampart, mouldering to quicker decay—because the new buttresses which supported me, have been wrenched away by a sudden tempest!"

The veteran's eyes filled with tears, as he drew this melancholy picture of his own situation, and the faltering voice which preceded and accompanied those tears, summoned kindred drops into the eyes of all who heard him. His own struggle was short, for he brushed off the weakness with his hand, and gulped down his rising emotions with the glass of wine that stood before him.

But the countenances of the rest would have been a study for any artist whose pencil was gifted with the power of transferring to his canvass the most touching homage of manly sympathy, and the most soul-subduing expression of woman's sensibility. There was a pause of several minutes—and who would have dared to interrupt so sacred a silence? At length, the general continued:

"I feared," said he, with a voice recovered from its tremulous agitation—but with an effort which showed the agitation was not wholly subdued, for there was a biting of the nether lip, and a forced smile upon the countenance—"I feared I should make a fool of myself, and I have done so. Well!" he continued, gathering himself up, and throwing a resolute energy into his manner, "we had been about nine weeks at sea, when one morning early, the people of the *Flora* saw a vessel ahead, standing towards us. Being somewhat suspicious in her appearance, we stood on. At ten o'clock she fired a weather-gun, and tacked to northward and eastward after us. Finding her coming up very fast, at one o'clock the *Flora* put about, and stood towards her. She then hauled down her ensign, and hoisted a black flag, with a broad yellow stripe in the middle, and three black stars upon it. When she came within pistol-shot, she fired her long Tom, loaded with grape and canister, without once hailing us. Shortly afterwards she fired a musket with blank cartridge, and we now discovered her to be an armed brig, full of men. She passed under the stern of the *Flora*, ordered her to heave to, and prepared to fire, if the captain did not go on board with his papers. He had no alternative; but the moment he and his boat's crew stepped on the deck of the pirate ship, they were made prisoners. Resistance, it seemed, was out of the question, for the buccaneer was better armed and better manned, than the *Flora*; yet, I think if we had been on land, I would have talked to him after a different fashion. But the captain was to do as he liked in his own ship, and I respected his authority there too much, to think of doing what I would not have suffered him to do to me, ashore—tell him how I thought he should act.

"The pirate said he must have rope,

canvass, provisions, and money; and when the captain of the *Flora*, whose name was Macdonald, ventured to remonstrate, he was jeeringly answered, that he should be paid for every thing by an order upon his (the buccaneer's) government, 'who were d—d good paymasters.' A boat was then lowered from the brig, into which the captain, and about twenty men, got, and came on board the *Flora*. I never beheld such ferocious-looking ruffians; their appearance was scarcely human; and their leader was more fiend-like in aspect than any of his followers. He spoke Spanish, but with an English accent; and I am sure he was an Englishman, though he pretended not to understand me when I addressed him in that language. Each man had a brace of pistols and a long knife stuck in his belt, besides a cutlass which hung by his side. The first thing they did, when they came on board, was to lash me and my son down to the ring-bolts, where we were guarded by two sentinels armed as I have described.

"Before we were thus boarded, I had prevailed upon Bertha to remain with her female attendant, concealed, as well as we were able to conceal them, in the cabin below; and conjured them, on no account, to show themselves. We were thus more masters of our feelings and situation, while we believed she was safe. The pirate, by decoying, or rather by commanding, on board his own ship, Captain Macdonald, and a part of the crew, who were there kept in a state of confinement, had less to do in overawing the rest, on board the *Flora*, all of whom were ordered below decks, and a guard placed over them. Then began the work of plunder, and the vessel was ransacked fore and aft. My blood boiled to witness the havoc they made, and their wanton destruction of every thing which they did not care to carry off as spoil. The deck was strewn with cargo, broken cases, casks, bottles, and papers; the tarpaulins were cut, the hatches stove in, charts, sextants, quadrants, compasses, except the one in the binnacle, smashed to pieces; books and letters destroyed, and the hammocks and bedding reduced to shreds. The mate of the *Flora* was compelled, with the muzzle of a pistol held to his head, to point out where the different goods were stowed.

"Several hours had been thus consumed in these lawless depredations, when our ears were assailed with the piercing and repeated shrieks of women. The desperadoes had entered the cabin where Bertha was concealed. Whether they discovered, or whether her own fears betrayed, her, or what indignities might have caused those agonizing screams, I could never learn. All I remembered was (for the whole series of appalling circumstances seemed to occupy but a minute's space), that my son, maddened by the sound, with a giant's strength which the frenzy of his feelings lent him, wrenched his right-hand from the confinement that held it, and snatched a pistol from the girdle of one of the men who stood over him. At the same moment, I saw another of the ruffians step on the deck with Bertha in his grasp, who was insensible, pale, and dishevelled. He fell dead on the instant, from a bullet sent through his brain by Charles! A dozen pistols, in as many furious hands, were turned upon him, with horrid imprecations, and oaths of sanguinary vengeance. Then I saw no more; for a darkness came over my sight, and I believed my son was slain. But I was roused from this state to witness fresh, if not greater horrors: to behold him alive, indeed—but a MANIAC!"

The agitation of General Neville was here so great, that Sir Everten entreated him to spare himself the further recital. He waved his hand, and continued.

"I can go through with it," said he, "though I am ashamed to confess neither what I felt then, nor what the remembrance of the scene makes me feel now. I have looked upon a field of battle after the conflict was over; and I have beheld the work of carnage, where my horse's fetlocks have dripped with the blood of the dying and the dead—but, by the eternal God! I never witnessed a spectacle so revolting—my spirit never so sunk within me, as on that occasion! When men meet men in the strife of death, the cause and the peril are ennobling, and the impulses they inspire are generous and heroic; but when fiends, in the shape of men, slaughter the defenceless and the unresisting—when human butchers hold the knife at the throats of their helpless victims, the heart sickens at the savage

crime, and the mind recoils from the cowardly criminal. What I am about to tell, was what I afterwards learned, partly from the faithful domestic who was in the room just now, and partly from the exulting malice of the ruffians themselves.

"It seems that Charles, in the same moment that he shot the villain who had dragged his beloved Bertha on deck, uttered some wild exclamation which disclosed that she was his wife; and before a trigger could be pulled of the many weapons turned upon him to avenge the death of a comrade, their leader rushed forward, and commanded them to desist. 'What!' he cried, 'kill him? No, my brave fellows, spare his life. It would be merciful to take it; for you hear, he asks us to do so; and when have we ever done the thing we knew to be a mercy? I'll teach you a lesson in vengeance that shall delight you all, and damn him to lengthened torments.' So saying, he stooped, and raised in his arms the still senseless form of Bertha, which was lying stretched at his feet. 'This is his wife!' he continued; 'and he loves her, as you see! And he would give worlds to clasp her again to his bosom! and he would give more than worlds if he had it, to stay my hand, as thus I divorce them—for ever!'"

"Gracious heaven!" interrupted Aston, dissolving the spell of horror that seemed to hold them all in breathless silence, "is it possible the demon shed her blood before the eyes of her doting and distracted husband?"

"With one heave of his sinewy arms," continued General Neville, in a low voice, as if almost fearing to hear himself, "he flung her on the waves, and she sunk!"

The image thus presented to the minds of those who had listened to this terrible narration, was too dreadful to permit of their stifling the emotions it produced. The general himself was apparently the least moved, so far as related to any visible indication of what might be passing within. He sat erect, calm, and collected, with his eyes raised, looking like one whose thoughts were occupied with a grievous subject; not confounded by it. But dismay and sadness sat upon the countenances of the rest.

"A joyous shout—a yell of triumph,"

resumed the general, after a pause, "burst from the gang, when this diabolical act was perpetrated; and one among them, in hellish mockery, proposed that the bleeding carcass of their dead comrade should 'keep the lady company.' The next moment, his body was cast overboard amid jests and scoffs, and brutal laughter. But their malice had done its worst; and this last blow fell unnoticed upon the wounded spirit it was intended to insult. For, when Charles, held back by the wretches who had him in their grasp, saw his heart's dearest treasure, his beloved, his idolized wife, hurled upon the waters like a despised thing of nought, one wild and frantic scream, which rose in terrible strength above the mingled cry of savage exultation, that rolled in hoarse volleys from the throats of the buccaneers, was all he uttered. That scream recalled me to consciousness; and, as I thought at the moment, to the knowledge of my son's death; for he was lying pale and motionless, on the deck before me. In vain I implored to be liberated, that I might get to him: my entreaties were answered with derision, and my useless efforts to release myself, were threatened with the fate of Bertha, if I did not instantly desist. I do not think their threats would have availed, however, had I not just then seen Charles move his hands, clenching them with a convulsive contraction of the fingers; and the hope that he still lived, made my own life precious to me. At length he opened his eyes; but before he could speak, or I address one word to him, they removed, or rather dragged him to another part of the ship, where he was lashed with ropes to a gun-carriage, while they continued their work of plunder and destruction. I did not then know what had befallen poor Bertha; and a thousand unnecessary fears took possession of me lest they should do, what, in truth, they had already done, destroy her.

"The weather, meanwhile, had become squally, with heavy rain, and the night was setting in. We lay exposed upon the deck, and were drenched with wet, benumbed with cold, and faint with hunger; for we had now been nearly twelve hours without food, and denied even a drink of water. The pirates were still overhauling every thing on board,

expecting, it seemed, to discover more specie than they had yet found. At length, the captain returned to his own vessel; and, in about half an hour afterwards, I was ordered to attend him. His men unbound me, and I was conducted into his cabin, where I found Macdonald, the captain of the *Flora*. The cabin was nearly darkened, there being only sufficient light to distinguish the buccaneer brandishing a long knife in his right hand. He supposed I might know of more money on board the *Flora* than Captain Macdonald had confessed to; he asked me where it was concealed, and threatened me with instant death if I did not make the disclosure. I assured him I knew of no treasure, and was simple enough to confirm my assurance by a voluntary declaration of my honour as to the truth of what I said. 'Put your honour aside,' said the pirate, 'scratch it out of your vocabulary, as I have done out of mine—and let your fears make you tell truth; remember, money can't call you back to life when you are once dead. This is my trade; I am inured to blood; so expect no mercy, if you deceive me; for money I will have, or burn and scuttle the vessel, and cut the throat of every man on board.'

"I repeated my assurances, that I was ignorant of any money being concealed. 'Is that your answer?' said he. I replied, it was. 'And yours?' he added, addressing Captain Macdonald, who made the same reply. 'Then prepare!' he exclaimed; and making a signal to his men, two of them came on each side of myself and Captain Macdonald, and held loaded pistols to our heads. Again he asked us if we would confess; when Captain Macdonald, in a cool, firm voice, observed, that if there were money on board, why should he risk his life to save it, when the loss would fall neither upon himself nor his owners, as the vessel was amply insured? Whether he was convinced by this obvious truth, or whether, devil as he was, he lacked enough of the fiend to slake his thirst for blood in that of two men situated as we were, I know not. But after remaining silent for several minutes, he ordered his myrmidons to retire, and then said, he would spare our lives, 'though,' he added, 'I have sworn to the contrary, and meant to scuttle the

ship, leaving none to tell tales. Go—your boat's crew are released, and are now alongside in the launch: you'll have made a prosperous voyage by the time you get to England.' Captain Macdonald, as he was leaving the cabin, very innocently reminded the buccaneer of the order he had promised him on his own government for the things he had taken. 'True,' said he, with a ferocious grin, and flourishing his long knife; 'shall I write it in your heart's blood?' The captain did not waste any more time in such dangerous parley, and we walked forward between two files of armed men, who struck us with their cutlasses for attempting to look about.

"And thus, by a miracle almost," observed Sir Everton, "you escaped from the fangs of this tiger?"

"Yes," answered the general. "Soon after we returned on board the *Flora*, the pirates held on their course, and we saw no more of them. Then I hastened to my wretched son," he continued, in a faltering voice, "and found him in a most pitiable condition. The rain had fallen upon him in torrents, and the spray of the sea had washed over him. They had bound his legs and arms so tightly, too, with cords, that his limbs were swollen, and the blood was almost starting from his fingers' ends. I spoke to him. Alas! I soon discovered the extent of his misery. He made me no answer, nor did a single word pass his lips for eleven days. During the whole of that time he could be said to breathe only; for scarcely any other sign was there about him that he lived. He seemed alike unconscious of every object that met his sight, and of every sound that reached his ears. He might have passed for the marble figure of a man, but that he breathed, and moved and sometimes slept. Food was placed before him in vain; he neither ate nor drank. But you might conduct him whithersoever you pleased, even as a child in leading-strings. On the morning of the twelfth day he awoke after several hours of profound sleep, and stretching out his hand to take hold of mine, he drew me close to him, and whispered in my ear, 'I have seen her!—she is not dead! But hush!—you must not tell—she will come to me again at night—and every night, when it is dark. She looked so beautiful, and

so lovely, that I wept when she left me.' Poor fellow ! I can never, never forget the expression that lighted up his pale features, and the vacant brilliancy of his large dark eyes, as he gazed at me while he spoke, and with a cold smile upon his wan lips repeated ' Yes—she will come again at night—so beautiful, and so happy ! ' I thought my heart would break !—and yet, what consolation there was to hear him speak at all ; and to know that he was emerging

from that state of stupor, of benumbed and voiceless sorrow, which had something in it more awful and afflicting than even the delirious ramblings of confirmed insanity."

Here the general ceased ; and in the mute attention of his auditors, no less than in the various emotions which betrayed themselves, he might have gathered the thrilling interest that had been excited by his recital.

SONGS OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.*

This volume is the production of an author of acknowledged, but unequal talent ; of a man who can sometimes write admirably, but at others, infinitely below mediocrity. The fact is, our Ettrick Shepherd has been taught to believe he has only to put pen to paper, and behold—a miracle ! Now this is not exactly the case ; and were there no other evidence that it is not, than the volume before us, we should there find enough to vindicate what we have asserted. But our present business is, not to show wherein he has failed, but to gratify our readers with specimens which may show wherein he has succeeded. The following extracts are among the best which the volume affords.

DONALD MACDONALD.

I place this song the first, not on account of any intrinsic merit that it possesses—for there it ranks rather low—but merely because it was my first song, and exceedingly popular when it first appeared. I wrote it when a barefooted lad herding lambs on the Black-house Heights, in utter indignation at the threatened invasion from France. But after it had run through the Three Kingdoms, like fire set to heather, for ten or twelve years, no one ever knew or inquired who was the author.—It is set to the old air, " Woo'd an' married an' a'."

My name it is Donald M'Donald,
I leeve in the Heelands sae grand ;
I hae follow'd our banner, and will do,
Wherever my Maker has land.
When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
Nae danger can fear me ava ;
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or a' .
Brogues an' brochin an' a' ,
Brochin an' brogues an' a' ;
An' is nae her very weel aff
Wi' her brogues an' brochin an' a' ?

What though we befriendit young Charlie?—
To tell it I dinna think shame ;
Poor lad, he cam to us but barely,
An' reckon'd our mountains his hame.
'Twas true that our reason forbade us ;
But tenderness carried the day ;—
Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away ;
Sword an' buckler an' a' ,
Buckler an' sword an' a' ;
Now for George we'll encounter the devil,
Wi' sword an' buckler an' a' .

An' O, I wad eagerly press him
 The keys o' the East to retain ;
 For should he gie up the possession,
 We'll soon hae to force them again.
 Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,
 Though it were my finishing blow,
 He aye may depend on M'Donald,
 Wi' his Heelanders a' in a row :
 Knees an' elbows an' a',
 Elbows an' knees an' a' ;
 Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
 His knees an' elbows an' a' !

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort-William,
 Auld Europe nae langer should grane ;
 I laugh when I think how we'd gall him,
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane ;
 Wi' rocks o' the Neris and Garny
 We'd rattle him off frae our shore,
 Or lull him asleep in a cairny,
 An' sing him—Lochaber no more !
 Stanes an' bullets an' a',
 Bullets an' stanes an' a' ;
 We'll finish the Corsican callan
 Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a' !

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,
 An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
 An' Grant, an' M'Kenzie, an' Murray,
 An' Cameron will hurkle to nane ;
 The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal,
 An' sae is M'Leod an' M'Kay ;
 An' I, their gudebrither, M'Donald,
 Shall ne'er be the last in the fray !
 Brogues an' brochin an' a',
 Brochin an' brogues an' a' ;
 An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,
 The kilt an' the feather an' a' !

I once heard the above song sung in the theatre at Lancaster, when the singer substituted the following lines of his own for the last verse :

For Jock Bull he is good in a hurry,
 An' Sawney is steel to the bane,
 An' wee Davie Welsh is a widdy,
 An' Paddy will hurkle to nane ;
 They'll a' prove baith sturdy and loyal,
 Come dangers around them what may,
 An' I, their gudebrither, M'Donald,
 Shall ne'er be the last in the fray, &c.

It took exceedingly well, and was three times encored, and there was I sitting in the gallery, applauding as much as any body. My vanity prompted me to tell a jolly Yorkshire manufacturer that night, that I was the author of the song. He laughed excessively at my assumption, and told the landlady that he took me for a half-crazed Scots pedler.

THE WOMEN FO'K.

The air of this song is my own. It was first set to music by Heather, and most beautifully set too. It was afterwards set by Dewar, whether with the same accompaniments or not, I have forgot. It is my own favourite humorous song, when forced to sing by ladies against my will, which too frequently happens ; and, notwithstanding my wood-notes wild, it will never be sung by any so well again.—For the air, see the Border Garland.

O sairly may I rue the day
 I fancied first the womenkind ;
 For aye sinsyne I ne'er can hae
 Ae quiet thought or peace o' mind !

Songs of the Ettrick Shepherd.

They hae plagued my heart an' pleased my ee,
 An' teased an' flatter'd me at will,
 But aye, for a' their witcherye,
 The pawky things I lo'e them still.
 O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!
 But they hae been the wreck o' me;
 O weary fa' the women fo'k,
 For they winna let a body be !

I hae thought an' thought, but darena tell,
 I've studied them with a' my skill,
 I've lo'ed them better than mysell,
 I've tried again to like them ill.
 Wha sairest strives, will sairest rue,
 To comprehend what nae man can ;
 When he has done what man can do,
 He'll end at last where he began.
 O the women fo'k, &c.

That they hae gentle forms an' meet,
 A man wi' half a look may see ;
 An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,
 An' waving curls aboon the bree ;
 An' smiles as soft as the young rose-bud,
 An' een sae pawky, bright, an' rare,
 Wad lure the laverock frae the cludd—
 But, laddie, seek to ken nae mair !
 O the women fo'k, &c.

Even but this night nae farther gane, j
 The date is neither lost nor lang,
 I tak ye witness ilka ane,
 How fell they fought, and fairly dang.
 Their point they've carried right or wrang,
 Without a reason, rhyme, or law,
 An' forced a man to sing a sang,
 That ne'er could sing a verse ava.
 O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!
 But they hae been the wreck o' me;
 O weary fa' the women fo'k,
 For they winna let a body be !

A WITCH'S CHANT.

This is a most unearthly song, copied from a most unearthly tragedy of my own, published anonymously with others, in two volumes, in 1817, by Messrs. Longman and Co., and John Ballantyne. The title of the play is *All-Hallow Eve*. It was suggested to me by old Henry Mackenzie. After a short but intimate acquaintance, I threw it aside, and my eyes never fell upon it till this night, the last of November, 1830. The poetry of the play has astounded me. The following is but a flea-bite to some of it.

Thou art weary, weary, weary,
 Thou art weary and far away,
 Hear me, gentle spirit, hear me,
 Come before the dawn of day.

I hear a small voice from the hill,
 The vapour is deadly, pale, and still—
 A murmuring sough is on the wood,
 And the witching star is red as blood.

And in the cleft of heaven I scan
 The giant form of a naked man,
 His eye is like the burning brand,
 And he holds a sword in his right hand.

All is not well. By dint of spell,
Somewhere between the heaven and hell
There is this night a wild deray,
The spirits have wander'd from their way.

The purple drops shall tinge the moon
As she wanders through the midnight noon;
And the dawning heaven shall all be red
With blood by guilty angels shed.

Be as it will, I have the skill
To work by good or work by ill;
Then here's for pain, and here's for thrall,
And here's for conscience, worst of all.

Another chant, and then, and then,
Spirits shall come or Christian men—
Come from the earth, the air, or the sea,
Great Gil-Moules, I cry to thee!

Sleep'st thou, wakest thou, lord of the wind,
Mount thy steeds and gallop them blind;
And the long-tailed fiery dragon outfly,
The rocket of heaven, the bomb of the sky.

Over the dog-star, over the wain,
Over the cloud, and the rainbow's mane,
Over the mountain, and over the sea,
Haste—haste—haste to me!

Then here's for trouble, and here's for smart,
And here's for the pang that seeks the heart;
Here's for madness, and here's for thrall,
And here's for conscience, the worst of all!

THE BROKEN HEART.

The Broken Heart was written in detestation of the behaviour of a gentleman (can I call him so?) to a dearly beloved young relative of my own, and whom, at the time I wrote this, I never expected to recover from the shock her kind and affectionate heart had received. It has, however, turned out a lucky disappointment for her.

Now lock my chamber door, father,
And say you left me sleeping;
But never tell my step-mother
Of all this bitter weeping.
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
Or even awhile reprieve it;
For there's a pang at my young heart
That never more can leave it!

O, let me lie, and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal can never;
And O, kind Heaven! were it thy will,
To close these eyes for ever;
For how can maid's affections dear
Recall her love mistaken?
Or how can heart of maiden bear
To know that heart forsaken?

O, why should rows so fondly made,
Be broken ere the morrow,
To one who loved as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow?
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary;
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary!

Farewell, dear Yarrow's mountains green,
 And banks of broom so yellow!
 Too happy has this bosom been
 Within your arbours mellow.
 That happiness is fled for aye,
 And all is dark desponding,
 Save in the opening gates of day,
 And the dear home beyond them!

LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF LORD BYRON, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE. BY THOMAS MOORE.

It would be unfair to approach this work without a full consideration of the difficulties which must have embarrassed the author in the task of selection, and of what was, perhaps, a still more arduous portion of the labour, that of suppression. We are not disposed to criticise the writings of Lord Byron, nor to trumpet forth, for the thousandth time, the characteristics of his mind; but no one will now deny, that there was something *fiend-like* in his nature—and we have indication enough of this, even in the letters and journals before us, which Mr. Moore has taken infinite pains to adapt for the press. With all the biographer's care, however, there are many of the noble bard's effusions in print, instead of where they ought to be—in the fire; and the volumes present ample evidence—notwithstanding the avowed object of the work is to screen the meaning of the deceased—that, whether considered in his public or private relations, the laws of society were respected but little, and the laws of morality defied altogether. The work is one of extreme interest; it presents a kind of living portrait, sketched by the noble lord himself; and all the palliations offered by his friend and biographer, all the touches which, under some circumstances, might have put a more amiable face upon the picture, the hard outline remains, as it were, obstinately contesting for supremacy, and defying the hand of art to soften it. They who contemplate the genius of Byron, may fall down at its shrine, but they cannot lose sight of its occasional degradation; and, if we speak our honest opinion, the noble bard rarely stands in a worse light, than when his biographer endeavours to extenuate the vices, and patch the moral reputation of his deceased friend. The weekly and diurnal press have ransacked the volumes for interesting scraps, but we must select, nevertheless, specimens from each department of the work.

Extracts from the Letters.

TO LADY BYRON.

(*To the care of the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, London.*)

Pisa, Nov. 17, 1821.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of "Ada's hair," which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl,—perhaps from its being let grow.

I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why;—I believe that they are the only two or three words of your handwriting in my possession. For your letters I returned, and except the two words, or rather the one word, "Household," written twice in an old account-book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons:—1stly, it was written in a style not very agreeable;

and, 2dly, I wished to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious people.

I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere about Ada's birthday—the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six, so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her! perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness;—every day which keeps us asunder should, after so long a period, rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying-point as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after either of her parents.

The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union, and the

not much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part, and a few years less on yours, though it is no very extended period of life, still it is one when the habits and thought are generally so formed as to admit of no modification; and as we could not agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now.

I say all this, because I own to you, that, notwithstanding every thing, I considered our reunion as not impossible for more than a year after the separation;—but then I gave up the hope entirely and for ever. But this very impossibility of reunion seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connexions. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocations can awaken my resentments. To you, who are colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I assure you that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember, that if you have injured me in aught, this forgiveness is something; and if I have injured you, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving.

Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, on yours chiefly, I

have ceased to reflect upon any but two things—viz., that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I think if you also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three.

Yours ever,

NOEL BYRON.

TO MR. MURRAY.

Ravenna, May 20th, 1820.

Murray, my dear, make my respects to Thomas Campbell, and tell him from me, with faith and friendship, three things that he must write in his poets: Firstly, he says Anstey's Bath Guide characters are taken from Smollet. 'Tis impossible:—the Guide was published in 1766, and Humphrey Clinker in 1771—*duque*, 'tis Smollet who has taken from Anstey. Secondly, he does not know to whom Cowper alludes, when he says that there was one who "built a church to God, and then plasmehed his name;" it was "*Deo erexit Voltaire*," to whom that maniacal Calvinist and coddled poet alludes. Thirdly, he misquotes and spoils a passage from Shakspeare, "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily," &c.; for *lily* he puts *rose*, and bedevils in more words than one the whole quotation.

Now, Tom is a fine fellow; but he should be correct: for the first is an *injustice* (to Anstey), the second an *ignorance*, and the third a *blunder*. Tell him all this, and let him take it in good part; for I might have rammed it into a review and rowed him—instead of which, I act like a Christian.

Yours, &c.

Extracts from the Journals.

With regard to what you say of retouching the Juans and the Hints, it is all very well; but I can't *furberish*. I am like the tiger (in poesy), if I miss the first spring, I go growling back to my jungle. There is no second; I can't correct; I can't, and I won't. Nobody ever succeeds in it, great or small.

Read S—. Of Dante he says that "at no time has the greatest and most national of all Italian poets ever been much the favourite of his countrymen." "Tis false! There have been more editors and commentators (and imitators, ultimately) of Dante than of all their poets put together. *Not* a favourite! Why, they talk Dante—write Dante—and think and dream Dante at this moment (1831) to an excess, which would be ridiculous, but that he deserves it.

In the same style this German talks of gondolas on the Arno—a precious fellow to dare to speak of Italy!

He says also that Dante's chief defect is a want, in a word, of gentle feelings. Of gentle feelings!—and Francesca of Rimini—and the father's feelings in Ugolino—and Beatrice—and "*La Pia*!" Why, there is a gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness, when he is tender. It is true that, treating of the Christian Hades, or Hell, there is not much scope or site for gentleness—but who *but* Dante could have introduced any "gentleness" at all into *H*—? Is there any in Milton's? No—and Dante's Heaven is all love, and glory, and majesty.

Sketched the outline and Drams. Pers. of an intended tragedy of Sardanapalus, which I have for some time meditated. Took the names from Diodorus Siculus (I know the history of Sardanapalus, and have known it since I was twelve years old), and read over a passage in the ninth vol. octavo of Mitford's Greece, where he rather vindicates the memory of this last of the Assyrians.

Dined—news come—the *Powers* mean to war with the peoples. The intelligence seems positive—let it be so—they will be beaten in the end. The king-times are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist; but the peoples will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it.

I carried Teresa the Italian translation of Grillparzer's *Sappho*, which she promises to read. She quarrelled with me, because I said that love was *not* the *loftiest* theme for true tragedy; and, having the advantage of her native language, and natural female eloquence, she overcame my fewer arguments. I believe she was right. I must put more love into *Sardanapalus* than I intended. I speak, of course, *if* the times will allow me leisure. That *if* will hardly be a peace-maker.

January, 14, 1821.

Turned over Seneca's tragedies. Wrote the opening lines of the intended tragedy of *Sardanapalus*. Rode out some miles into the forest. Misty and rainy. Returned—dined—wrote some more of my tragedy.

Read Diodorus Siculus—turned over Seneca and some other books. Wrote some more of the tragedy. Took a glass of grog. After having ridden hard in rainy weather, and scribbled, and scribbled again, the spirits (at least mine) need a little exhilaration, and I don't like laudanum now as I used to do. So I have mixed a glass of strong waters and single waters, which I shall now proceed to empty. Therefore and thereunto I conclude this day's diary.

The effect of all wines and spirits upon me is, however, strange. It *settles*, but it makes me gloomy—gloomy at the very moment of their effect, and not gay hardly ever. But it composes for a time, though sullenly.

January 15, 1821.

Weather fine. Received visit. Rode out into the forest—fired pistols. Returned home—dined—dipped into a volume of Mitford's *Greece*—wrote part of a scene of "*Sardanapalus*." Went out—heard

some music—heard some politics. More ministers from the other Italian powers gone to Congress. War seems certain—in that case, it will be a savage one. Talked over various important matters with one of the initiated. At ten and half I returned home.

I have just thought of something odd. In the year 1814, Moore ("the poet" *par excellence*, and he deserves it) and I were going together, in the same carriage, to dine with Earl Grey, the Capo Politico of the remaining whigs. Murray, the magnificent (the illustrious publisher of that name), had just sent me a *Java* gazette—I know not why, or wherefore. Pulling it out, by way of curiosity, we found it contain a dispute (the said *Java* gazette), on Moore's merits and mine. I think, if I had been there, that I could have saved them the trouble of disputing on the subject. But there is *fame* for you at six-and-twenty! Alexander had conquered India at the same age, but I doubt if he was disputed about, or his conquests compared with those of Indian Bacchus, at *Java*.

It was great fame to be named with Moore; greater to be compared with him; greatest—*pleasure*, at least—to be *with* him; and, surely, an odd coincidence, that we should be dining together while they were quarrelling about us beyond the equinoctial line.

Well, the same evening, I met Lawrence, the painter, and heard one of Earl Grey's daughters (a fine, tall, spirit-looking girl, with much of the *patrician thorough-bred* look of her father, which I dote upon) play on the harp, so modestly and ingenuously, that she *looked* music. Well, I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence (who talked delightfully) and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together.

The only pleasure of fame is, that it paves the way to pleasure; and the more intellectual our pleasure, the better for the pleasure and for us too. It was, however, agreeable to have heard our fame before dinner, and a girl's harp after.

There are many fugitive pieces of poetry, which are exquisite in their way, but we shall only take the verses addressed to his sister.

TO AUGUSTA.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny—
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's * fate of yore—
He had no rest at sea nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
The gift—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away;
Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me—or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur—
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armour we may learn to bear,)
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood—trees, and flowers, and brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire:

* Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest. He was well known to the sailors by the facetious name of "Foul weather Jack."

But though it were tempest tost,
Still his bark could not be lost.

He returned safely from the wreck of the *Wager* (in Anson's voyage), and subsequently circumnavigated the world, many years after, as commander of a similar expedition.

Here to be lonely is not desolate,
 For much I view which I could most desire,
 And, above all, a lake I can behold
 Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me ;—but I grow
 The fool of my own wishes, and forget
 The solitude which I have vaunted so
 Has lost its praise in this but one regret ;
 There may be others which I less may show ;
 I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
 I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
 And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear lake,
 By the old hall which may be mine no more.
 Leman's is fair ; but think not I forsake
 The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore :
 Sad havoc Time must with my memory make
 Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before ;
 Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
 Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me ; I but ask
 Of nature that with which she will comply—
 It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
 To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
 To see her gentle face without a mask,
 And never gaze on it with apathy.
 She was my early friend and now shall be
 My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one ;
 And that I would not ; for at length I see
 Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
 The earliest—even the only paths for me—
 Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun
 I had been better than I now can be ;
 The passions which have torn me would have slept ;
 I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

With false ambition what had I to do ?
 Little with love, and least of all with fame ;
 And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
 And made me all which they can make—a name.
 Yet this was not the end I did pursue ;
 Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
 But all is over—I am one the more
 To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may
 From me demand but little of my care ;
 I have outlived myself by many a day ;
 Having survived so many things that were ;
 My years have been no slumber, but the prey
 Of ceaseless vigils ; for I had the share
 Of life which might have fill'd a century,
 Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come
 I am content ; and for the past I feel
 Not thankless—for within the crowded sum
 Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,

And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around
And worship nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I knew myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement, to its slow decline
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

The only scrap we shall take from the notices of his life, is the following, which is interesting, because it relates to "the life," which, it has been said, was destroyed, instead of published:

A short time before dinner he left the room, and in a minute or two returned, carrying in his hand a white leather bag. "Look here," he said, holding it up, "this would be worth something to Murray, though you, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it." "What is it?" I asked. "My Life and Adventures," he answered. On hearing this, I raised my hand in a gesture of wonder. "It is not a thing," he continued, "that can be published during

my lifetime, but you may have it if you like—there, do whatever you please with it." In taking the bag, and thanking him most warmly, I added, "This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it." He then added, "You may show it to any of our friends you think worthy of it:"—and this is, nearly word for word, the whole of what passed between us on the subject.

We shall take no more; it would be as unfair towards the author, as unacceptable to our readers.

THE LIFE OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.*

WE quarrel with nothing but the price of this valuable acquisition to the biographic library; we are perfectly willing to adopt the book with all its other faults. It has authenticity for its recommendation; and its subject is the memoir of a man whose extraordinary life, as connected with science, must be universally interesting. We have only room for a few extracts, which we select almost indiscriminately; for the work is full of such and more important matter.

His eccentric Habits.

Such was his great celebrity at this period of his career, that persons of the highest rank contended for the honour of his company at dinner; and he did not possess sufficient resolution to resist the gratification thus afforded, although it generally happened that his pursuits in the laboratory were not suspended until the appointed dinner hour had passed. On his return in the evening, he resumed his chemical labours, and commonly continued them till three or four o'clock in the morning; and yet the servants of the establishment not unfrequently found that he had risen before them. The greatest of all his wants was time, and the expedients by which he economized it often placed him in very ridiculous positions, and gave rise to habits of the most eccentric description; driven to an extremity, he would in his haste put on fresh linen, without removing that which was underneath; and, singular as the fact may appear, he has been known, after the fashion of the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, to wear no less than five shirts, and as many pairs of stockings, at the same time. Exclamations of surprise very frequently escaped from his friends at the rapid manner in which he increased and declined in corpulence.

His Interviews with Buonaparte and with Josephine.

During his visit to Paris, Davy was not introduced to the emperor. Lady Davy observed to me, that although Sir Humphry felt justly grateful for the indulgence granted

* By Dr. Paris. Murray: London.

to him as a philosopher, he never, for a moment, forgot the duty he owed his country as a patriot; and that he objected to attend the levee of her bitterest enemy. On the other hand, it is said, that Napoleon never expressed any wish to receive the English chemist; and those who seek in the depths for that which floats upon the surface, have racked their imaginations in order to discover the source of this mysterious indifference; but I apprehend that we have only to revert to the political state of Europe in the year 1813, and the problem will be solved.

Amongst the reasons for supposing that the emperor must have felt ill disposed towards the English philosopher, the following story has been told; which, as an anecdote, is sufficiently amusing; and I can state upon the highest authority, that it is moreover perfectly true.

It is well known that Buonaparte, during his whole career, was in the habit of personal intercourse with the *savans* of Paris, and that he not infrequently attended the sittings of the Institute. Upon being informed of the decomposition of the alkalies, he asked, with some impetuosity, how it happened that the discovery had not been made in France?—"We have never constructed a Voltaic battery of sufficient power," was the answer. "Then," exclaimed Buonaparte, "let one be instantly formed, without any regard to cost or labour."

The command of the emperor was of course obeyed; and, on being informed that it was in full action, he repaired to the laboratory to witness its powers; on his alluding to the taste produced by the contact of two metals, with that rapidity which characterized all his motions, and before the attendants could interpose any precaution, he thrust the extreme wires of the battery under his tongue, and received a shock which nearly deprived him of sensation. After recovering from its effects, he quitted the laboratory without making any remark, and was never afterwards heard to refer to the subject.

It is only an act of justice to state that Davy, during his residence in the French capital, so far from truckling to French politics, never lost an opportunity of vindicating with temper the cause of his own country. At the Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin, a melodrame was got up, with the avowed intention of exposing the English character to the execration of the audience. Lord Cornwallis was represented as the merciless assassin of the children of Tippoo Saib. Davy was highly incensed at the injustice of the representation, and abruptly quitted the theatre in a state of great indignation.

Whatever objections might have existed in his mind, as to his attending a levee of the emperor, they did not operate in preventing his being presented to the empress at Malmaison; but he could not be prevailed upon to appear, upon that occasion, in any other than a morning dress; and it was not until after repeated entreaty, and the assurance that he would not be admitted into the *Salle de reception*, that he consented to exchange a pair of half-boots that laced in front, and came over the lower part of his pantaloons, for black silk stockings and shoes. His constant answer to the remonstrances of his friends was, "I shall go in the same dress to Malmaison as that in which I called upon the Prince Regent in Carlton House."

His Death.

With that restlessness which characterizes the disease under which Sir Humphry Davy suffered, he became extremely desirous of quitting Rome, and of establishing himself at Geneva. His friends were naturally anxious to gratify every wish; and Lady Davy therefore preceded him on the journey, in order that she might prepare for his comfortable reception at that place. Apartments were accordingly in readiness for him at *L'Hotel de la Couronne*, in the Rue du Rhone; and at three o'clock on the 28th of May, having slept the preceding evening at Chauxergy, he arrived at Geneva, accompanied by his brother, Mr. Tobin, and his servant.

At four o'clock he dined, ate heartily, was unusually cheerful, and joked with the waiter about the cookery of the fish, which he appeared particularly to admire; and he desired that, as long as he remained at the hotel, he might be daily supplied with every possible variety that the lake afforded. He drank tea at eleven, and having directed that the feather bed should be removed, retired to rest at twelve.

His servant, who slept in a bed parallel to his own, in the same alcove, was, however, very shortly called to attend him, and he desired that his brother might be summoned. I am informed that, on Dr. Davy's entering the room, he said, "I am dying," or words to that effect; "and when it is all over, I desire that no disturbance of any kind may be made in the house; lock the door, and let every one retire quietly to his apartment." He expired at a quarter before three o'clock without a struggle.

Our limits prevent our giving further extract; but it is a work which should be read again and again by every lover of science.

LITERATURE FOR LADIES!!!

WE have on our table four or five—in fact, all the works intended for the service of the *Fashionable* world! Fashionable did we say? verily, if we take professions for any thing, we may add, periodicals *got up* purposely for Ladies. From these we shall select the very best specimens their pages will afford, “for us and for our readers,” and begin at the most important; that is, the dearest—a work intended—“heaven save the mark”—for the English nobility! This splendid miscellany devotes one-fourth of its pages to the notice of a book, which we doubt exceedingly if any lady of character would be reconciled to mention, yet it is largely quoted for their instruction. *We* may be squeamish in these matters; our ignorance may mislead us a little; for we have a kind of misgiving, a foolish prejudice, perhaps, which leads us to think that the wilful placing of the contents of a profligate work before females, is not very judicious. If we be wrong, perhaps some of our readers—and they are not few—may correct us. There is an old-fashioned fancy too, clinging to us—and we cannot get rid of it—which increases our unwillingness to allow such trash to be addressed to what our elder, and perhaps wiser contemporary calls “fair youthful readers.” But that our said contemporary has no such qualms of conscience, is pretty evident; for after devoting the aforesaid quarter of the work to a subject which *we* would allow neither a wife nor a daughter of our own to read, we have the following classical and elegant address, as the preliminary to a few pages on the frivolities of Paris.

“Health and fair greeting to our gentle subscribers;” may every joyful hope the opening year brings to them, be amply realized, and all their fears prove but “such stuff as dreams are made of.” And lastly, as the crown of our good wishes to our fair youthful readers, may they, from every festive scene graced by their presence,

“bring home hearts by dozens!”

And, in truth, they are likely to have an opportunity of doing execution, for it is many years since there was so numerous an assemblage of people of fashion in London so early in the season.

Far be it from us to assume that *we* are right, and our contemporary wrong; we give him the benefit of his own words, lest in attempting to convey his sentiments in our simple way, we should detract from the dignified style of his composition.

We take up another work, which, as we presume price is a criterion *with many*, stands next in rank. Of the editor, it is difficult to speak, and perhaps unfair to judge, because we have heard it is a female; therefore, we select an article which is the joint work of “her Majesty’s Servants” (as the Managers say), the EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. It is more candid, more gallant, and more considerate on our parts, to select the following scrap, because it not only embodies all the editor’s ability, but all the proprietor’s discrimination; and, moreover, all the literary talent that their united judgment deemed it necessary to secure, on the momentous and truly important occasion.

Madam,

We are encouraged by your Majesty’s permission *to lay at your royal feet* the continued numbers, &c. &c.—a periodical which *devotes itself* to the *elegant tastes and intellectual improvement of that sex*, to which your Majesty affords so bright an example.

LONG MAY YOUR MAJESTY CONTINUE IN HAPPINESS *to reign over us*, the partner of a king, who by his attention to THEIR interests, has won the affection of HIS people; and THAT YOU MAY LONG CONTINUE in the enjoyment of every blessing and felicity, is the earnest PRAYER of

Your Majesty’s most humble,

And most dutiful SUBJECTS and SERVANTS,

THE EDITOR and PROPRIETOR.

Dec. 31, 1830.

Who can dispute with such an editor, and such a proprietor, and withal, such command of literary talent, the right, the capacity, the exclusive privilege, of directing the "elegant tastes," and the "intellectual improvement" of the Females of Great Britain? Some small poet has dared, "in mere spite," for an offence which he has received at the hands of "the Editor and Proprietor," to paraphrase the nursery rhymes of "Sing a Song of Sixpence;" and actually wrote the following on the cover of one of the copies, at a public library:

Sing a song of sixpence
A number full of rubbish;
An "Editor" of nonsense, a
"Proprietor" that's scrubbish. :
When the book was opened,
The dedication seen,
Was it not a dainty bit
To set before a Queen?

Pure spite this; written in mere dudgeon, because they rejected some "ode" of his "to the moon." But disappointed authors *will* be spiteful, and what can we say or do? For our part, we think the dedication the cleverest thing in the book, which we have examined very carefully.

The next in rank, because it is the next in price, is devoted almost entirely to milliners, yet it is determined to be loyal. Only think of an ode to the King, in which, among other beauties, we have discovered the following couplet:

"In William's character the noblest lines
Of pure domestic love and virtue shines."

Really, when we meet with such discouraging literary excellence, we despair, so far as we are concerned, of improving either taste or literature. But, as if to crush us in our very outset, another periodical, and of less price than either, has carried all before it, with a *coup de main*. We dare not turn to a second page; the first has shown us how utterly we had mistaken what the ladies of England required. The extraordinary announcement which stares us in the face on the very opening of the book has—what?—Damped our ardour, shall we say? That would ill convey our feelings; it has taught us the utter hopelessness of competition with rivals like those we have encountered, and made us feel bitterly our inferiority. Good heaven, that we should have neglected the Christmas Pantomimes!!! those OCCURRENCES OF INTEREST! and now have the mortification to see in a work devoted to ladies, a triumphant announcement which operates as a death-blow to all our promised honours! Candour, however, demands that we should publish it, for we would be honest, even in defeat. "Our notice—" says our proud contemporary—"Our notice of the PANTOMIMES we trust they (the Ladies) will receive as a proof of our anxiety to report the latest OCCURRENCES OF INTEREST, and especially since (as we are convinced will be the case) OURS will be the only magazine in the kingdom that will contain any critique on them!!!"

What will become of us? We can plainly see there is but one course open. We must try to persuade our fair countrywomen to believe that the Christmas Pantomimes are *not* "occurrences of interest;" that our King wants *English* odes, if odes be at all acceptable; that the Queen would rather have a Magazine of sound literary claims than a mere picture-book for her royal protection; and that works which aim at the highest class of literature and the advancement of the sex, are best entitled to their patronage; for unless we can accomplish this we are lost.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

Our Correspondent, "Inquisitor," is right. It is "an unusual circumstance" for periodicals to review periodicals, except where they happen to be of a totally distinct class for literature, such as the various "Libraries" now publishing. "Inquisitor" is right, also, in supposing the *Literary Gazette* must have had a special retainer of the Royal Lady's Magazine. When a man goes out of his way to do any thing, be it for good or for bad, there is always some out-of-the-way motive in the background. With regard to our friend of the *Gazette*, the particular excellence which has made him so uncomfortable is as plain as the sun at noonday. Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon was not only cradled in the *Literary Gazette*, but has been dry-nursed by it, ever since her poetical birth. Moreover, the said young Lady, and the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, have occasionally written desperate verses to each other in its columns; and lastly, the *Literary Gazette* has proclaimed, any time these seven years, that there never was such a wonderful person as L. E. L. Well: turn to page 43 of the Royal Lady's Magazine, and read what we have had the audacity to write respecting this extraordinary young lady. True, we have not done as our friend of the L. G. does, said it *is* so, because we *say* so. On the contrary, we have empannelled our readers as a jury; we have stated our case, and submitted the evidence upon which we ask a verdict. If our evidence fail us, we shall of course be non-suited; but if it be conclusive, the jury will decide accordingly. Now it seems to us, that our friend of the L. G. is by no means pleased with this fair dealing, with this honest process, which puts the critic, as well as the author, upon his trial. It is coming to close quarters; it is stripping off the mask of pretension; it is an appeal to common-sense from uncommon and fulsome adulation. What! his pet poetess—his household deity—his "divine perfection of a woman"—to be told she is not equal to Homer or Shakspeare, and hardly upon a par with Milton! "Flat blasphemy, by this light!" A thousand times worse than the way in which his other pet, poor St. John Long, "the female destroyer" (as we saw him designated the other day, in the placard of a penny life of him stuck upon a pole), has been treated. It is quite natural, therefore, that he should assure the public (see L. G. Jan. 8) that the Royal Lady's Magazine is "much of a muchness" (his own classic phrasology) with the other works devoted to female reading; that "the literary contents are commonplace;" that it is "poor drivelling work," &c. &c. Equally natural, too, is it, that he should remark, "the Editor (viz., our august selves) sets up for a snappish critic;" clenching the remark with this emphatic exclamation, "Oh dear!" All this, we say, is quite natural in our friend of the L. G.; as natural as it would be in a knavish servant, who begins by railing at those who are themselves beginning to pry into his propensities. "Oh dear!" the cunning rogue would cry—"Oh dear! Well, come—that is very good—I suppose you mean to insinuate I am not honest! Bless us!—How snappish we are—Oh dear! But what do I care?" We shall only add, that we hope it will not seriously disturb the tranquillity of our friend of the L. G. when we state, that we are preparing an interesting paper upon sundry matters where our snappish disposition will be further displayed; but lest we should be too rabid, we promise its appearance before the dog-days.

We have already given offence in a department of our work where, assuredly, it will be our fate to offend often in the same way. We have now lying before us a note from a bookseller, who complains that we reviewed a work which he has published "in a very unfair and ungenerous manner." Our answer is, that we expressed our opinions honestly and fearlessly; but as we know no art by which to convey, agreeably, disagreeable truths, we despair of ever pleasing an author while we tell him he writes badly, or a bookseller who learns, in the same sentence, that he has published nonsense. Once for all, let it be understood that we belong to no coterie of writers or publishers; that we have no literary pets to dandle, or feed with lollipop criticism; no reciprocity system of praise and be praised. Our course is straightforward. What we are enabled to think, by the help of Providence (who has vouchsafed to us some brains), we will declare. But there is no-

thing infallible about us; so it will be the easiest thing in the world for those we scratch too roughly, to fly at once to the perennial consolation which every man carries about him, the certainty that he is traduced, in whatever falls short of his own estimate of himself.

- 1.—*Lays from the East.* By Robert Calder Campbell. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1831.
2. *Annual Obituary for 1830.* Longman and Co.
- 3.—*The Art of Miniature Painting on Ivory.* By Arthur Parsey. Longman and Co.
- 4.—*An Epitome of the History of England.* G. Tiler.
- 5.—*Bertha's Visit to her Uncle in England.* 3 vols. Murray.
- 6.—*Travels and Rescarches of Eminent English Missionaries.* Kidd.
- 7.—*Time's Telescope for 1831.* Sherwood.
- 8.—*A History of England.* By Mrs. Markham. 2 vols. Murray.
- 9.—*A Familiar Analysis of the Calendar of the Church of England.* Effingham Wilson.

1.—This is an unpretending little volume, and deserves a lenient sentence. The author borrows from one of Cowper's letters a disqualifying character of his talents, where that amiable writer rates his own poetical powers much below their real standard. What Cowper, in the diffidence of his nature, and under the morbid depression of his spirits, said of himself, when he said, "I have no more right to the name of poet, than a maker of mousetraps has to that of engineer, &c.," the public voice, in his and our days, has contradicted; but when Mr. Campbell quotes this passage as descriptive of *his* verses, we are afraid we must compliment his candour at the risk of wounding his vanity, unless he be marvellously sincere in his opinion of himself. "*Lays from the East*" are among the thousand volumes which are printed one year and forgotten the next; and yet there is a sort of talent in them—just sufficient talent to make an author think he has more, and partial friends swear it. We can tell Mr. Campbell, it has been our fate to read worse poetry than his, that has been praised higher than we mean to praise him.

2.—This is as good a volume as any of the series. Last year, indeed, furnished ample matter for a work which depends for its interest on the death of great men. Of all the subjects, perhaps, the memoir of Sir Thomas Lawrence is managed the best, but it is altogether cleverly written.

3.—This is the work of a practical man, who has sought only to make his readers understand him, and has set all literary considerations at defiance. The art, which to some is a profession, is indulged in by many others to a considerable extent as an accomplishment; to both of these classes the work will be of infinite service.

4.—A very interesting tabular History of England, in which all the great features in our best chronological works are carefully preserved, and every event of importance recorded with dates, &c. It is a very noble specimen of typography by Cunningham and Salmon, and does great credit to the compiler.

5.—These three volumes contain the journals of a young lady on a visit to a circle of highly intellectual relatives, who explain to her every object of her inquiry; and few works contain so much information on all those subjects which interest the female mind. General and natural history, geography, the fine arts, botany, and all the elegant accomplishments, are treated of in a fascinating, though simple style, and it is a lady's book for all ages.

6. A small volume of great interest, sufficiently well executed to make us wish that the author would complete his task, for assuredly he could find materials for three or four others on the same subject.

7. Always a book of value, if it be only for its excellence in the astronomical department, which flags not in the least. The miscellaneous matter is not so good as we have seen it; and the poetry—but we can hardly read with common patience what, now a-days, they call poetry.

8.—One of the best abridgments for the use of young persons, and sufficiently comprehensive to give them all that is necessary about their own country.

9.—A little volume, smartly bound, and containing, besides what its title imports, some highly interesting matter relative to the origin of popular customs at particular periods of the year.

There are some of our readers who will not forgive us if we neglect what we may call *Household Literature*, therefore we must notice

1.—*The Cook's Dictionary*. By J. Dolby. Colburn and Bentley.

2.—*Domestic Cookery*. By a Lady. Murray.

3.—*The Servant's Guide, and Family Manual*. Limbird.

1.—In this work there are 5000 receipts, obtained from all sources, alphabetically arranged, and most of them marked original. Many of the varieties are distinctions without difference; but it contains a good deal of useful information in the culinary art.

2.—To those numerous families who, without desiring to waste, wish, nevertheless, for the comforts of a good table, this volume—a new edition of an established favourite—is invaluable: and, unless we first concede that superiority belongs to extravagance, it maintains the supremacy in works of this class. Nearly all that is good in modern manuals of cookery, seems borrowed from the volume before us; at least, if we except those recesses which have apparently been invented for the purpose of putting as much value as possible in the small compass of a dish.

3.—A book for the servant's-hall, the housekeeper's-room, and the kitchen; calculated to remove nine-tenths of the embarrassments and misunderstandings which derange the business of a household, and promote the comfort and responsibility of a class which we fear has degenerated a good deal within the last quarter of a century, and to check a growing disposition in the whole race to do as little work, and to assume as much consequence as the laxity of their employers will allow.

MUSIC.

1.—*The Musical Bijou*. Edited by F. Burney. Goulding, Dalmaine, and Co.

2.—*I mark from my Cell*.

3.—*Long have I loved thee*. Poetry by Miss Pardoe. Composed by G. Lindley, Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

4.—*He's what they call a Bonny Lad*. Composed by C. H. Purday.

5.—*Out at last*. Written and composed by a Young Lady.

6.—*Of Little Cupid, ah! beware*. Composed by J. Addison.

7.—*The Bonny Blue Caps*. Composed by Thomas Valentine.

8.—*The Swiss Minstrel*. Composed by Thomas Valentine. London: Z. S. Purday.

1.—We had but a slight glance at the contents of this work, when our first number was published, but this glance convinced us there was no falling off in the value of the contributions. The literary papers would shame half the *Annals* avowedly devoted to literature, while several of the compositions are choice and valuable additions to the musical library. Among the contributors are seen the names of Thomas Haynes Bayly, who is always happy; Lord Ashtown, who is half a wit; Mrs. Hemans, who is better than usual; the author of *The Rouse*

which is an ill-written novel, and who has written much better in the *Bijou*; Miss Mary Anne Brown, who, in the first three lines tells us a fact, which no living tongue will dispute; for she says,

“ I can behold a thousand scenes of mirth,
Dark hair, fair forms, and woman's beauteous eyes,
Nor have one waking of poesy.”

Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, who writes a good many verses on all sorts of things; Miss Pardoe, who has given a beautiful and touching fragment, worth half the writing in the book; J. R. Planche, Mrs. E. T. Smith, Richard Ryan, J. R. Raymond, Miss Jewsbury, who has written better than her pieces in the non-musical annuals; Lord Nugent, of whose “Tale of a Witch” we shall speak hereafter, for it is very long, too long to read now; F. H. Burney, George Lindley, &c.; of the musical contributors there is a goodly list of many excellent composers, to whom we shall pay attention by and by.

2, 3.—Of these songs we have not much to say, but what we do say must be favourable. The poetry is not mere words, there are thoughts in each, and thoughts well expressed too. The music of each is chaste and appropriate, and the composer has done justice to the author. They cannot but be favourites.

4.—It is almost needless to notice the first of these ballads, which has become familiar, Miss Pearson having been encored in it ever since the revival of *Rob Roy*; it is, however, a plain simple air, which can hardly fail to tell anywhere.

5.—An amusing trifle, rendered popular by the singing of Miss Foote, in her provincial tour.

6.—A sprightly ballad in G, with one or two good claims: it is “short and sweet.”

7.—The words by Sir Walter Scott; the music characteristic and lively, in B flat. Were it not a sort of literary sacrilege, we might quarrel with the propriety of making one man wear two or more bonnets.

O bold and true in *bonnets* blue,
That fear or falsehood never knew;
Whose *heart* is constant to *his* word,
Whose *hand* is faithful to *his* sword.

But we must not be too nice: the song “sings well,” and has a pretty accompaniment.

8.—A plain and unpretending ballad in C; easily learned, easily sung, and pretty enough to be a favourite, though there is nothing strikingly original in it.

Mr. Bayly, Mr. Bayly, what are you doing with your *Songs for the Grave and Gay*? We had hoped to have seen it out before this.

FINE ARTS.

Pompeiana. New Series, by Sir William Gell. Part VI. Jennings and Chaplin.

This work is extremely interesting, and the part before us in particular. “The Street of the Mercuries” is a brilliant plate, correctly and beautifully executed; and a fac-simile of the Head of Achilles, from an ancient painting, should be examined by some of our moderns. The drawing is a little hard, but the head is a good study.

A work is in progress to be called the *Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours*. It is to consist of specimens of the exhibited works of the different members of the Society—to be engraved by the most eminent men in English art, and on such a scale as it is hoped will do justice to the several artists, and be deserving the public patronage. It comes out with the sanction of the Society, and his Majesty has graciously consented to allow it to be inscribed to him.—*Athenæum*.

His Majesty has given Mr. Stanfield a commission for two pictures. And the selection of Portsmouth and Plymouth does credit to the king's discrimination, for the subjects are admirably suited to the painter's talents.

Pugin's work on the *Gable Ends of ancient Houses*, is in a forward state, and will excite great curiosity. We have seen the engravings, which are gems in their way.

The Birmingham Society of Arts have awarded Sir Robert Lawley's prize of 25*l.*, for the best specimen of sculpture, to Mr. Peter Hollins, for his group of "Conrad and Medora."

By the death of the Rev. Holwell Carr, of Devonshire-place, the National Gallery will be enriched with an accession of one of the most valuable collections of pictures, for their extent, by the old masters, in this kingdom. That accomplished connoisseur and patron of the arts, always declared that by will he had bequeathed to the National Gallery these splendid treasures, on the purchase of which he exhausted a large fortune.—*Court Journal*.

ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S,

AND FASHIONABLE NOTICES.

On Tuesday, the 4th, a splendid evening party was assembled at the palace, when all the rooms were thrown open, and presented a display that, of its kind, may be looked upon as unique. The following persons were among the company present on this occasion:—Marquis and Marchioness of Bristol, Marquis and Marchioness of Carmarthen, Marchioness Wellesley, Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, Lord Sandon, Count and Countess Munster, Sir G. and Lady Anson, Mr. Seymour, Col. Downman, Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood, Miss Caton, Bishop of Chichester, Mrs. and Miss Carrs, Lady Carr and the Miss Percevals, Sir H. and Lady Campbell, Mr. and Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Dering, Lady A. Dawson, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Dawson Damer, Mr. and Lady E. Dickens, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Captain and Mrs. Fuller, Sir D. and Lady Gould, Sir D., Lady, and Miss Scott, Miss Knight, Sir Edmund, Lady, and Miss Naylor, Lady E. Pack, Major and Mrs. Payne, Lady and the Misses Otway, Lady C. and Miss Dundas, General Upton, Mrs. Colonel Wallace, Sir R. Donkin, Sir T., Lady, and Miss Mac Mahon, Mr. and Lady Jane Lawrence Peel, Mr. and Lady Sarah and Miss Bayley, Sir C. Pratt, General and Mrs. Egerton, Lady Lowe, Miss Anson, Sir A. and Lady Dalrymple, Mr. and Miss Kemp, Bishop of Exeter, Mrs. Pelham, Miss Bowens, Captain and Mrs. Stevens, Sir F. and Miss Shelley, Mr. Pigou, Mr. and Mrs. Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, Lord and Lady G. Seymour.

On Saturday, the 8th, there was a select dinner-party, followed by a brilliant evening assembly; at the former were present the Prince of Orange, Lord George and Lady Seymour, Lord Colville, Sir William and Lady Houston, Miss Seymour, Sir John Gore, Mr. Gore, Count and Countess Munster, and Mr. Blunt. In the evening the state-rooms were thrown open, and the party included most of the distinguished persons now in Brighton; among others—

The Prince of Orange, Earl and Countess Beauchamp, Marquis and Marchioness of Carmarthen, the Marchioness of Wellesley, Marquis and Marchioness of Bristol,

Count and Countess Munster, Lady Ellenborough, Lord Decies, Lord and Lady Rendlesham, Lord and Lady Beresford, Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Elizabeth and Captain Fielding, Viscount Stormont, Sir George, Lady, and Miss Nayler, Mr., Lady Sarah, and Misses Bayley, Mr. L. and Lady Jane Peel, Sir Thomas, Lady, and Misses M'Mahon, Sir A. and Lady Dalrymple, Lady Lowe, Sir Charles Pratt, Sir M., Lady, and Miss Tierney, Lady A. Dawson, Colonel and Mrs. Dawson, Bishop of Chichester, Mr. and Lady E. Dickens, Lord Sandon, Sir. S. Shepherd, Hon. Mr. Vernon, Sir O. and Lady Gibbs, Lady Stepney, Lady and Miss Elliot, Sir George and Lady Webster, Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, Lady C. and Miss Dundas, Sir H. and Lady Campbell, Sir D. and Lady Scott, Lady Elizabeth Pack, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Hon. Mrs. Tennant, Lord and Lady G. Seymour, General Upton, Sir Rufane Donkin, Hon. R. Watson, Lady and Misses Keane, Sir George and Lady Berkeley, Hon. Mrs. Graves, Hon. Captain and Mrs. Paulett, Sir Francis and Lady Burdett, Sir George and Lady Anson, Miss Caton.

The officers of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the Grenadier Guards, were also present.

Regalia of Scotland.—His Majesty has been graciously pleased to transmit to Scotland, for the purpose of being deposited along with the regalia, in the Crown-room of the Castle, a beautiful massive golden collar of the Garter, with rose-diamond and enamelled George, left to his late majesty King George IV. by the deceased Cardinal of York; and an ancient rose-diamond badge of St. Andrew, and sapphire ring set round with brilliants, being Charles I.'s coronation ring. The former of these jewels (which weighs about three pounds) was presented to King James VI. by his queen, and worn by that monarch. These articles were presented on Saturday last by Sir Adam Ferguson, deputy-keeper of the regalia—to whom his majesty was pleased to intrust these valuable relics when lately in London—to the Lord Advocate and Lord Justice Clerk, being a quorum of the Officers of State of Scotland, in presence of several witnesses, and were by them deposited in the Crown-room, along with the ancient regalia of this kingdom.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

Almack's at Brighton.—The Almack's balls at the Old Ship commenced on Wednesday, the 29th of December. The following are the ladies patronesses for the present season: Lady Jane Peel, Lady Elizabeth Dickens, and Lady George Seymour. The balls, on account of the presence of the court, surpass several preceding years in the brilliancy and number of the company.

Fashions.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

A STRANGE revolution has taken place this winter in the assemblies at Paris. While the French *soirées* are remarkable for nothing, save their dulness and insipidity; Pleasure, with her brilliant train, music, dancing, wit, and mirth, has taken refuge in the splendid parties of the English. The *galanterie*, on which the young diplomatists of France so long and so justly prided themselves, seems abandoned entirely to the spirited and generous sons of Albion. A splendid ball was given last week by six young Englishmen, who, wishing at once to gratify their own taste, and to prove their devotion to the fair, united in this brilliant assembly all that pleased themselves, and all that could delight their guests. It was a most exquisite

assemblage of joys peculiar to some, and of pleasures common to all. A charming variety of modes of worship in one temple, of which every pretty woman might consider herself a divinity. This *fête* was admirably planned and ably executed. The *cavaliers*, who presided, were distinguished by a blue ribbon: the devoted gallantry of former days seemed to revive; the ball was animated, brilliant, and numerous attended; and we were indebted to it for an opportunity of seeing some elegant dresses, which, for the sake of our fair readers, we will describe. One, with which we were much pleased, was made of jonquil-coloured crape; above the hem a little Gothic pattern was embroidered in small garnets; the waist-ribbon was embroidered in the same

manner, and ended with two large tassels; a small cord composed of garnets was placed round the bodice, and was very becoming to the neck. With this new and striking dress a necklace was worn, and a plume of white feathers formed the coiffure. We remarked several dresses made of blue crape, trimmed with bunches of white flowers, placed diagonally along the front of the skirt, and one large bouquet above the knee. Crape dresses of different colours were generally ornamented in this style. White gauze dresses, with long sleeves made of blonde, and quilled round the wrist, with a deep fall of blonde over the back and shoulders; and the corsage composed of large folds crossing each other over the bust, produced a chaste and elegant effect. No ornament was worn with this costume but a *sergent*, or handsome brooch, to fasten the drapery of the corsage in the centre; and any fashionable coiffure looked well with it. We did not see many berets; hats turned up in front with plumes of feathers seem to have superseded them; these hats have fronts nearly as large as in those made for the promenade—they are turned up more on the right side than on the left, and are seldom without feathers. One of black velvet, with a large plume of pink feathers, was much admired; as was, also, a pink satin, with a plume of white marabouts. Velvet dresses of all colours are much worn; but black seems to predominate; and these have large sleeves of black blonde. Turbans, made of gauzes of different colours, are very fashionable; white and brown, sprigged with silver, cherry-coloured and *vapeur*, pink and white: they are worn very large and broad. A new coiffure has been adopted by, and seems to be a favourite with some of the *élégantes* of Paris; it is called *à la Minerve*; it is composed of three long vertical feathers, placed at the back of the head; they flow, with the hair, through a species of helmet; and a tiara of jewels completes this classical coiffure. Blonde gauze is generally worn instead of blonde; short scarfs of this material are general at balls. For the promenade, hats made of satin, and lined with velvet, are fashionable; but velvet are in the best taste: flowers are quite abandoned—feathers, but more generally handsome

ribbons, are worn with hats of plush, velvet, and satin: the fronts are very open—a little broader on the right side than on the left, and the crowns very low. A species of cut velvet, *velours épinglé*, is *recherché*, and, in dark colours, looks very well for hats. In morning dresses, we have nothing very new; *redingotes*, fastened up the middle, and some folding over on one side, are still general. Merino dresses are much worn for out-door costume, under ample cloaks of the richest materials. The pelisses which are worn over dresses are generally made of crimson and brown. Ruffs of quilled net, and falling collars, of a square form, handsomely embroidered, are *à la mode*. A small handkerchief, of pink gauze, is worn with a blonde cap, and tied in a bow under the chin; the front is ornamented with roses, placed amid the folds of the blonde and the hair. Blonde caps are generally made, so as to allow the bows of hair and the comb to be uncovered. There is nothing new in the general style of coiffure *en chevaux*; the hair parted very much on one side of the forehead, and arranged in high fall-curls, with large bows behind, still seems the favourite fashion; but we may hope for a little variety, for we perceived among the most fashionable *élégantes aux Italiens*, some ladies coiffé *à la Judith*; that is to say, with a profusion of ringlets, which fell on the shoulders, and formed a striking and graceful contrast with the formal head-dresses now so general. Dresses of gold and silver lama will be much worn, if some brilliant balls give our belles an opportunity of displaying their taste and magnificence.

Pocket-handkerchiefs are universally embroidered *en guirlande*, above the hem. Ruffs, fully quilled, are very general in-doors. For full-dress a bouquet is indispensable, a bunch of violets or perhaps different flowers—they are as general in artificial as in natural flowers. Black blonde is almost universally worn with satins of all colours. Raffles for the benefit of the poor, constantly take place in the salons of Paris. Several officers, on their return from Africa, have brought with them *de la sapinette d'Alger* (a species of fir), which our florists are endeavouring to imitate—branches of it will decorate hats, and sprigs be worn with full-dress caps. Wreaths of flowers, called *chapeaux*

(from the orange wreath being called *chapeau de la Marife*), are seen in all brilliant assemblies; one made of oak-leaves, with acorns of gold and green enamel, looked very well with jet-black hair. These chaplets, or, as they are called, *chapeaux*, are becoming universal at balls—they are placed a little on one side. A beautiful English blonde was much admired in one of these *chapeaux*, the ornaments were sprigs of coral.

The halls of all the first houses at Paris, are decorated with orange-trees and camelias; stoves are judiciously placed, to keep up a degree of warmth necessary to their preservation. At a *soirée*, recently given by one of the ministers, there was a raffle for a quantity of fancy-works, made by the female nobility of Paris; there were some which, it was said, the Queen of the French herself had condescended to make and to offer. Several young ladies of the first rank, presented each other as *étrennes* (or new-year's gifts), with aprons of the richest *gros-de-Naples*, which they had embroidered all round, with a large wreath of flowers in coloured silks, and a handsome bouquet of the same on each pocket. The handsomest and most fashionable cloaks are made of scarlet *casimir*, profusely trimmed with ermine.

It was said that boas were going out, but we seldom see an *élégante* without one. After all, there is little new or worthy of notice. Fashion, like a deposed sovereign, is still endeavouring to rouse her former partisans, but they seem little inclined to pay her the homage to which she has been so long accustomed from her favoured daughters of France. At the ball, at the play they are all *Sans façon—Entre soi*. And even at the opera (Oh! that this should ever be), if Fashion is there, she is concealed in a large mantle, or an undress *capote*. Still some balls are talked of. At some recent *receptions* the queen and the princesses were more richly attired than is their wont; and we hope at the coming assemblies to trace something worthy of notice; as full trimmings seem banished for ever, we hope to see the plainest dresses richly embroidered above the knee in silk, and in gold or silver for these of more costly materials. We may hint at dead and bright gold wrought on white crape. Silver on pink gauze; jewels, feathers, flowers, any thing rather than a plain dress, and a tortoise-shell comb in the hair.

We cannot bear to hear the animated little milliners and *couturières* of Paris who used so joyously to announce the death of one fashion, in order to introduce another, and who exclaimed with such playful *espièglerie* "*La mode est morte, vive la mode!*" now sighing over the unpurchased offspring of their ingenious tastes, exclaim, "*La mode est morte!*" and nothing more. It is not well in the daughters of France to banish a queen to whom they owe so much, we had almost said all; but if, by their neglect, they drive her from her chosen realm, welcome her to England my lovely countrywomen, first in form and face, why not be first in all that adds new lustre to the splendid gifts of nature? Why follow when you are born to lead? Why imitate, when you have heads to plan, and are blessed (beyond all the females of Europe) with means to execute? Receive the varying and fickle goddess; let judgment be her counsellor, and insist on her accepting two English handmaids, *Modesty* and *Decorum*: then fear not to follow her through all her mazes and wanderings; make offerings at her shrine, proportioned to your means. In her former realm she did much with little aid; but here, with nature for her assistant, what may she not effect. The day when her edict shall be published at St. James's is at hand, if not already arrived, we venture to predict that the first drawing-room of our gracious Queen will complete the revolution of Paris.

MORNING AT HOME DRESS.

1.

Cap à la *Marie Stuart* of pink silk, handsomely edged with scollop-shell blonde. Robe à la *viègre* of pink *batiste*; sleeves very full at the shoulder, and tigh from the wrist to the elbow; apron of *gros de Naples*, the folding of the bodice is very graceful, crossing from right to left; two large scollops form the epaulettes, which, with the *corsage*, the front, and the pockets, are handsomely vandyked. Hair à la *Sontag*; embroidered slippers.

WALKING DRESSES.

2.

Pelisse of a rich brown *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* is made of regular plaits, or folds, crossing from right to left, confined by the belt. *Chemisette*, surmounted by a ruff:—the sleeves are confined from the wrist to the elbow by



1

2

3

4

5

Morning & Walking Dresses.

Royal Ladies' Magazines.



EVENING DRESS.

BALL DRESS.

small bands, and are very full on the shoulder. Hat of the form called *capote*, lined with white satin, and handsomely trimmed with brown ribbon of gauze satin. Black kid *bottines*.

3.

Elegant bonnet of green velvet. High dress of crimson merino; standing ruff of quilled net.

MORNING DRESSES.

4.

Beret of crimson velvet. Hair, arranged in two bows on the forehead, parted by a gold brooch. Dress of pale blue merino—short sleeves:—black mittens:—*chemisette*, with one frill standing, confined by a velvet *sautoir*, and two falling collars—(the form of this dress is peculiarly adapted to very young people). Apron of flowered silk, trimmed with black fringe.

5.

Beret of flowered cashmere; high dress of ditto; *fichu* of *barège*, ruff of clear muslin; apron of black *gros-des-Indes*; pantofles of black kid.

ENGLISH FASHIONS.

EVENING OR DINNER DRESS.

An elegant robe of black or purple velvet, lined with satin; the *corsage* is of the most chaste and simple form (which is particularly desirable, when the materials of which the dress is made are rich); a falling collar, handsomely vandyked, and sloping from the shoulder to the bust, gives a peculiar grace to the figure; the skirts of the robe are van-

dyked to correspond. This robe is worn over a dress of the richest satin, and of the simplest form. A *chemisette à la vierge* of blond, and very full sleeves sloped to the wrist, of the same material. A handsome *toque* of black or purple velvet, surmounted by a Bird of Paradise feather, and looped in the centre by a gold or silver band and splendid *agraffe*. The hair is parted on the forehead, and arranged in full curls on either side of the face. Ear-rings, chain, buckle, and bracelets, of highly-wrought silver (now *à-la-mode*), white silk stockings, and satin shoes.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of pink crape, over white satin; the *corsage* plain, with full folds from the shoulder across the bust, confined in the centre by a small *agraffe*; full short sleeves—handsome shoulder-knots of broad ribbon; a bow of the same description is placed above the right knee; a wreath of *marabout* feathers are placed at a short distance from the bottom of the dress, and meet, *en feston*, in the centre; the wreath continues its graceful curve, till it comes in contact with the bow above the knee. The hair, arranged on the forehead in full curls—in the centre, an *agraffe*; the back hair, in three high bows, confined by a band of pearls:—plumes of small feathers, to correspond with those festooning the dress, are gracefully placed on either side of the head—and add to the charms of elegance, those of novelty. Shoes, of pink *gros de Naples*.

Drama.

THE revival of *Fazio*, was perhaps the most important event that has taken place at this theatre during the present month, not only because it has always enjoyed a popularity far beyond its merit as a dramatic work, but that it also gave Miss Kemble an opportunity of profiting largely by the advice which one or two real friends have given her, without seeming to admit that she had been wrong. If we have been—as we are informed in half a hundred letters received since our last number was published—"more honest than kind"—"more severe than generous" we have not been unjust, and either she has believed us and improved, or we are mistaken. We saw her, with all the recollections of Miss O'Neil about us, play

Bianca far better than she had performed any other character; and there were impassioned scenes, in which she made us almost forget her great predecessor. There were occasionally points which did honour to her study, and her conception of the part, and this too, under the disadvantage of a *Fazio*, that would have marred the efforts of the most experienced tragedy heroine on the stage. But this only confirms every sentence that we had already pronounced, that Miss Kemble has been injured by the praises lavished on acting, which discredited the family of which she was a scion; praises to which she was not entitled, and which made her satisfied with herself at the very moment when every hint of an imperfection would

have been invaluable. We turn to her performance of *Bianca* with more than common pleasure, because we saw, or fancied we saw, something like an effort to shake off certain uncouth habits, to act up to her part throughout, and to portray in something like striking colours, the violent emotions of a woman who loves with all the fondness of affection, and hates with the fury of a fiend. Miss Kemble failed only when she was unmoved; at those periods all she has to say is uttered in the tones of a provincial preacher; the elongation of her words, and the drawling monotony of her sentences were intolerable: but she was no sooner touched with the soul-stirring sting of jealousy, than she spake another language, and was another woman. Nothing could exceed the burst of striking indignation, in the midst of which, when about to pronounce that she would hate her husband, she throws her arms about his neck, and falls upon his breast, giving utterance to her grief in accents that thrilled the very soul. Miss Kemble must have noticed that the plaudits that followed that effort were very unlike those clamorous exhibitions that proceed from sympathizing friends: it was the sudden unanimous bursts of cheering approbation, which speak to the better feelings, and say that there is nothing to desire. There were many other decided *hits*, as managers call them; and we hesitate not to pronounce her *Bianca* a performance as superior to her *Juliet* as that is to all her other characters. We are quite sure that Miss Kemble will in time respect our opinion, and profit by our advice. We entreat her to attend to her elocution; to get rid of what appears very like affectation; to leave off the Mawormish delivery of her soliloquies, and what we should in music call the *adagios*. Some of her attitudes are admirable studies, others are faults: the sooner these are amended the better. She has all the capabilities to soar high in her profession: she has advantages which perhaps few could ever boast. We shall be among the first and happiest to hail every excellence, but we shall never be the parties to anticipate their appearance. We have but few words for the rest of the performers: they deserve but few. Mrs. Chatterley had nothing to

recommend her but a very red face and a very long tail, which *Fazio* now and then kicked behind her, that she might manage to turn the better. She was as spiritless as could be wished. Warde's *Fazio* was a boisterous, ill-conceived drunken piece of acting, as though given entirely for the benefit of the back seats in the top gallery. He mistakes the taste of an audience greatly when he fancies that his calf-like bellowing can please. It is no proof of good tragic acting to set the house in a titter. Blanchard, who played the miser *Barboto*, which is but a short one, was inimitable. We seem to feel our loss when he dies.

KING'S THEATRE.—Laporte seems determined to provide for a brilliant season; among the numerous engagements already completed we may notice the following.

For the Opera:—Madame Sigl Vespermann, from the Theatre Royal, Munich, her first appearance in this country; Madame Rubini, from the principal theatres of Italy, her first appearance in this country; Miss Fanny Ayton, her first appearance at this theatre these three years; Mademoiselle Beck, from Paris, her first appearance in this country; Mademoiselle Filiani, from Paris, her first appearance in this country; Madame Castelli; Madame Meric Lalande; and Madame Pasta, her first appearance these two years. Signor David, from the principal theatres in Italy, his first appearance in this country; Signor Curioni; Signor Rubini, from the principal theatres in Italy, his first appearance in this country; Signor Deville; Signor de Angeli; Signor de Begnis, his first appearance at this theatre these three years; Signor Santini; and Signor Lablache. Director of the Music, and at Piano-Forte, Signor Costa; Leader of the Band, Signor Spagnoletti; Principal Double Bass, Signor Dragonetti; Poet, Signor Pistrucci; Prompter, Signor Rubbi. The Band includes Messrs. Mori, Lindley, Rousselot, Tolbecque, Platt, Barret, Willman, Harper, M. Baumann, First Bassoon of the Théâtre Royal Italien, Paris, his first appearance in this country, &c. &c.: and the Choruses consist of upwards of forty voices, under the direction of M. Lejeune.

For the Ballet:—Madame Montessus,

from the Académie Royale de Musique, Paris, her first appearance in this country; Mademoiselle St. Romain, from the Theatres Royal, Paris and Berlin, her first appearance in this country; Mademoiselle Brocard; Mademoiselle Augustine Proche, from Paris, her first appearance in this country; Mademoiselle Clara: Mademoiselle Kaniel, from the Académie Royale de Musique, Paris, her first appearance in this country; and Mademoiselle Taglioni. Monsieur Lefebvre, from the Académie Royale de Musique, Paris, his first appearance in this country; Monsieur Émile, from Paris, his first appearance in this country; Monsieur Simon; Monsieur George; Monsieur Edouard, from Paris; Monsieur D'Alberg; and Monsieur Paul, from the Académie Royale de Musique. Mesdames Copere, Julie Mersie, Coupotte, Welch, Henriette, &c. &c. &c. Messieurs Gouriette, O'Brien, Bertram, &c. &c. &c. Leader of the Band, M. Nadaud. Director, Monsieur Deshayes.

The New Year at Drakelow.—The festivities here on the new year have been varied by the production, in the elegant private theatre, of Lady Dacre's Translation from the French of a *petite* piece entitled "Match or no Match." The following is a copy of the play-bill circulated through the family:

THEATRE, DRAKELOWE.

On Saturday Evening, January 1st, 1831,
will be performed the Comedy of
A MATCH; OR NO MATCH:
Translated from the French, by Lady Dacre.

Sir Lionel Latelove . . . Vis. Castlereagh
Mr. Wedwell . . . Sir Roger Gresley
Mr. Bustleby . . . Mr. Lister
Peter . . . Mr. Brooke Greville
Mrs. Wedwell . . . Hon. Mrs. Trevor
Lucy . . . Mrs. Lister
Susan . . . Lady Sophia Gresley

After which the favourite Comedy of
PERFECTION:

OR, THE LADY OF MUNSTER.

Sir Lawrence Paragon . . . Mr. Lister
Charles . . . Sir Roger Gresley
Sam . . . Vis. Castlereagh
Kate O'Brien . . . Marchioness of
Londonerry
Susan . . . Lady Sophia Gresley

THE FRENCH THEATRE has opened under an active and judicious management. The performances have been varied every evening; and the audiences, which were thin on the first and second nights, have improved considerably. The company is exceedingly effective, and the entertainments are conducted altogether with a spirit that augurs favourably for the season.

THE OLYMPIC has hitherto defied us to any attempt at noticing its performances. We have essayed twice; but we have a far greater antipathy to crowded boxes and noisy company than have managers of theatres, and we have decided that neither our company nor Madam Vestris's interest would be promoted by our sitting out one piece, at least until some of the public curiosity has worn off.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 23d Dec., in Wilton Place, Belgrave Square, the Hon. Mrs. Emery, of a son and heir.

On the 28th, at Bolton Street, Piccadilly, the lady of Sir George Hampson, Bart., of a son.

On the 26th, in Chester Street, Grosvenor Place, the Lady Georgiana Mitford, of twins, still-born.

On the 9th Jan., at Lincoln, the lady of the Honourable Alexander Leslie Melville, of a son.

On the 9th, the lady of Sir W. G. H. Jolliffe, Bart., of a daughter.

The Lady Sussex Lennox, of a son.

On the 13th, at Beaufort Castle, Inverness-shire, N. B., the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, of Lovat, of a son.

At Brighton, on the 16th, Lady Frances Sandon, of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

On the 1st Jan., in the chapel of Warwick Castle, Joseph Neeld, Esq., of Grosvenor Square, M.P. for Chippenham, to Lady Caroline Ashley Cooper, daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

On the 23d Dec., at the house of his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary at Munich, Henry Francis Howard, Esq., second son of Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, Cumberland, to the Hon. Sevilla Erskine, fourth daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Erskine.

On the 27th Dec., at Filleigh, Devonshire, William Reginald Courtenay, Esq., to Lady Elizabeth Fortescue, youngest daughter of Earl Fortescue.

On the 30th, at St. James's church, Edward Henry Cole, Esq., to Mary, widow of Lord Henry Seymour Moore, and daughter of Sir Henry Parnell, Bart.

At St. Mary's Church, Marylebone, by the Rev. Charles F. Bamfylde, B.C.L., Lieut. Edward F. Wills, of H. M. ship Hyperion, to Louisa, daughter of the late Sir Charles W. Bamfylde, Bart.

At Craigends, on the 10th, the Right Hon. Lord John Campbell, to Anne Colquhoun, eldest daughter of the late John Colquhoun, Esq., of Craigends.

DEATHS.

On the 25th Dec., at Wood End, near Chichester, the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Mary Lennox, widow of the late General Lord George Lennox, and grandmother of the present Duke of Richmond, in her 92d year.

On the 22d, in Somerset Street, Portman Square, Catherine, wife of Sir John Murray, Bart., and daughter of the late Adam Callender, Esq.

On the 30th, in Stanhope Street, May Fair, the Hon. Elizabeth Mary, the wife of William Stephen Poyntz, Esq., of Cowdray Park, Sussex.

On the 28th, at Osberton, Notts, Harriet Emily Mary, wife of George Savile Foljambe, Esq., and daughter of Sir W. M. Milner, in her 21st year.

On the 31st, the celebrated Madame de Genlis, in her 85th year.

At Edinburgh, on the 28th, Lady Dunbar, widow of the late Sir George Dunbar, of Mochram, Bart.

On the 23d, at her house in Hyde Park Place, Mrs. Ford, mother of the Duchess of Cannizzarro, late Countess St. Antonio, in her 86th year.

On the 4th Jan., at Thirkleby, Yorkshire, Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.H.S., in his 81st year.

On the 4th, at his house, Richmond Terrace, Clifton, Lieutenant-General Bright, late of the Royal Marines, and many years Commandant of the Plymouth Division, in his 91st year.

On the 2d, near Dublin, Viscountess Massereene, lady of the Right Hon. Lord Ferrard. On the 9th, at her house, No. 7, Stratford Place, Charlotte, Baroness de Roos, widow of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald, in her 60th year.

At Newcastle, Longford, the Hon. Miss Louisa King, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Lorton, in her 19th year.

On the 7th, at Brussels, Augustus Thomas, third son of Sir John Morris, Bart., of Skelty Park, Glamorganshire.

On the 10th, at the Episcopal Palace, the Lord Bishop of Cork.

On the 8th, at Swinnerton Hall, in the county of Stafford, Mary, the daughter of the Hon. James Dormer, younger son of Lord John Dormer, in her 59th year.

On the 14th, in Portland Place, Sir Charles Joshua Smith, Bart., of Suttons, Essex, in his 30th year.

At his lordship's house, in Grovesnor Square, on the 2d, Henrietta Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury.

On the 1st, in the 92d year of his age, the Hon. Philip Roper, of Linstead, in Kent, only surviving son of the Right Hon. Henry Roper, tenth Lord Teynham.

On the 20th, at his house at Frogna, John Thomas Lord Viscount Sydney, in his 67th year.

THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE,

AND

Archives of the Court of St. James's.

MARCH 1831.

Embellishments.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE POEM "ROSA," page 134.

EIGHT FULL-LENGTH PORTRAITS IN FASHIONABLE COSTUME FOR MARCH.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our numerous letters inform us, that the *Royal Lady's Magazine* has found its way into almost every family of rank and taste in the metropolis. Our increased circulation confirms this; but it were a libel on the females throughout the kingdom to doubt, that the moment our work is seen it is adopted. In this the ladies make our cause their own. We offer in this, our third number, a few solid thanks. We exhibit proofs, that when a writer can feel in good company the most distinguished pens in the kingdom are ready; nay, this very week we received a contribution from a poet, who, with sundry compliments, which, from such a mind we cannot but value, enters the field with us heart and hand, seconding our determination "TO RAISE THE FEMALE MIND OF ENGLAND TO ITS TRUE LEVEL."

We would point out to our Southampton Correspondent the much more easy method of ordering the work of a bookseller there; she will have it without difficulty or expense.

Lady F. L. G. is respectfully referred to the acknowledgment in No. I.

The periodical which boasts of an acquisition in the person of a *Foreign* reviewer, would do well to look about for one who can write *English*; the last two numbers exhibit a sad want of something of this kind.

We intended to produce, for the edification of our readers, a few more specimens of "Literature for Ladies!!!" but we have had a hint, that it is only insulting them by placing before them what could only have been written by vulgar pens for vulgar eyes.

Miss R. will have received her packet by the time we are published. We can assure her that our arrangements are made for the next few months, and can only be broken in upon for very powerful articles.

We are informed that there is a gentleman newly enlisted in Falstaff's ragged regiment of *Literary* genius, and we are glad of it. We shall hold him answerable for any thing that may require our interference; we know he is no flincher, though his commander, like Mr. O'Connell, perhaps, "has a vow in heaven."

The "Court dress" alluded to by our innocent Correspondent, Mrs. T., is for the Courts *East* of Temple Bar.

Our Deal Correspondent will find, on inquiry, that his packet has been returned; he will see that we do not require his aid.

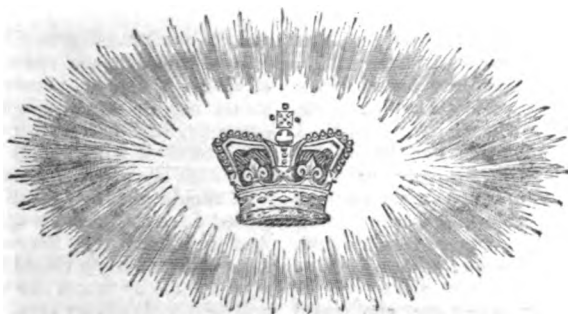
The Portraits with which we were favoured up to the 20th Feb. are in the hands of the most esteemed artists; and we shall be happy to receive the permission to engrave others of the nobility only.

Mr. C. would not like to figure in full name as the author of a puff written in favour of his vehicle for worn out annual plates. He is heartily welcome to quarrel with our literature, for that merely puts *his* talent, and *our* ignorance, to the test, and we wish him all the benefit of the comparison; but when he—no matter how—makes a country newspaper express doubts, "whether we have the means to continue in the right path;" we put it to him if it be either honourable, or creditable. We are sure it is not *safe*, if we are once moved to stir in our own cause, and lay our lion-paw on the gnat.

We appeal to Mr. Mazzoni's humanity. We make it a rule to read whatever is sent, before we decide where it afterwards goes: but we protest against receiving by the yard, rhyme, of which the following is a too flattering sample:

Long live William, king of our dear native isle,
And to Adelaide, Queen, be health, honour, and glory,
Around each brave soldier's heart true felicity smile,
'Twas as their valour illumin'd, our dear country's story.

Mr. Mazzoni may rest assured there is no "march of publication" (we use his own words) that can possibly keep up with this march of his, or "honor, by waiving to the goal of beauty's approval," (delicious twaddle!) the drivell of a noodle.



ROYAL
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
AND
Archives of the Court of St. James's.

"OUR AMBITION IS TO RAISE THE FEMALE MIND OF ENGLAND TO ITS TRUE LEVEL."—*Ded. to the Queen.*

MARCH 1831.

THE UNREVEALED.*

BY THE UNKNOWN.

It might be about three or four months after Agnes Mandeville had become our inmate, that my wife one morning entered my room, and beckoning me silently to follow, led the way to the chamber where Agnes was sitting. The door of the apartment was half open. Exactly opposite to it sat Agnes with something in her hand, upon which she seemed to be intently gazing. So earnest, so expressive, so full of meaning, was her countenance, that any one who did not know she was blind, might have supposed her eyes had been enchained by the exciting object which imparted those qualities to her features. Nay, there was even in the eyes themselves a strangely vivid appearance, as if they were lustrous from dwelling in secret upon some much-prized treasure.

I felt ashamed of my situation, to stand thus prying into the actions of an unfortunate being, whom Providence had bereaved of the faculty to protect herself from the intrusion; and I was about to retire, directing my wife, by a look, to do the same, when Agnes spoke. Her first words rivetted me to the spot. All sense of self-rebuke fled. I could have submitted, at that moment, to lay down my life for my offence, had it been necessary; but it was beyond my power to shun the offence. I will relate her exact words. They were not to be once heard, and ever forgotten.

"How madly was I gazing on thy living image, AUGUSTUS, when the scorching flash from heaven dried up mine eye-balls! There came a frantic scream upon my ears, and then, all was hushed!

* Continued from page 10.

Even the angry elements were still, as if they had done their work of vengeance, and were commanded into silence by the power they obeyed! Yes—all was hushed! But where were you? I stretched out my arms, but they folded back upon myself! I called aloud upon your name—there was no voice save my own! I was in darkness, and I knew that I was blind. I groped to find you, but in vain. Oh God! what a scene of horror followed! There was no pitying heart to feel for me—none who would tell me of your fate. But neither God nor man has quenched that inward light, the torch of memory, by which I see you, even whensoever I list. I behold your semblance now!—Now, now those burning eyes are turned upon me, whose spell-like fascination was my soul's snare—those parted lips, rare triumph of the limner's art! seem to breathe the words that fell like consuming flames upon my senses! To your sanctuary—or I shall grow mad again with looking at thee, and betray a secret, for which the world has no other name than *love*!”

As she uttered these words, she kissed whatever it was she held in her hand, and then hurriedly placed it in her bosom. The sigh that followed was laden with unutterable anguish, while her countenance deepened into an expression of mingled pride and scorn, such as I had never seen it wear before. She remained for several minutes without moving, as if absorbed in thought; and then, suddenly rising, walked towards that part of the room where her harp stood, which she began to play, singing to it one of those wild melancholy airs I have described, which were, I have reason to believe, the extempore breathings of her troubled mind.

This was the first glimmering of the mystery that enveloped her which had dawned upon me. It disclosed, indeed, but little; yet that little served as a key by which to decipher many things that followed.

I have said that my family consisted of my wife and two daughters, the elder in her twelfth year. Her name was Frances; and whether it was that she felt a lively sympathy for the forlorn condition of Agnes Mandeville, and so strove to soften its calamity by a thousand little kind attentions, or whether Agnes was pleased with her mild voice,

and the quick intelligence of her manner, I know not, but she evidently became attached to her. She undertook to instruct her in music, delighted in her company, had her for her bed-fellow, and would sit whole hours to hear her read such books as she herself selected.

I should mention, that during the period I am now describing, that is, the first twelvemonths of her residence with me, no human being visited her, save the aged female by whom she was brought and delivered into my care. This person generally came about twice a week; always in the evening; never saw Agnes in the presence of a third person; rarely stayed longer than ten minutes; and avoided all conversation with either myself or my wife. Sometimes I used to imagine that Agnes was more dejected after one of her visits; but at others, I have equally imagined she was more cheerful and composed. Probably in both cases it was mere fancy.

A singular instance occurred, however, of the unseen vigilance with which my discharge of this extraordinary and delicate trust was observed. It happened on one occasion, that a friend who called upon me, early in the morning, was shown into the drawing-room which was exclusively appropriated to the use of Agnes; but as it was before she had come down from her bed-room, the servant neglected the strict orders she had received, which were, never to allow any one who did not belong to the family to enter that room.

While my friend was waiting for me, Agnes Mandeville appeared. The salutation of a strange voice alarmed her, and she hastily retired. My friend did not mention the circumstance; but when the aged female paid her next visit, she delivered a note into my hands, written by the mysterious individual whom I first met, couched in these words:

“You must be more cautious. That which was the effect of accident on Thursday morning, may some day be accomplished by design. Nay, chance itself may work as disastrously for me, for her, and for others, as contrivance. Therefore, I again remind you, that none, save she who comes from me, must see her; or those *you* know to be as discreet as I have hitherto found yourself.”

I can truly say I needed not this

admonition; for Agnes herself had inspired me with feelings which threw round her a defence ten times more sacred than even my promise, and a hundred fold more secure than could have been the result of any anxiety as to the pecuniary advantages of my undertaking. It would be difficult to describe the exact nature of these feelings, or single out from the mass any predominant one; but there can be no difficulty in conceiving that a young and lovely creature, thus afflicted, thus shrouded in mystery, and disclosing every day some fresh charm of mind, of disposition, and of heart, should inspire corresponding sentiments.

Let me not, however, arrogate to myself a virtue I did not practise. I only forbore, in the spirit of the injunctions I had received, and in deference to Agnes herself, the attempt to penetrate the mystery of her situation; but that my curiosity made me very uncomfortable sometimes—that my vehement longings to know more, tormented me now and then, I am far from denying. I may add, too, that my own longings and curiosity, joined to the much greater longings and curiosity of my wife, deprived both me and her, of many an honest hour's sleep; for night after night we have literally lain our heads together, and talked, and guessed, and conjectured, and grown positive, and made discoveries, and rejected them as soon as made, because they would not tally with some circumstance or other, infinitely more certain than our own certainties, till the morning has dawned upon our conversation. To this weakness I plead guilty, and am content to receive whatever punishment it may deserve from those who can lay their hands upon their hearts, and say, they would not have committed it themselves.

I will now relate the next incident that occurred, tending, as I considered it at the time, to disclose another link in the chain of circumstances connected with the history of Agnes Mandeville.

I was sitting in her room one evening, when my daughter Frances came in. I saw she had been weeping, and I inquired the cause. She said, her aunt had just sent a letter, to inform her mother that Frederick was dead.

"Who is Frederick?" inquired Agnes.

"A nephew of my wife's," I replied, "a fine young man only two-and-twenty, who was seized with an inflammation of the lungs about a week since, which baffled the best medical skill, and has terminated, thus early, his life. Poor woman! I pity his mother, for he was her favourite son."

"Mothers that have favourite children," said Agnes, "offend Nature, whose command is, love all as you love one; for there is no distinction in the cradle, and the heart should make none afterwards, because the world does. Methinks were I a mother, I should be proud in the knowledge, that all my children were equal portions of my earthly happiness; and that nothing so horrible as choice, could shame me in my own esteem, when I had to lose them."

"My cousin Frederick was such a nice young man!" exclaimed Frances, wiping her eyes, "that every body loved him."

"And therefore," interrupted Agnes, "his mother loved him *best*; as if a mother should count *her* love, by the sum of that which the world offers, instead of letting it flow from that rich fount, that exhaustless treasury of the affections, which nature creates in the same moment she bestows the name of mother."

"I often used to wish he was my brother," continued Frances, to whom the observations of Agnes were scarcely intelligible, "but now I do not—"

"Your brother!" exclaimed Agnes, with strong emotion. "And do you wish you had a brother?"

"Yes—why should I not? Have you one, Miss Agnes?"

"Come here, my dear Frances—come here, and let me whisper to you."

She stretched forth her arms, and feeling the extended hand of my daughter, who seemed alarmed at her manner, drew her towards her. For myself, I could only gaze in silent earnestness upon the deeply agitated expression of her countenance. She leaned forward, as if to do what she had said, whisper something in the ear of Frances. I watched her lips; they did not move. There was evidently a severe struggle between the desire to speak, and a reluctance to do so. At last, she exclaimed aloud—

"Wish to be happy, Frances, for *that*

wish may, perhaps, be rewarded; but when you name the thing that would make you happy, and by it, alone, shape all your hopes of happiness, you know not what misery you are preparing for yourself! My own desires were once like yours, and I dreamed they were fulfilled; and in that dream, I lived rejoicing for five blessed years; but I started from it as a man who walks in sleep, believing his path is among delicious flowers leading to paradise, and awakes to see the abyss down which his last fatal step has cast him. And yet, how pure, how guiltless, was my soul's prayer! I put it up in innocence: I thought it vouchsafed in goodness! But God had a purpose of his own to fulfil—and God is all-wise, all perfect in the means he employs, how'er they may shock our purblind judgments!"

The tone of voice in which Agnes uttered these strange words—slow, deep, thrilling tones—the character of resigned submission to some great grief that pervaded her fine features, relieved only by one faint gleam of joy which irradiated them for a moment as she spoke of the five blessed years in which she had dreamed she was happy—the stedfast turning of her sightless eyes upon my daughter, as she held her to her, by placing her hands on either shoulder—the half terrified, half reverential look of Frances herself, whose mild blue orbs were bent upon the face of Agnes Mandeville, as if seeking there the meaning of what she had heard—presented altogether a picture, the effect of which was almost overwhelming at the moment, and the impression of which is as vivid upon my memory now, as that of any thing which occurred but yesterday.

I did not presume to prolong the conversation. There was nothing I could say that would not have appeared like, and must, indeed, have partaken of, a desire to draw from her further disclosures, if that which I have related can be so called. I therefore did what I had often done before, when she wandered into melancholy themes, chid her playfully for indulging in them, and led her mind to the contemplation of other subjects. But I could not dismiss from my own mind, the reflections that were crowding into it. I could not bid those reflections take a form less painful

than the one they suddenly assumed, and pertinaciously maintained. They haunted me: they pursued me night and day. They found food in a thousand things. Words, actions, circumstances, that would have passed unheeded before, became their interpreters. I did not seek them; they forced themselves upon me. What I *did* seek, was what I could not find; something that might relieve me from my thoughts, by offering but the shadow of an opposing truth, to justify renouncing them.

Once, and only once, I was tempted to transgress the boundary traced for my discretion. It was many months subsequently to the above conversation. Agnes had fallen ill; and there seemed a restlessness in her manner, as if fearing she might die, and after her death, things might be found about her person or otherwise belonging to her, the discovery of which she dreaded. So at least I construed her behaviour and certain expressions which fell from her; and in unison with that belief, proffered my services, as delicately as I was able, to remove her fears. Whether she imagined I was seeking what could *not* be disclosed, or whether from a desire to prevent the repetition of offers, which distressed because they could not be accepted, I know not; but her reply was in these enigmatical words:

"You urge me to what I dare not grant. If you would write upon my grave an epitaph of peace, forbear to question, or whence, or who I am. I must not leave a mention of my wrongs (the stain of my unspotted birth) to memory. Let all be buried with me in the dust, that never time hereafter may report how such a one had lived!"

This answer confirmed me in an opinion which had latterly been growing stronger and stronger, namely, that Agnes herself had some strong motive for impenetrable secrecy, independently of any authority which the stranger who placed her with me might exercise over her. It was only when her feelings were unexpectedly roused, by circumstances which recalled the cause of her suffering, whatever it might be, or which reminded her of former years, that this motive was too weak to prevent the utterance of thoughts which dimly revealed the truth.

Thus, however, passed two years-and-

a-half, during which time my quarterly remittances of one hundred pounds came as punctually as the quarter itself. But they were always sent by the post, enclosed in a blank envelope; like the first one, which I received from the hands of the stranger himself. The visits of the aged female to Agnes, on the other hand, were nearly as punctual as my remittances, and through her, Agnes was provided with every thing she required, apparel, books, music, or whatever else she might wish. Her books were read to her, sometimes by my wife, sometimes by myself, but more frequently by Frances; except French and Italian authors, and they were always my department. Frances, too, who was moderately well skilled in piano-forte music, used to play any new pieces, till by repetition, Agnes obtained an exact knowledge of the notes, when she would execute them with a taste, a brilliancy, and an expression, derived wholly from herself.

I have mentioned that very soon after her coming, I circumscribed within the narrowest possible limits, the number of my visitors, as well as the number of their visits, in order that I might prevent the frequent necessity for Agnes to withdraw from our little circle. It is true, I was not absolutely forbidden to let any one approach her, but only enjoined to be wary in my selection of those that did; and I carried this circumspection so far (partly from prudential motives, and partly from respect to Agnes, who had an evident repugnance to the presence of strangers), that I believe only three, out of a rather extensive acquaintance, ever saw her. Nor to them did I give the slightest intimation that there was any thing peculiar in her situation, beyond the affliction which was apparent.

At the house of one of these three friends, I often met a gentleman of the name of SEYMOUR. He appeared to be about five-and-twenty; and had the air of a person who had always moved in superior society. He was what my own sex would call good-looking; and the other, decidedly handsome. His manners were more than agreeable, they were fascinating; not the fascination which lies in telling a droll story, playing off smart repartees, giving a humorous turn to the ordinary matter of ordi-

nary conversation, and bringing to the dinner-table, or the drawing-room co-teric, an infinite fund of small talk, gracefully delivered; but the fascination of a mind and heart, both of which nature had touched with some of her finest qualities. To an easy and elegant carriage, he added a gentleness of deportment that partook as much of pensiveness as of refined feeling. His large, melancholy eyes, seemed to borrow their humid expression of subdued fire from a soul too sensitive, or from a life already overcast, though in its spring only, with misfortune.

It was not easy frequently to meet such a person in general society, without forming the wish to cultivate a closer intimacy; and I perhaps felt this wish the more strongly, because on all occasions I had perceived in Mr. Seymour's manner a marked desire to improve his acquaintance with myself. He always took his seat next me, held me in conversation upon topics which he found interested me, lavished upon me many flattering attentions, and in the midst of these courtesies, discovered so many of his own superior qualities, that I was no less delighted with, than proud of, the distinction he made in my favour.

I asked my friend one day, who Mr. Seymour was.

"A gentleman of family and fortune," was the reply.

"Do you know his family?"

"I do not; but only because I have never thought it worth while to make the inquiry. I was first introduced to him professionally. He came to me, recommended by Sir Edward Croton, to consult me confidentially upon a matter in which he is deeply interested, and which, I expect, will soon be brought before the Lord Chancellor; and if so, it will present a case far more extraordinary in many of its features, than the famous Douglas cause, of which you have no doubt read. From a client, he became a visiting acquaintance, and from a visiting acquaintance he has grown into an intimate friend."

"Where does he live?"

"At one of the principal hotels near St. James's Street. It amuses me, by the by, to hear you asking these questions, for it is not very long since that Mr. Seymour was just as inquisitive about yourself."

"About me!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; about you," replied my friend; "and about where you lived. But though I could not say of *you*, as I have of him, that you were a gentleman of family and fortune, yet for my own credit's sake, I protested you were a gentleman; and for your sake, added thereto, that I believed you were a most excellent fellow."

I was more than satisfied with my inquiries. I fixed a day for my friend to dine with me, and deputed him to be the bearer of an invitation to Mr. Seymour, which was accepted.

I mentioned the circumstance to Agnes, leaving her to use her own pleasure whether she would be present. She declined joining us at dinner, but consented that we should join her in the evening, to hear some music.

The day came. I thought Mr. Seymour appeared depressed in spirits, at first; but after a few glasses of wine he rallied, and conversed with his accustomed energy and brilliancy. While we were sitting over our dessert, Agnes began to play the organ.

"That is a beautiful instrument, and seems to be beautifully touched," observed Mr. Seymour, his voice trembling as he spoke.

"You are fond of music," I replied.

"Too fond, too passionately fond!" he exclaimed, with increasing agitation, "for I can never hear it—and above all the soul-reaching organ—without being affected in the way you see. It is pleasure bordering on agony, from its intensity. Who is playing?"

"A young lady who is residing with me"—

"Miss Mandeville," added my friend, "of whom you have heard me speak so often. She is blind."

There came at that moment a deep, full-toned swell upon the ear, of melancholy harmony, so touching, so plaintive, and so expressive of what we fancy celestial strains to be, in its soft, lingering, melting cadence, as it died gently away, that Mr. Seymour burst into tears.

"You perceive," said he, forcing a languid smile, "that music is a dangerous indulgence to me. It was always thus, from my very boyhood. I have stood and wept when a child, to hear my mother on the harp, when she has swept the strings so as to produce those mur-

muring tones which resemble, to my fancy at least, the choral mingling of angelic voices."

"It will be better then," I replied, "that we should not join the lady who is now playing."

"By no means!" interrupted Mr. Seymour, vehemently. "Only leave me to myself, while she plays. The excitement soon goes off; and half painful though it be, it is compensated by emotions so nearly approaching to ecstasy, that I would at all times rather seek than shun them."

Well; in the evening we went up stairs. I introduced Mr. Seymour to Agnes, who took her by the hand, without speaking; but I observed he was violently agitated. I attributed this to the twofold cause of his remembering with what an inspired feeling she had touched the organ, and to the effect which her appearance, so beautiful in her affliction, was calculated to produce upon any one, much more upon a nature so highly wrought in its sensibilities, as Mr. Seymour's.

During the conversation that ensued, he was silent; or if spoken to, answered in a low voice, audible only to the person addressed; but his eyes were rivetted on Agnes; and observing also, by his countenance, that there were feelings tumultuously working within, which he could hardly control, I became alarmed, from an idea that there must be a reason for such agitation beyond what I could penetrate. I was considering what step I should take, when my friend, requesting permission of Agnes, led her to the organ.

She played various airs, and during her performance of them, Mr. Seymour took his station by her side. Frances, who was on the other side, asked her to play "one of her own pieces," meaning one of those extempore effusions which, as I have said, seemed like the breathings of her troubled spirit. She paused for a moment, then began. It was one of those strains that I have described, after the playing of which she would exclaim, "There! I have been holding converse with the past! I have beheld the departed! I have heard the voice that enthralled me. I have shed unseen tears—basked in unseen smiles—and with miraculous speech, which only two can understand—the living and the dead—I have told what I am!"

In the midst of her performance, we were alarmed by a piercing shriek from Agnes, who dropped lifeless on the floor. We hastened to her relief; but, in the confusion of the moment, did not perceive that Mr. Seymour had left the room. He had left the house too! All we could learn, to explain this fresh mystery, was from Frances, who said, that while Agnes was playing, Mr. Sey-

mour bent down and whispered something to her; that Agnes screamed, and that Mr. Seymour, who "turned dreadfully pale" (to use my daughter's own words) rushed out of the room.

God knows what the whispered words were! Their effect upon the lovely, miserable mourner, when she was restored to animation, was terrible indeed!*

BONNY MARY GRAY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

When the last beam o' the day
Down the westlin hill had gane,
When the mist was on the brae,
An' the moon was i' the wane,
Wi' my plaid o' cozey gray,
An' my doggie at my heel,
I gaed a weary way;
But I kend it fu' weel.
The heathcock on the fell,
Wi' his gollar loud an' deep,
He made a' the cloughs to yell,
An' made a' my hair to creep;
For I thought he seem'd to say,
In an anger and a fret,
Ha, Jack! how dare ye gae
To the countrin' sae late.
The blent o' the curlew
Frae the grey an' lanely waste,
An' the plover's eiry whew
Came across me the neist;
An' ilk ane seemed to cry
O' my Mary mournfullye,
As if grief were drawing nigh,
An' the blame lay wi' me.
I saw a bogle here,
An' I saw a bogle there,
In the lang unsightly claes
That the boglies wont to wear;
But my bawtie cocked his tail,
An' gaed trottin without fear,
Then I kend that nought unreal,
Or unearthly was near.
For my bawtie kens as weel
A bogle frae a drain,
Frae a scar upon the hill,
Or a parsome auld gray stane,
As I wad ken a rae
Frae the bracket o' the hind,
Or my bonny Mary Gray,
Frae a' womankind.

* We have been tempted to defer the conclusion of this paper by the quality and variety of our other matter.—Ed.

Poor bawtie wan the door
 But he coudna get in,
 Sae he scrapit wi' his fit,
 An' my Mary heard the din,
 An' she opened cannilye,
 An' she clapp'd his honest brow,
 "Ha, bawtie! are you there,
 An' yet nane there but you."

I keckit sleely in
 'To see what I could see,
 An' saw the saucy rogue
 Sittin' fawnin' at her knee;
 An' he gae her aye his paw,
 An' he lookit to the door,
 An' weel she kend the sign
 She had seen oft afore.

I gat a wee bit flyte,
 For a late untimely guest,
 And for keeping folks awake,
 Who had muckle need o' rest;
 But lang or it was day,
 Oh, I got a dear propine,
 For my bonny Mary Gray
 Own'd her heart it was mine.

Some say we shouldna gang
 To a lassie, save by day,
 Lest something should gae wrang,
 Or should happen by the way;
 But nae joy in a' the earth
 Will I e'er compare beside
 The lassie o' ane's heart
 At her ain ingle side.

THE VIOLIN-BOW OF THE BARON DE B * * * * (*).

From the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann.

ABOUT the year 1790, I paid a visit to Berlin, at that time the residence of the well-known Baron de B * * * *. I was not yet sixteen, and applied to the study of music with all the ardour and enthusiasm natural to that age. The able leader at the opera, Haak, my worthy, but by no means indulgent, master, expressed himself satisfied with my exertions. He praised my ease of execution, and the purity of my tones; and at length admitted me to take a violin part

in the orchestra, and even in the court concerts. It was there that I frequently heard Haak speak with Dupont the younger, Ritter, and other great masters of the musical *soirées* of the Baron de B., which were conducted with so much taste and intelligence, that the king himself frequently condescended to be a visitor. They spoke of the masterpieces of the composers of the old school, which they had no opportunity of hearing elsewhere than at the Baron's, who,

* The hero of this musical sketch is the worthy Baron de Bagge, who was not less known by the generous protection he afforded the artists of his day, than by his ridiculous pretensions as a violinist. This character is sketched in Hoffmann's best manner.—*Translator.*

in respect to violin-music, possessed the most complete collection known of compositions of every kind, as well ancient as modern. They also spoke of the hospitality and magnificence with which the Baron did the honours of his house, as well as of his generosity towards artists; and they were unanimous in declaring that his residence in Berlin was an event of the highest importance to them all.

All this was sufficient to awaken my curiosity; but it was intensely excited when these gentlemen laid their heads together, and spoke with great earnestness in a whisper. I could catch enough to know that the question was of the Baron, and of music lessons given by him; at the mention of these, I saw a satiric smile play upon Duport's lips, and the laugh seemed to go against Haak, who, on his side, made but a feeble defence, and seemed half-inclined to join in his friend's merriment. He frequently turned round abruptly, and at length, taking his violin to give the signal for the overture, said, in a tone loud enough to be heard: "Well, say what you will, he is an extraordinary man!"

I could contain no longer; at the risk of being bluntly repulsed, I begged Haak to present me, if possible, to M. de B., and to obtain permission for me to assist at his musical *soirées*.

He stared at my mentioning the name of the Baron, and I was prepared for the storm which I imagined was gathering, when the gravity of the professor was suddenly changed into a smile of peculiar expression; and this was all the answer I obtained.

A day or two after, when I had finished performing with Haak some very difficult violin duos, he said to me, "Go home and dress yourself, and call for me at my house; we will go together to the Baron de B's; there will be but a small party this evening, and it will be a good opportunity for presenting you."

My heart beat with delight, for, without explaining to myself the reason, I was led to expect something more than ordinary.

We accordingly repaired to the Baron's. I beheld a man of a certain age, of somewhat tall stature, and in a whimsical costume of the old school; he came forward to receive us, and pressed my master's hand with great cordiality.

Never yet had any one inspired me with more profound veneration, not to say sympathy, of the most pleasing kind. The expression of his countenance was benevolence itself, and his eye sparkled with that internal fire which bespeaks the artist fully conscious of his calling. The natural timidity against which I struggled but an instant before, left me at once.

"How do you do, my worthy Haak?" said the Baron, in a voice whose tones were at once full and pleasing. "Well, have you gone over my concerto? We shall see to that to-morrow. Ah! doubtless this is the young virtuoso of whom you spoke to me."

I was all confusion; I could not raise my eyes from the ground, and felt myself blush up to the ears. Haak mentioned my name, said something in my praise, spoke of my musical dispositions, and the rapid progress I had made.

"And so, my child," said the Baron, turning to me, "the violin is the instrument you have made choice of; but have you duly reflected that it is the most difficult that was ever invented? The violin, under an appearance of simplicity, contains treasures of harmony rich and inexhaustible. The violin is a secret revealed only to the privileged few. Have you consulted your genius? Has it discovered to you this marvellous mystery? Others have supposed themselves in possession of it, and have remained the whole of their lives the merest scrapers. I should be sorry, my child, to see you one of the number.—Come, you shall play us something; I will tell you what hopes you are justified in forming of yourself, and you shall be guided by my counsel. Do you know what happened to Charles Stamitz, who imagined himself a prodigy on the violin? I convinced him of his error, and set him right. He instantly threw aside the instrument, and took to the *alto* and *viola d'amour*; and he did well. There his large fingers had room to play freely, and he succeeded tolerably.—But come, my child, let me hear you."

As I perceived afterwards, the term "my child," was an appellation which he bestowed on all those for whom he had a feeling of regard.

This first and singular harangue made a lively impression upon me. I felt that, in spite of all my enthusiasm, I had, in devoting myself to the most

difficult of all instruments, perhaps undertaken a task above my strength; and the idea filled me with inquietude.

They now prepared to execute Haydn's three new quatuors, which had just been published. My master took his violin from its case; but scarcely had he sounded it to give the tone, when the Baron stopped his ears with both his hands, and cried aloud, quite beside himself, "Haak! Haak! in heaven's name, how can you spoil your play on a miserable affair like that, whose tones resemble the singing of a tea-kettle?"

The leader of the orchestra had one of the finest violins I had ever heard in my life; a genuine Antonio Stradivari: and nothing mortified him so much as when due honours were not rendered to his favourite instrument. Judge, then, of my surprise, when I saw him return with a smile his instrument into its case! He doubtless foresaw what was to take place. The Baron quitted us abruptly, and returned soon after, bringing under his arm, with all the solemnity of an infant borne to the baptismal font, a case covered with scarlet velvet embroidered with gold.

"Haak!" cried he, "it is my pleasure that to-day you should have the honour of playing upon my oldest and finest instrument. It is a genuine Granuelo; and by the side of this great master, your Stradivari was a mere novice. Tartini (he bowed as he pronounced the word) Tartini would play on no other violins than those of Granuelo. Come, my good friend, put forth all your strength, if you wish the Granuelo to pour forth all the riches which it contains."

The Baron opened the case, and an instrument met my eyes whose form attested its antiquity. By its side lay a bow, which from its ample curve might readily have been mistaken for the bow of a savage chieftain. The Baron took the violin from its case with a degree of precaution which seemed to border on veneration, and presented it to the leader of the orchestra, who received it in a manner equally solemn.

"As to the bow," said M. de B., with a smile, and tapping Haak at the same moment upon the shoulder, "I do not give you that, for you would not know how to use it; nor, as long as you live, will you ever become a good bow."

"It was with such a bow," continued he, surveying it with the look of one inspired, "it was with such a bow that the immortal Tartini performed! And after him, there are upon earth but two, and two only of his pupils, who succeeded in penetrating the mystery of that large and vigorous style of play, which thrills all the fibres of the heart, of that style which is attainable only by a bow like this. The one is Nardini; but he is now in years, and guards the sacred flame only in his own bosom, unable to communicate it; the other, as you are aware, gentlemen, is myself. I therefore remain the sole representative of the art of the great Tartini!—But, sirs, let us begin."

Haydn's quatuors were played, and, as it may be supposed, with a degree of perfection which left nothing to be desired. While they were performing, the Baron remained seated, with his eyes closed, and marking the time by an oscillation of his body. After some time, he rose abruptly, approached the performers, and looked at the pieces of music, knitting his brows the while; he then returned on tiptoe to his place, leaned his head upon his hand, sighed, groaned—"Stop, stop!" cried he at last, in the middle of a passage in the *adagio*, full of melody and sweetness; "as I am a living man! that is a melody of Tartini's: but you have not understood it. Once more, gentlemen, if you please."

The musicians with a smile repeat the same passage with a more decided expression, and M. de B. begins to weep like a child.

When the quatuors were finished, the Baron exclaimed, "a divine composer that Haydn! he touches the very soul; but he does not know how to write for the violin; and what is more, perhaps he has no ambition so to do; for if he composed for that instrument in the true style, and as Tartini composed, you would not be able to play it."

It now fell to my turn to execute a subject with variations, composed for me by Haak.

The Baron took his place beside me, and followed me on the music paper. It may well be supposed how oppressed I felt by the presence of so severe a critic. When I began, my hand trembled; but a brilliant passage of the *allegro*, which quickly followed, called forth all my

enthusiasm; I forgot the Baron, and freely displayed all the means which were then in my power.

When I had finished, M. de B. tapped me upon the shoulder, and said with a smile, "My child, you may continue with your violin; it is true that, as yet, you know nothing of the management of the bow, but then neither have you yet had the advantage of the lessons of an able master."

A sumptuous supper was now served up, to which we failed not to do such honour as true artists are wont to do. The conversation grew more animated and sparkling; it turned exclusively upon music. The Baron gave proofs that his taste was as pure as his musical knowledge was profound; the pointed, just, and ingenious remarks made by him, bespoke not only the enlightened connoisseur, but the finished artist. What struck me above all, was a rapid but luminous review which he took of the most able artists on the violin; it was, if I may so say it, a kind of gallery of portraits, which he successively displayed before our eyes; I will try and give such features of it as my memory was able to retain.

"Corelli," said the Baron, "was the first who struck out the path. His compositions can be played only in the manner of Tartini, a sufficient proof, were there no others, that he was acquainted with the true character of his instrument. Pagnani is a passable violin; he possesses spirit and tone; but then his bow wants force in the *appoggiamento*. What wonders had I not been told of Geminiani! When I heard him for the last time at Paris, some thirty years since, he played like one who walks in his sleep, and his auditors also were half inclined to think themselves dreaming. It was all *tempo rubato*, without style or keeping. This confounded *tempo rubato* is the ruin of the best violins, for it leads them to neglect their bow. I executed my sonatas before him; he perceived his error, and begged I would give him some lessons, which I willingly did; but my pupil was then too far absorbed in his peculiar method; he was then in his seventy-first year. May heaven forgive Giardini, nor condemn him to expiate his besetting sin in the other world! He was the first to chop at the

forbidden fruit, and he made sinners of all the artists who followed him. He was the first to introduce on the violin, those buffoneries, which are dignified by the name of ornamental passages. All he thought of, was his left hand and the agility of his fingers; he was not aware that the soul of song is in the right hand, and that from thence are derived those mighty sensations that overflow the heart. Would that, after each of his sacrilegious attempts, the hand of a Jomelli had been near, to inflict summary punishment upon the ear of him who afflicted the ears of every true *cognoscente*; as, in one instance, Jomelli really did, when in his presence, Giardini spoiled an admirable melody by his skips, flights, and *pizzicati*. Lolli was a mere madman, a miserable charlatan, who knew not how to play a note of an *adagio*, and who was only ambitious of surprising the ignorant by feats of skill devoid of meaning and sentiment. Yes, I repeat it, the true art of the violin will die with Nardini and myself. Young Viotti has surprising dispositions; it is true that for all he knows, he is indebted to me, for he was my assiduous pupil; but what of all this, if he wants perseverance? He is a renegade from my school. As to Kreutzer, I have hopes of making something of him; he has carefully profited by my instructions, and will profit again when I return to Paris. The concertos you are now studying with me, Haak, he also played, and by no means amiss; but his fingers were restive, and refused to manage my bow. I do not wish Giarnovich ever to set a foot within my doors; he is an ignorant blockhead, who had the impudence to ridicule the great Tartini, the master of us all, and to turn my advice to scorn. I am curious to know how Rodi will turn out, when he shall have been some time under my care. This is a lad of a good deal of promise, and it is not impossible but he may be the inheritor of my bow."

"He is about your age," continued the Baron, turning to me, "but of a more serious and pensive cast. Be it said without offence, but you have something of a giddy air; but this is a fault that wears off of itself—I build great hopes upon you, Haak: since you have received instructions from me, you have

become quite another being. Do not relax in your zeal and application; and, above all, do not miss a single lesson; you know that nothing vexes me so much."

My astonishment was at its height, and I waited with impatience for a moment to inquire of my master, if it was really true that the Baron had formed the most able violins of the age, and if he himself received his instructions.

Haak told me in reply, that he attached the greatest importance to the lessons which M. de B. had had the goodness to offer him, and advised me to go some day, and ask the same favour. As to other questions that I put to him relative to the Baron's talents, all the answer I could obtain, was this; "Do as I tell you, and you will see."

The peculiar smile with which these words were accompanied, did not escape my observation, and served only to redouble my curiosity.

When I humbly signified my desire to M. de B., assuring him that I was animated by the most ardent enthusiasm for my art, he at first eyed me attentively, but immediately his look resumed its usual benevolent expression: "My child," said he, "you address yourself to the only violinist who can properly be considered as such, now-a-days; this is a proof that you have a genuine feeling for the art, and that your mind has had revealed to it the true *ideal* of your instrument. Willingly, therefore, will I lend you my assistance, but how find time for it—how find time? Haak occupies much of my time; and at present, here is the young Durand, who wishes to be heard in public, and who feels that that will not be possible till he has gone through a course with me. However, after breakfast—yes, after breakfast—I have an hour of my own. My child, come every day at twelve precisely; we will study till one: after this comes Durand's turn."

The following day I was at the Baron's punctually at the hour of appointment, and my heart beat considerably.

He would not permit me to touch the violin I had brought, but placed in my hands an old instrument of Antonio Amati. I had never played on such a violin before; the wondrous sounds that escaped from the strings delighted and inspired me. I poured forth a flood of

harmony; I felt that I was playing better than ever I had done before, far better, perhaps, than I was likely to do at a later period. Still the Baron shook his head, with a look of discontent, and when I had finished; "My child," said he, "my child, you must begin by forgetting all this. In the first place, you do not know how to hold a bow."

He showed me the way in which Tartini wished the bow to be held. At first, I thought it impossible for me to produce a tone, but my surprise was extreme, when, on repeating some passages at the invitation of my new professor, I perceived the immense advantage I had gained in the space of a few minutes.

"Now," said M. de B., "we will begin our lesson. Courage, my child; take the G, and sustain it as long as you can. Above all, be sparing of your bow; the bow is to the violin, what breath is to the singer."

I followed his instructions, and I was delighted to perceive that I succeeded in drawing from the instrument a firm and full tone, that I could conduct it, from the *pianissimo* to the *fortissimo*, and that I could prolong it to the very lowest note of the scale, with the whole length of my bow.

"Do you see, my child," cried the Baron, with an air of triumph, "do you see that you are able to execute brilliant passages and fashionable cadences, and yet are not able to sustain a tone in the manner it ought to be. I will now show you what is meant by "knowing the resources of one's instrument."

He took the violin from my hands, and pressed his bow upon the strings, beginning close to the neck of the instrument—words are wanting to describe what then met my ear.

He set to work, scraping the strings of his violin in the most pitiless manner, and that, too, close to the bridge; the croaking of frogs, the screech of the owl, the mewing of cats, were there. I could compare what I heard to nothing else than the painful efforts of some toothless beldame, who, with spectacles on nose, perseveres in yelping out one of her grandmother's songs.

During the perpetration of these horrors, he kept his eyes constantly raised to Heaven, like St. Cecilia in an ecstasy. At length, after keeping his instrument and my ears upon the torture for a long

quarter of an hour, he paused, exclaiming in transport, and with a voice melting with emotion; "There are tones for you, there are tones!"

I was tempted to doubt whether it was not a dream; my situation was painful in the extreme; on the one hand, the temptation to laugh, was nearly too strong for me; on the other, the venerable and inspired figure of my instructor repressed the feeling of the ridiculous. What I had witnessed had something in it so extraordinary, that my faculties became, as it were, spell-bound, and I was unable to articulate a syllable.

"Yes, my child," exclaimed M. de B., "yes, I see that this has penetrated to the very bottom of your soul. You did not believe it possible that so miraculous a voice could be called forth from this piece of wood, and these four catgut strings. But come, my child, cheer up your spirits with a glass."

So saying, he poured me out a glass of Madeira, and handed me a biscuit; but I had scarce the courage to taste of either. At this moment one o'clock struck.

"Well, that will do for to-day," said the Baron; "go, my child, and return at the same hour to-morrow. There, take that."

With these words, he placed in my hand a piece of paper, in which was neatly folded up a brand-new Dutch ducat.

My first impulse on quitting the Baron's house, was to hasten to my master, and recount to him all that had passed. He burst into a fit of laughter at seeing me, and exclaimed, "Well, now you know the peculiar talent of M. de B., and what is the nature of his lessons. He considers you as a beginner only, and therefore you receive but one ducat per sitting. According as the pupil augments in power, at least in the good Baron's conceit, his *honoraire* is also augmented. My sittings are got up to a louis, and, if I am not mistaken, Durand receives two ducats."

I could not refrain from expressing

an opinion that it was not right thus to mystify an excellent-hearted man, and pick his pocket.

"You must know," rejoined Haak, "that the Baron's greatest enjoyment is to teach music in the way you have witnessed. If we were to take it in our heads to laugh at his lessons, he would not fail to cry us down as so many itinerant scrapers of catgut; and, as the world considers him in the light of a competent judge, his word would be sure to be believed. After all, saving and excepting his extraordinary mania for the violin, the Baron is a man whose taste and information may prove of important use even to the greatest artists. Then say if I am wrong in paying a proper degree of respect to him in spite of his eccentricity, and of going from time to time, to pick up my *louis d'or*.—Do not fail to visit him frequently; pay no attention to the peculiarities of an eccentric man, but profit by the judicious instructions of a profound connoisseur."

I followed my master's advice; and yet, on more than one occasion, it was not without difficulty that I suppressed a laugh, when the Baron, by way of varying the exercise of playing on the handle of his violin, would run his fingers up and down the instrument, scraping away upon the strings at random, assuring me that he was executing one of Tartini's finest solos, and that he was the only man in the world capable of playing it in this manner: but the moment he quitted his instrument, his conversation, rich in varied knowledge, inflamed my mind, and fanned the flame of enthusiasm that had early been lighted there.

If I executed to his satisfaction some passage from his concertos, he would look around with an air of conscious pride, and exclaim, "It is to me that he is indebted for this, to me, the pupil of the great Tartini!"

Thus did I continue, from time to time, to store my mind with his useful and agreeable instruction, and to line my pocket with a few of his Dutch ducats.

ROSA.*

BY MISS PARDOE.

She has cast aside the rosy wreaths which lately bound her brow ;
 She has taken the jewels from her neck—she does not heed them now ;
 She sits alone, and seems to hear once more the gentle words,
 Which fell like music on her heart, and woke its softest chords.

She has wander'd from the crowd to muse upon the tale she heard,
 Her silent thoughts dwell smilingly on every tone and word,
 She knows not yet how very false so sweet a vow may prove,
 She only asks her trembling heart if this indeed be love !

She seems to see again the eye so beautiful and bright,
 Which taught her own to sink beneath its look of living light ;
 'The flower he gave is blooming still upon her maiden breast,
 Half hidden by the graceful folds of her white and simple vest.

'Tis her first heart-dream ! can it be that *she* shall ever wake,
 From such a dream of blessedness to feel that young heart break ?
 Oh ! Love will surely smile on *her*—for brow, and lip, and eye,
 In their soft beauty tell a tale of gentle destiny.

CONVERSATION AT A DINNER-PARTY.

If I were asked what it is that most distinguishes our present refined era of society from the days of uncivilized man, I should say, without hesitation, a splendid dinner-party. We are told by travellers of the generosity of savage nations, and the readiness with which they share their scanty and precarious meal with the passing stranger whom hunger compels to crave their hospitality. I have no wish to depreciate the merit of even the most unchristian barbarians. I am free to admit that charity is as praiseworthy, and is exercised with as much genuine kind-heartedness by the Hottentots of Africa, as by the Hottentots of our own United Kingdom, and that as much real liberality is to be found in the back settlements of the Cape, as in the modern Athens. But then the style of the thing—only imagine yourself invited to partake the bounties of a Caffrarian hut. Seated on a stool, made of the backbone of the grampus, with your knees

for a table, and your fingers for a *fourchette*. Before you a dish of white ants ; to the right, a small pile of grasshoppers ; to the left, a little hillock of spiders ; in the centre, the *superbe* leg of a half-purtrified jackall, with here and there a young serpent, and a sprinkle of locusts by way of desert. Why, a disciple of *Curéme* would be horror-struck at the bare mention of such a bill of fare. Even Kitchiner, with all his sauces, could have made nothing of it. But great allowances are to be made ; the Hottentots are as yet, as far as cookery goes, but in the infancy of science. The Cape being one of our colonies, we shall, in due time, inoculate the natives with a taste for macaroni, and pullets, dressed *à la tartare*. Every thing has a beginning. Many centuries have not elapsed since persons of the first rank in England cat porpoises and seals at their most sumptuous banquets,† and used their fingers instead of forks ; these cleanly instru-

* See Illustrations.

† These, together with cranes, and heronshaws, made a part of the installation feast of Neville, Archbishop of York, and Chancellor of England, in 1466, which is said to have exceeded all others in splendour and expense, and in the number and quality of the guests. See *Henry's History of Great Britain*.—Vol. x. p. 319.



ROSA.

"The flower he gave is blooming still upon her maiden breast"

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THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.

ments not being then invented. Looking back to what we were three hundred years ago, and seeing what we are at present, we have good reason to believe that the time will come when the upper order of Hottentots will eat their sweet-breads dressed *à la sauce Tomate*, be waited upon by negro lackeys in white gloves, and dip their damask napkins, after a luxurious meal, in a reservoir of iced rose-water. But leaving our African brethren to the missionaries, and the march of intellect, I return to the interesting subject from which they led me to digress—a magnificent dinner-party. This is to me the single summing of all human enjoyment—the concentration of all social feeling—the flow of soul, the stream of which floats us above all the cares of life and all the conundrums of philosophy. I speak not, of course, of a table, *à la bourgeoise*, but where all is epicurean; where *le Cuisinier* is completely skilled in his art; where every dish carries with it the flavour of a master-hand; where every course displays with rich vicissitude, *les mets les plus recherchés*. This is the joy of joys—the realization of paradise. The teachers of political economy may preach up the excellence of their science till doomsday, but never will they succeed in persuading me, or any man of sound intellect, that it is at all to compare in value or in utility, to the economy of the kitchen. What are the discoveries of Ricardo, or McCulloch, compared with the discovery of a new sauce? The *Chef de Cuisine*, who from the recondite stores of his invention furnishes an exquisite *aroma* hitherto unknown, contributes more to the sum of human happiness than the whole tribe of political economists have ever done, or ever will do. But the delights of the table, like every delight of this our world, has its drawbacks, the most serious of which is, that propensity to talkativeness which good cheer has a tendency to generate. Fortunately, an excellent dinner-party has no such effect upon me. Far from stimulating my loquacity, its operation is exactly the reverse. After the last remove, I can give myself up to discoursing without restraint, for, truth to tell, I am both by nature and habit somewhat of a talker. But when my teeth are active, I always suffer my tongue to lie at rest. In the midst of the conversation that is going on around me,

I am as silent as a monk of La Trappe. Indeed it is, in my opinion, the excess of impoliteness to put any question to one whom we see intently occupied with the business before him. A man must have arrived at the utmost state of blockheadism before he could be guilty of such an interruption. You never put a question to any one while he is drinking, why then do it while he is eating? Are not both occupations equally sacred? But there are some men whose stomachs have no sympathy. I witnessed this the other day at a grand dinner-party, given by a distinguished friend of mine, who, as far as skill in the essentials of all that constitutes perfection in cookery goes, was never excelled by any monarch that ever sat on the culinary throne. But wits, poets, politicians, and men of genius, were intermingled; and, as always happens when this class of persons meet, they have an appetite only for talking. The contents of the best possible bill of fare is lost upon them. They have no alimentary canal, or at least if they have, it is a mere digestion-pipe and nothing more. A *paté de foies gras* placed before them, has no dominion over a mutton-chop; and the most piquant *fricandeau* has no more influence than an Irish stew. Towards dishes which no mortal epicure could withstand, they appeared quite marble-hearted. How it was that, all talking at once, any of them got a dinner, is to me a mystery. It was a Babel in miniature. Some of the phrases which caught my ear from time to time will serve to give a slight, but very inadequate, conception of the triumph of talkativeness over taste:—"Oh, I know every spot of Irish ground, and—I don't know, Lord Althorpe may or he may not, but at present there is not that scorn of—Well, ask the colonel himself, he is my author—not that I was influenced by anything said in the speeches of council, for a lawyer will make a raven white—a Tory, certainly, whether he has turned his coat, as reported, I don't know, but that he has turned *Whig* is past dispute, for it was during the Wellington administration that—Pope and Devil sitting side by side—the largest which I shot measured three feet with the wings extended, but I ought to mention that the—Well, if, as you say, Saint Patrick banished all venomous creatures from Ireland, I wish his saintship would rid

it of O'Connell, for of all the evils that—It was admirably well discussed in the *Examiner*—I knew him at college, he was there reckoned a dull—you're very kind, I rather think it is—I called there last night after the house broke up, and—perhaps, as a school for mathematics, it may be among the best, but as for—Oh, she was some Abigail or other that had—if you mean his *Dissertation on the Pentateuch*, you may be right, but for any—She spied *Cornuto* on the stairs, and no sooner did.”—At this moment my attention was so wholly engrossed by an *entre-cote grillée*, that I heard not a word. No sooner were my ears again upon duty, than now and then a sentence somewhat louder than the rest assailed them, and bore testimony to the confusion of topics which, as it were, made war upon the palate, and intercepted the supplies of corporeal enjoyment.

“There are some angry comets in the sky,” said one of the favourite poets of the day, who sat next but one to me, “I

don't at all like the appearance of things; as to the ballot, grant it you must at last, and it would therefore be well to give it at once with a good grace.” “Grant the ballot,” said a relative of the Earl of Lonsdale, who was on his left, “where will you drive us to next?” “Into the ark of the constitution,” said the poet in reply—and in an instant both parties launched into the depths of political discussion, but as they retreated into rather an undertone, not a syllable reached me through the fragments of remark, which in the energy of discourse got the benefit of a more sonorous and distinct diction. I have no doubt that could I have heard in its turn every topic which came uppermost, I should have found that each was fruitful of entertainment. Excellent in a *conversatione*. Admirable to enliven the gloom of a general fast. But to the genuine disciples of Epicurus, and at a superb dinner-party!!! Oh! *Sancte APICIUS, ora pro nobis.*

S.

THE MILTONS.

Two Miltons, born in different ages,
In London passed their several stages;
On fame in verse one placed reliance,
The other drove the “Times Defiance.”
The first for classic lore was noted,
St. Giles's Greek the other quoted:
Angelic combats one could sing,
The other patronized “The Ring.”
In life how different their lot,
One's *Mews* kept him—the other's not.

PARLIAMENTARY SYMPTOMS.

Its *eyes* quite fail,
Its *noes* quite pale,
Its *members* in a sorry way;
Its *hearing* bad,
Disorder sad,
Its *legs* are weak, its head is GREY.

Then in our sleeve,
We all should grieve,
Its wasting strength and *constitution*,
And what I fear,
Is very clear,
Expect its early DISSOLUTION.—*Black Rod.*

ISIDORA.

Where laughter is not mirth.—BYRON.

I WAS bidden to a gay festival—so many years of misery have since passed away, that I cannot now recall the event which the guests were assembled to celebrate; neither can I remember wherefore, but I was one of the most tardy, and yet I should have not been so, for Isidora, my affianced bride, was among the revellers. Already, as I entered, the strains of harmony and merriment were pealing out, and the light feet of the dancers responded to the melody of the minstrels: I had felt an unaccountable repugnance to join in this scene of gaiety, utterly new to me—I remembered Isidora, and strove to shake it off, but could not. She came eagerly to meet me—Heavens! cannot despair, which has obliterated all besides, destroy *that* image also? Her fair hair was wreathed with the gorgeous blossoms of the pomegranate, and her white robe floated like a cloud about her; all eyes were turned upon her beauty, but she looked for—*saw me* only.—What a halo lives around the memory of the heart's first idol—Isidora!—but enough—my tale is one of misery, I must not dwell upon thy beauties, lest my brain madden, and I forget to tell it. Already did the outworn guests wax fainter in their reveling, and the smiles of my beloved had shed partial sunshine over the darkness of my spirit, when one approached her with the greeting of friendship—*here* was at once the embodiment of my hitherto inexplicable dread. I looked and shuddered—it was a female; tall, and haughty in her beauty, but I dwelt only on her eyes—*those eyes!* She spoke to Isidora; I think she smiled as she spoke, but she turned those dark, deep, scathing eyes on me. I remember that we were presented to each other: I strove to utter the words of compliment, but they died soundless on my tongue, yet *she* heard them—she must have heard them, for she replied to the import of that which I had vainly striven to articulate. Long she remained beside us, yet I could not overcome the feeling which oppressed me; at length she turned away, and I glanced at Isidora, as though I feared more than thought

dared to image: the blossoms had withered in her hair, and she looked paler than her wont, but she was smiling still, and appeared unconscious of the change. I strove to think that the glare of the many-coloured lamps which burned around us had cast that deadly hue over the countenance of my beloved, but no—no—my foreboding was no idle vapour of the imagination—I look back, and wonder that I could ever have been so deceived!

The mother of Isidora was a widow; I never knew her father: men whispered strangely of his wild mood and fitful humours; and dropped dark hints of his deep and hidden researches into unholy things, but I listened to them with the ear of a lover—he was in his grave, and to me, his child was dearer than the desert-spring to the parched wanderer.

On the morrow I sought her dwelling: Isidora was alone; I questioned her of the fearful stranger, but she laughed at my suspicions, and strove to silence every foreboding with a smile. She had been a dear and tried friend of her dead father: they had read together, studied together, and he had loved her as his child—many of those silent and awful hours which the world wastes in sleep, they had spent over massive tomes, and apparently inexplicable figures—Enough! enough! every tale which I had heard, and hitherto accounted idle—every dark whisper and mysterious hint rushed over the tablet of my memory, and became graven there as it were on stone. She visited his grave at midnight; Isidora said to weep over his ashes—I beheld a darker purpose in the practice—I grew more eager in my questioning, and she became more serious in her replies. I had never met this fearful being before, for she was their guest only at such hours as she knew none other would become such; and I learnt more—she held the mind of my beloved in thrall, and the victim bowed unresistingly to her mental vassallage. Whence she came, of what kin or country, none had known, save he who was now in his grave. To me it was enough that she had acquired unlimited do-

minion over the spirit of Isidora! I asked—I entreated—I conjured that she would never meet her more; that she would resign all communion with so fearful, so unhallowed a being; Isidora, who, until that hour, had never owned another will than mine, resolutely refused; it is true that she wept as she did so, but her resolution remained unshaken. She talked of her duty to her dead father's memory; of the affection which in life she had borne him; and eventually she admitted, that even had she sought to escape the thrall, it could not be. In vain I urged her to declare *wherefore*; she was silent: but there was a convulsive quivering of the eyelid, and a rigid contraction of the lips, which proved how deeply she suffered in withholding from me that which I sought. At length she spoke, hoarsely and hurriedly, and I started alike at the import of her words, and at the accents in which they were uttered. I had asked, I had sought too much; I had partially raised a veil which should have been forever drawn between us. I had undone both her and myself!

Time passed swiftly in this harrowing interview, yet neither appeared to note it. Evening thickened around us, and we heeded it not; Isidora leant dejectedly in the deep recess of a window, and I stood beside her struggling with mental misery. How often did the idea fasten on my spirit that night, that she was lost to me for ever! Once I instinctively grasped a portion of her white robe, and gazed earnestly in her face—I had never seen her look so before: it was not the Isidora of the preceding evening, buoyant with beauty, adorned with flowers, joyous in the full rush of youth and happiness: I had aroused a thousand busy memories in her mind, which for its own peace should have slept for ever. What visions filled her soul in that silent hour, as we stood together in the darkness! She gave me one look of wretchedness, and I understood it; *that* look seemed to have made me a partner in all her miserable secret. I asked, I wished to know no more. She pressed her hand upon her throbbing temples, and I felt my own beat with painful intensity; large drops rolled down her pallid cheeks, yet they did not look like tears; and as I gazed on

her, a cold moisture started from my brow, which seemed like the weighty pressure of a chill, damp hand. The clouds passed away, and the pale moon cast a thread of light into the chamber: Isidora raised her eyes heavily to it, and mine followed them; a dark shadow crossed the casement; an owl shrieked out its wild cry in the distance, and again the shadow passed. Isidora convulsively grasped my hand. I knew it, I felt it all! my beloved was the enthralled victim of unholy arts, and I was a very wretch. Madly I hurried from the apartment; a cold wind swept through the open door; something rushed past me at the entrance, and a derisive laugh burst upon my ear. I would have turned back, but could not. I was not master of my own motions; and while I struggled to return to my mistress, I regained my own solitary lodging. A dim lamp was burning on the table; as I entered, it flickered, threw up its light as if in mockery, and expired! I cast myself on my bed: I tried to think, but my brain appeared scorched. Every pulse quivered, and every vein swelled almost to bursting; even now, the memory of that awful night haunts me with maddening tenacity; it was the first of unalloyed misery which I had ever passed. I heard the laugh for years—the bitter, mocking, and demoniac laugh! but *that* night I heard it with tenfold force: every beat of my throbbing temples seemed to peal it back. I do not think I slept, or if I did, such sleep can only curse! The light came at length, the light of morning. I believe the sun shone brightly, I have heard so since, but I saw it not. I sat silently, sullenly—reckless of what more might chance, almost unconscious of all which had already happened. I heard voices as of people in converse, many, and loud voices, but I did not distinguish their words, nor did I attempt to address them; soon, I became conscious that I was no longer in my own chamber, for I felt the motion of a vehicle, and was sensible that I was whirled rapidly along; I do not think I regretted it, though every moment separated me yet further from Isidora. I slept too—deep, dreamless, death-like sleep, without a pang, as without a memory; but at length I was aroused.—

What art thou, Nature? thou great, incomprehensible, unerring power! Thou, who didst burst the bonds of mental darkness by one tone, one tear, and awake me again to suffering? The first sound which I distinguished was the convulsive sob of my gray-haired father, sorrowing for his only child—the first object of which I was conscious was the tear of my aged mother, weeping over her boy! Other sounds and sights had availed nothing; but the tear, the tone of a parent, had recalled my waning intellect. I lived with them for months; at times I was silent and sullen, at times wild and ungovernable. I laughed too, but it was not the laugh either of joy or of bitterness, it was but giving voice to that undying laughter which was for ever pealing through my brain. Once I thought of Isidora, clearly, distinctly. I remembered all that had passed in our last interview—I had a thousand questions to ask, a thousand feelings to explain; for with me, the suffering had been all feeling, circumstances had as yet added little. I strove to do this; I wished to tell her that my malady was overpast, and that we should meet again; but I strove in vain. I could not trace a single character: eagerly I seized a book to convince myself of this new misery. I sought to decipher that on which I looked, but a mass of indistinct figures met my eye, and I could not comprehend a single sentence; then I remembered the pride of my parents and when they had heard my talents vaunted, and my industry extolled, and I sat down, and wept like a child; but this feeling lasted not long, other and deeper miseries soon obliterated its memory. I asked for Isidora, for my affianced bride, but I asked in vain: she had departed from her home, and they had uselessly striven to discover the place of her retreat: I listened to them with the vacant stare of idiocy. I answered them with the laugh of madness, I echoed their words with the light tone of utter imbecility, I bade them be gay like me, fell prostrate on the earth like one smitten by a death-arrow, and relapsed. Some experimental friend advised travel; new sights, new ties, new pursuits were talked of, as a cure for my malady; but what could this avail? Let the body be transported where it may, the heart will be ever on the same spot, if it hath a tie

like mine, it was not made for travel. Isidora! it was on the spot where we had last met, where we could never meet again.

Heavens! that I should have yielded to their officious care; that I did not persist in wasting away my days, at least without an accession of misery. Was it not enough that I was to be banished from my home, from my parents, and even yet both were most dear to me! but I must be fettered by a companion: they even explained to me the necessity of this arrangement, and I humbly, abjectly admitted that I was not worthy to be intrusted with my own safety; I admitted it, with the carelessness of a man degraded by misery beneath all his kind, and not caring to be esteemed otherwise.

We visited Scotland: I looked on her stupendous mountains, and her roaring cataracts, with wild and frenzied delight: I stood, and smiled to feel the spray falling like a heavy shower on my uncovered head; and I wandered over her sterile heaths with a proud feeling of freedom from all thrall, save that of my own spirit:—this is all I now remember of my sojourn; every where I looked for Isidora; but why did I hope? I saw her not—she was lost to me—utterly lost!

Change, change, painful, heartless change was ordained for me, and I submitted. It was on a placid evening that we embarked for Italy; the sun went down gloriously, and the sails of our bark looked gorgeous beneath its beams. I leant over the vessel's side with my companion: he talked of the delicious country which we were about to visit, of its luxury, and its delights; and I listened in silence. He expatiated on the beauty of its daughters, and my heart swelled, for I thought of Isidora. Long and maddeningly he dwelt on their dark, soul-insnaring eyes: he had been tutored, methought, to torture me—*those eyes!* I thought but of *those*. I had not laughed for months, and now he started from me as my wild thrilling laugh pealed along the placid waters. We talked no more of the beauties of Italy; with him I talked no more on any subject, for the morrow brought a storm—poor fool! he had been sent to protect me in my wanderings—thus doth the world err in its estimate of power. I saw

him, my protector! quail before the heaving billows, and tremble at the voice of the tempest, while I stood by unmoved. How gallantly that vessel rode the storm! Now, indeed, I might be said to live again. I listened to the deep tones of the mariners, and the shrill whistling of the tempest-breath among the cordage; and to me it was melody. Evening came on, dense and lurid, giving assurance of a night of peril: for me it had no terrors, for to me what did life avail? But there were others in that labouring ship whose fears were too great for utterance—the pampered children of the world, whose paths had been over roses, and whose days had been hitherto all sunshine! I had heeded them little before, for I shunned all communion with my kind, when one hasty glance had satisfied me that those who ruled my destiny were not among them; now I examined them narrowly in the exaltation of my spirit. Yes, *I* alone, of all who thronged that gallant ship, *I* alone was reckless of what might chance that night. There were two on the deck in that hour of trial whom I have never forgotten since—until now I had hated them; hated them with the bitter hate of *envy*—they had loved, and they were happy. If I looked twice on any face around me, as we bade adieu to the shores of Scotland, it was on that of the young bride; she was so fond, so fair, so unfitted for wrestling with the evils of this world, that I could have wept over her. I looked but once upon her bridegroom; I could not bear the haughtiness of his proud, exulting joy: it seemed to challenge the envy of every heart—heaven knows! I could not bear it, and I hated them both for *his* sake. Now I thought of them again: *now*, when the vessel rocked, and groaned, and shivered through every plank; when the rent sails and the severed cordage flapped idly against the naked mast; when the billows burst over us, I thought of her again. I listened to her shriek, her frenzied prayer for mercy—I forgot her exulting partner, and I pitied her!—Another moment of awful and highly-wrought suspense, another peal of death-announcing thunder, and a crash, as of destruction, was heard; there was a loud cry that the vessel had parted, but it was only the voice of fear, not of reality: in the next moment she was proudly

riding on the topmost wave of ocean! But that cry had been heard by all; and ere long the bridegroom madly sprang on deck, bearing in his arms his fair young wife; the haughty smile was gone—he challenged no envy *now*! he had won that which he could not hold—sought that which he could not save. I was not the only breathing wretch among my kind. How I watched him in that moment! how earnestly I gazed on his misery. Poor, pampered minion of a treacherous world! his bride was in his arms, and he looked not on her. How often had he vowed in his fondness, that possessing *her*, all beside would be but as nothing to him? Yet here! here! he clasped her—she was all his own; and he stood with dilated nostrils, distended eyes, and livid lips, a breathing statue of despair. I could trace every vein in his high forehead; I could hear, in my mind's ear, the grinding of his fast-clenched teeth. With one arm he clung to the vessel's mast, while the other supported the wretched girl, who lay upon his breast, unconscious of the horrors which environed her. Once the red lightning flashed over her face, and the demons of the storm might have hushed their howlings at such a sight: her long hair streamed down even to the vessel's deck, with the big drops falling from it like rain; part of her dress was torn away, and brow, and cheek, and throat, and bosom, were of the same marble hue. Poor child! what had she to do amid such a scene? The bridegroom spoke not, looked not on his fond one as she lay there in her helplessness—love was swallowed up in misery: his upraised, outstretched eyes were full of horror; despair was in every lineament of his fine countenance; life, and that which had been dearer to him than life, hung on the issue of a moment. Rightly had he read his fate. A huge wave swept over us: convulsively he clasped his wife more closely, loosened his hold of the mast, to unfold her in his arms, and, ere a hand could be outstretched to save them, they were gone! I heard one yell of agony, and I knew his voice. I distinguished a mass of white drapery for a moment on the wave, and I felt that they were at least blessed in having died together!

How I love to linger on any remembrance which does not bear on my own

individual wretchedness. Suffice it that on the morrow, as the light broke, the tempest gradually subsided; still the angry waters swelled, and bellowed beneath us; but the drenched mariners shouted out in exultation that the danger was overpast; some of their number were missing; and as each survivor anxiously sought those who were dear to him, I thought of my protector—we had parted for ever—he had not outlived the storm! For a moment I stood stupified; I, who had looked on without dread, and without anxiety, I had been spared; yet he who had trembled, prayed, ay, and wept in the bitterness of his agony, *he was the prey of the dark waters!* Sadness fell heavily on my heart for awhile, and sorrow pressed upon my spirit, but I had little grief to spare for the miseries of others. Soon came the remembrance that I was *free*; and if I had no longer one to protect, I had equally none to control me. I might again mingle with my fellow-men upon equal terms. I should be no longer pointed at as a maniac, or shunned as a pestilence. I might bare my brow to the winds of heaven with the freedom of other men. I was a new being. I hurried to my cabin to rejoice unseen, as best becomed my mood. I extended my arms, as though I would have grasped the globe: I sprang from the floor, as if too buoyant in spirit to tread on aught so gross and palpable: I shouted in the excess of my delight, and for a time became almost the madman which I dreaded to be thought. Gradually my joy subsided, and I returned to the deck to contemplate once more the heaving waters. Many were speaking of my composure, and serenity of mood, during the tempest-hour; some even talked of it to myself, and I answered them with the smile of bitterness and contempt. In a few days we reached the shores of Italy, and I fixed my home in Venice.

Why did I madly follow the plan which had been laid down for me? but let those murmur whom luxury and satiety have made querulous: what has a wretch like me to do with regret? For awhile I was happy, if that can be called happiness which is at best but a temporary forgetfulness of evil. Night after night I was floating over the tranquil waters, hearkening to the sweet chant of the gondo-

lerii, and watching the long shadows of the illuminated palaces, as they stretched far across the glittering waves; there, as the light bark darted on, I thought of Isidora, of my lost bride; and in those tranquil moments I even thought without bitterness of my fate; I wept like a woman, but I no longer felt as a fiend. I envied no man's happiness, or if indeed I envied, I did not hate. Had I lived on thus, all had been well; but it could not be: I had riches at command, and I lavished them like one who was ignorant or reckless of their value: this, in the world's vision, is more than enough. How many friends I might have had, had I known how to relish the friendship of the idle! I was courted by the gay and the happy; the song and the dance wooed me, but I withstood them all—then came the deeper allurements of beauty; the soft glance, the fond whisper, and the half-smothered sigh—vain, vain, most vain—cold, and passionless remembrances of the hours I had passed with Isidora. I sickened, and shook off their chains.

One night, one baneful, blighting night, I was, as my wont, alone on the still waters; there was a moon in the heavens, and a sparkle on the waves; music was floating in the air, and a murmur came soothingly from the distant city. It was such a night as I had learnt to love; and I lay, as it were, entranced, when a wild laugh pealed out near me, and a gondola shot swiftly past; that laugh aroused me in an instant; I started, and looked up; there was a gay and gorgeous company in the little bark, and their light mirth rang shrilly over the waters; but I could not be deceived by these after-sounds of merriment—my spirit struggled within me, my pulse quickened, and I gasped like one suffocating. I saw no more of the rapid gondola that night. I returned to my home, and until morning I traversed my chamber in agony of soul. On the following evening I was there again: I strained my eyes for hours as each idle bark glided past me, and I panted like a criminal awaiting the fiat of life or death. Midnight came; I listened to the hour as it chimed, and to the responsive bells as they pealed out from the turrets of the neighbouring convents; as they ceased, a gondola, slowly and heavily approaching mine,

once more aroused me. I looked intently—I clenched my teeth—I clung with convulsive tension to the side of my little bark, and I met *those eyes* again—those dark, deep, fearful eyes! Yes, *she* was there! the fiend who had made me a madman—the demon whose very memory was gnawing away my vitals, was before me! She knew me too, knew me, and smiled: something she murmured to her companion, who slowly withdrew a dark veil from her face, and I beheld Isidora! my own—my affianced bride. I uttered one frenzied cry of recognition, and she replied to it by a long, heart-rending shriek. Alas! it availed us not—the gondola in which she sat shot away like a meteor, and her shriek was unheard by all but me; or if it indeed were heard, it was unheeded, save perchance as some passenger idly crossed his forehead, and increased his speed, reckless of the cause which drew it forth.

Isidora was in Venice! I almost forgot the vicinity of her fearful companion in exultation at the discovery. What power should hide her from my pursuit? In this one idea I felt more than human. I could have grasped the globe, and hurled it back again to chaos. I could have gathered together the boundless ocean, and poured down its assembled waters in ruin upon a deluged world. I was all-powerful, all-sufficient! But this mental effort brought exhaustion in its train, and I sank, weak and panting, upon my bed. My gondola was abandoned; I became feverish and excited; I mingled with the proud and the powerful, and every where I looked for Isidora—vainly looked. I talked of her—I described her pallid beauty; I offered large sums for the most remote hint of her abode, and I was listened to with wonder; some pitied me as a maniac, and all laughed at me as an enthusiast.

I was bidden to a banquet, and I went—went, branded as I was with the signet of misery, to mingle with the sons and daughters of pleasure; and I even ascended the marble steps of the palace with a smile. I had spared no cost to array myself for the festival, for still my heart clung to the belief that I might yet meet Isidora. The white plumes of my hat swept the paved hall as I entered, and the jewelled clasps of my vestment cast back the lustre of the

lamps which flashed upon them: many eyes turned on me as I stood among the costly throng; but ere long I withdrew from the idle gaze of the multitude to commune with my own thoughts. How many forms of beauty flitted before me that night, yet I heeded them not. There were hired minstrels, the vaunted of their country, murmuring out their love-inspiring strains, yet I scarcely heard them: gallant cavaliers were pouring fond vows into their ladies' ears, but I did not envy them; I thought only of Isidora, of my beloved one! Listlessly I wandered through many a costly saloon, and odour-breathing recess, silent and solitary, and my spirit became calmed as the sound of revelry grew fainter on my ear. There was one apartment which I had yet to traverse; it was gay with light and flowers, and none were near to look on its gorgeousness. My eyes wandered round it, and instinctively fixed on a low door at its extremity, half shrouded by branches of the odorous lemon-tree. With a feeling which defied all analysis, wild, overwhelming, and irresistible, I laid my hand on the fastening of that partially-hidden door, and it yielded to my touch. The apartment I had left was refulgent with light; the one I entered was illuminated only by one solitary lamp; no reveller had been expected *there*! The faint light accorded well with the gloominess of my mood, and I advanced in silence, such silence that I did not disturb its inmate. One glance sufficed. I knew her at once! She was seated at a table, covered with black-letter tomes, and figures of dubious import, earnestly engaged in tracing some intricate characters. Madly I sprang towards her, and she looked up—looked up, and fixed on me, *those eyes* which I could never meet without a quailing of the spirit. There was neither anger nor contempt on her countenance as she turned it towards me, but its cold, blank expression chilled my very vitals. I conjured her to restore my bride, and she looked on me in silence. I talked of my sufferings, of my agony, of my despair—fool that I was to offer such a banquet to her demoniac spirit! I besought, I wept, passionately wept. I cast myself at her feet, and writhed in the bitterness of my anguish. I raved like a maniac. I vowed to her my fortune and my for-

givenness—what cared she for either? Now again the bitter, deriding laugh burst upon my ear: and the deep voice swept through the gloom with soul-appalling sound. I had undone myself, nay, more bitter still, I had undone her who loved me. What had I to do with the secrets of the mighty, and the hidden spells of the powerful? was it for me to unfurl the scroll of potency? I had sinned the sin, and I must pay the forfeit. Bitterly was it paid! we were to meet once more—in that very hour we were to meet—and even amid my misery, my heart bounded to the thought! Slowly my tormentor rose, and I followed: we traversed a gloomy gallery, and a faint lamp alone marked our way; a door opened, a figure approached, and I sprung forward. Fool! idiot! madman! did I rush forward to meet misery the sooner? a strong hand held me back, and I could not shake it off: it grasped mine, as though its sinews had been of heated iron, it grasped mine, and the fever of that touch is on it yet! Slowly came the dark figure on, and my eyes dilated as I gazed. It was—it was Isidora. Her whom I had loved, whom I yet loved with all the passion of a lover, with all the frenzy of a maniac; but the look of tenderness, the joy of recognition, where were they? Replaced by the long robe of serge, the deathly

shroud, and the shorn tresses! Could it be? Did I live, and breathe, and hold my being like my fellow-men? I strove to speak, but my parched tongue refused its office. I struggled to approach my mistress, but I could not move a limb; a cloud passed over my spirit, and I sank senseless to the earth.

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When I again awoke to perception, my fond mother was watching over me. My tale may appear wild and improbable; I do not ask any to credit it; it is enough for me to be haunted by its memory. They tell me that I have been mad for years, and that it is the lingering phantom of a diseased mind. They have shown me, too, a grave, which they say is that of Isidora; and they affirm that she died of a broken heart! but this is idle—have I not the fever of that demoniac touch yet on my withering hand? and the pealing of that unnatural laughter still echoing through my brain?

Let those who have never looked on such fearful sights, hearkened to such appalling sounds, and been the victims of such overwhelming miseries, live on in their unbelief. Come ye, who like me have seen, and heard, and felt all these, come, and yield me credit!

Æ. Æ.

A F R A G M E N T.

There is a passionate spell upon my soul
For which words have no name, and voice no sound;
The spirit-wandering of my solitude.—
My lute can never breathe it, for its chords
Are slacken'd by disuse, or only strung
Responsive to the finger of light mirth
And joyous revelry. Oh! in such hours
A thousand memories float across my heart.
Pale, shadowy forms of long departed things,
Like dreams before the sleeping poet's thought:—
An inward working of the o'erwrought mind,
Toiling to free itself, and idle song
Beseems not such a transport—what were song
Amid this passion-gust? the world looks on,
The surface-scanning world! and coldly smiles;
And I smile too, but 'tis in bitterness.
They tell me I am young, and bid me wreath
My hair with roses, and my lip with smiles.

'Twere but to blight the blossoms in their bloom ;
 For there is fire enough in my scathed brain
 To shrivel them at once—and for my lip,
 How could it play the traitor to my heart,
 And, like the sunlight streaming on the grave
 Of some poor, withered, broken hearted one,
 Mock at the desolation which it made
 More utter, by the contrast?—let me pass—
 I am not for the world, nor it for me ;
 Give me the mountain, with its crown of clouds,
 The forest, with its voice of mystery ;
 Give me the night, with its pale, magic light,
 Its tears of dew, its shadows lengthen'd out,
 Like dark thoughts in the meditative mind ;
 And, above all, its sweet, sad, silver moon !
 How I do love her, with her train of stars ;
 Empress of midnight ! queen of solitude !
 How calmly she looks down on all the earth,
 The happy sleeping, and the wretch awake.
 The sorrowing know not slumber—how she smiles
 Upon the silvered waters of the lake
 And gems their tranquil surface—and how bright
 Her glances make the billows heaving up,
 An ocean multitude ! in the deep sea—
 Be these, and such as these, my heritage.
 What has the world to offer worthy thought ?
 Nothing—and yet, oh yes ! some things it has,
 Most beautiful : the sweet, mysterious ties
 Of child and parent—and the memory
 Of something yet more exquisite than these—
 Those ties, that memory, are mine—all mine—
 Death has come once to my heart's citadel
 And swept away its brightest, best beloved ;
 And memory is all that yet remains.
 But wherefore whisper my heart's history ?
 Enough that I have suffer'd, and have felt ;
 Who that has lov'd has not ? then let me pass
 From the world's records like a dreamless night
 Of which the sleeper can recall no trace.
 I ask not pity, for my grief is proud ;
 Nor sympathy, for I am full of tears.

S. S.

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF SULLY.

PART III.

SULLY had long seen, with deep anxiety, the danger to which the king, his master, was exposed, not only from the hired assassins whom his enemies could at any time bribe to their service, but from the traitors that sat at his councils, that fed at his tables, and that shared his amusements. He knew that the most seemingly faithful among his servants, were so no longer than it suited

their purposes. He had oftentimes asked himself, was this state of treason and civil war to be perpetuated ? and, if not, where and when was it to end ? True it was, that Henry was brave, intelligent, resolute, and high-spirited ; but no sovereign, be the innate energies of his mind what they may, could combat at once the intrigues of a powerful faction, the artifices of a fanatical priesthood,

and the degeneracy of a divided kingdom. The most sanguine victories brought him no repose. A conquered army was rapidly recruited—when again subdued, they buried their dead, and prepared for a fresh conflict. But ought the life of the king to be consumed amidst this breathless succession of civil wars, and his people exposed incessantly to all the miseries which civil war brings in its train? Sully had long revolved all this in his mind; and at length, after much profound and patient thinking, he resolved on advising the prince to change his religion, and to become at once, in name and profession, a Catholic. He weighed well the consequences of the advice he was about to give. It was not from a feeling of indifference towards religion, that Sully decided thus. As a subject, he himself continued to adhere to the faith in which he had been educated. But the case here was widely different. A sovereign has higher and deeper interests at stake than his own: he ought never, certainly, to make religion an engine of state; but it is his imperative duty to make it, as far as he can, an engine of repose to the government, and of happiness to his people. To do all the good we can, each in his sphere of service, is to render ourselves most acceptable to that Being, who is himself the author and the giver of all good. This, as a rule of action, applies equally to all men, and to all stations, from the highest to the most humble. It is a criterion of right and wrong, to which we may always, and upon every occasion, refer. Examined by this test, the policy of Sully was sound, benevolent, and well-considered. He plainly saw that by no other means could the wounds of the state be closed. Without it there could be no hope of a cordial and lasting tranquillity. It must have been familiar to a mind like his, that it is not given to any earthly tribunal to rectify erroneous opinions; and that, in truth, there is nothing in the religious persuasion, whether of a Catholic or Protestant, which should make either, that acts uprightly, a less valuable subject, or a less amiable man.

Henry was a prince of strong discernment; he had an unbounded confidence as well in the integrity as in the sound

judgment of Sully; and, on his return to Mante, from which he had been a short time absent on an excursion, he, on his very first interview with him, turned the discourse on the distressing situation in which he was placed by the restless conspiracy of rival factions, by the bitter animosity of the clergy, and by the various obstacles which continued to keep him out of possession of the throne to which he was the lawful heir; and he proceeded to consult him as to the course of conduct which, under all circumstances, it would be most advisable to pursue. In this conference it was that Sully suggested to the king, that to embrace the Catholic faith was the only step by which the true interests of both religions could be promoted, and a quiet avenue opened to the crown. The king, though he felt the full force of Sully's reasoning, at once saw and stated, the almost insuperable difficulties that offered themselves to such a measure: on the one hand, the sure resistance of the Catholic leaders, who had been long intriguing with Spain to exclude him from the succession, as an enemy of their faith; and on the other, the opposition of the Protestants, who had long flattered themselves with the hope of having a sovereign of the reformed religion on the throne. But Sully undertook to remove these obstacles, formidable as they appeared. He had moved too long in the circle of a court not to know that the mighty of the earth are often the most venial; that the patriot in council, as well as the priest in the belfry, is open to the simple eloquence of a bribe, and will cease to strike the bell that warns his country of danger, if his silence is well paid for. Sully, who was an adroit negotiator, proceeded to conduct the business in the usual routine. He began with the most influential—offers and promises were scattered with profusion—places and promotions were bestowed in requisite abundance. The turbulent, by degrees, became mild—obduracy softened—independence gave way—heresy and schism seemed, for the time, to disappear. In a word, Sully addressed himself so successfully to both parties, that a public conference immediately took place, and the king shortly afterwards * went in due form to the church

of St. Denis, attended by the archbishop, the bishops, the crosier, the crucifix, and the holy water; and there, on his knees, abjured all heresies denounced by the holy Catholic church. A formula was forthwith drawn up, which the king subscribed, recognizing all the tenets of the Romish church, the seven sacraments, the sacrifice of the mass, transubstantiation, the invocation of saints, the worship of relics and images, purgatory, indulgences, and the supremacy of the pope. This done, he kissed the archbishop's ring, and received absolution, after which the music within played the *Te Deum*, and the crowds on the outside, amongst whom a sum of money had been thrown, shouted forth their plaudits and rent the air with the cry of *Vive le Roi!*

The estates of Paris did not long continue to assemble after the king had thus solemnly entered into the bosom of the church. The Duke of Mayenne prorogued their meeting for an indefinite period, and the deputies returned to their respective provinces. The majority of them being extremely dissatisfied, were, on that account, the more readily disposed to submit themselves to their legitimate sovereign, and within the year the League was in effect dissolved. There was a frank benevolence of manner, and a goodness of heart, about the character of Henry IV. which soon gained him a strong ascendancy over the affections of the people, and became the surest guarantee for the security of his government.

The religious dissensions with which France had been so long torn having, in process of time, abated, Henry found it necessary to attend to the pecuniary affairs of his kingdom. He was desirous of making Sully superintendent of the finances; but in order to avoid the jealousy and dissension that such an appointment would occasion, he created a council of finance, consisting of eight persons; at the head of which, for form's sake only, he placed the Duke of Nevers. The king had conceived not only that the monied concerns of a great kingdom were in their nature so intricate, that no one man was adequate to their management, but that by vesting the superintendence of them in a council of eight,

he should create the best possible system of check and controul; but he found, after a time, that this was a mistake—he found that all their hands were at once in the public purse, and that each kept secret the peculations of the other. Sully foretold from the first the failure of the king's well-intentioned policy. He reasoned upon it like a man of sterling mind, who had gained his knowledge from experience, and had reflected to some useful purpose. He held no fine theories about the purity of men in power: he had been too much behind the scenes to be tinctured with that sort of romance. There was then no public debt as at present, and he was clearly of opinion that a council thus composed, offered greater temptations, while it afforded less responsibility. "It is not," says he, "their being placed under a single individual that makes the finances go wrong; for they must inevitably pass through several hands; but the fewer that are trusted, the less will be embezzled. The abuse is in the choice of the man, and not in the nature of the finances; and in these two respects, to distribute the functions among many is to perpetuate the evil. If it is difficult to find, throughout the whole kingdom, one man fit for such an office, how can we expect to find many? Nor is it a less obvious mistake, that all those persons bringing, each in himself, some characteristic good quality, the result would be the same were they combined in one man, since that is to suppose that this single good quality will not be rendered useless by other bad ones, either in the individual himself, or his associates. In almost every case, the leading object of all men, on their entering on public employments, is to raise and enrich themselves and their relations. If this desire of wealth is not felt so strongly at the commencement, it strengthens as he proceeds, and increases with the magnitude of the funds that pass through his hands. In their dependance upon, and mutual fear of, each other, every one considers integrity not only as useless, but injurious, because the honour of it is shared by his colleagues, and the unprofitableness is all his own."

These, it must be confessed, are very unpalatable truths; and no statesman,

into whose mind they had found admittance, would be coveted as a colleague. It is not, therefore, surprising that the Duke of Nevers, the president, should contrive to keep him out of this council, notwithstanding the inclination of the king to introduce him into it. His majesty, however, did not press his appointment, not wishing to embroil himself with the different members, and bestowed upon Sully, by way of compensation, that which pleased him much better, the post of secretary of state, with a salary of 2000 livres a-year, and a pension of 3,600 more.

A government seldom makes any movement towards financial reform, till forced to bestir itself by the near approach of the danger. France, exposed as it had been for so many years to the ravages of civil war, was reduced to the extreme of distress. The insecurity consequent on such a state of things had destroyed the spirit of industry in the arts, in manufactures, and in husbandry. The members could not behold all this with a stoical indifference; some among them were disposed to set seriously about relieving it; while others, less inclined to make the sacrifices which the crisis required, were busy in finding excuses for delay. They pledged themselves to apply their fullest consideration to the subject—recommended that no step should be taken without great caution—declared their aversion to experiments, and their dread of ill-advised measures; and thus, year after year passed away without the adopting any measure at all. In the meantime, cloud gathered upon cloud, and ruin began to approach fast in every direction. The president of the council was no longer equal to the perplexities of his position, and the king, beset with difficulties, resolved to commit the guardianship of his affairs to other hands; and conceiving no man so well qualified to meet the exigencies of the time as Sully, appointed him superintendent of the finances; thus virtually vesting in him

a complete power over all the monied operations of the state.

The system under which the powers of government had been hitherto exercised, was such as could not fail to bring it to the deplorable condition at which it had arrived. The king could not have fallen on a minister better fitted to the task of regeneration. Sully had all the accumulated abuses of corruption and misrule to contend with, but he did not despair. Great firmness of purpose, laborious application, a steady, clear-sighted intellect—all these he possessed in an eminent degree, and to these he added a sincere determination to discharge faithfully the high trust reposed on him. He was no sooner appointed than he began to rectify the mal-practices which had long drained the public treasure. He had found, on coming into office that out of 150 millions of livres levied on the people, only thirty-three millions found their way to the royal coffers. Instead of seeking to supply the deficiency by fresh exactions, he introduced a system of retrenchment so effective, that with this thirty-three millions of livres he paid off, in the course of ten years, 200 millions of regal debt, keeping at the same time a reserve of thirty millions in ready money in the Bastille,* to supply the urgencies of the state.

Sully has admirably summed up the qualifications essential to a prime minister. As a wholesome and effective check against enriching himself by malversation, he advises, that on entering into office, he should draw up a circumstantial statement of his then amount of property, and of his sources of income, and that upon quitting it, he should give in another, drawn up in the same form, so that the profit he had made by the public service may be known to the world as well as to himself. Abhorrent as such a proposition may be to official rulers, in the present day, and unsuitable as the exhibition of such a balance-sheet might be, Sully himself put it in

* Subsequently to the year 1602, the king deposited the surplus of each quarter's revenue, which remained after defraying the expenses of the state, in the Bastille, for safe custody, in coffers appropriated to receive it. The turbulent state of the times had rendered this security necessary. Sully, soon after he became superintendent of the finances, was made governor of the Bastille, grand master of the artillery, and surveyor-in-chief of the roads and fortifications.

practice rigidly, throughout his whole administration. "I have already," says he, "been careful to give the public an account of every increase in my fortune, and of every new dignity conferred upon me, in the order in which they happened, and I shall continue this practice. As I look upon such results to be subject to calculation, I shall put every one in the way of doing it for himself, and, in the mean time, they will see it completely accomplished at the end of these memoirs."

He accordingly proceeds to give the following detail of the patrimony with which he first started into public life, and of the gradual augmentation of his income by the offices successively bestowed upon him.

"My father's estate being equally divided between me and the only surviving brother out of four, my share of it, added to my wife's fortune, which was ten thousand livres a-year, amounted but to an income of fifteen or sixteen thousand livres;* and as this was not much augmented during the five-and-twenty years in which the king's want of funds put it out of his power to reward his servants, this formed my whole income when the revenue of the state were committed to my care. I know there are many persons who would blush to make such a confession; but, as I have already said, there is but one thing of which a man need feel ashamed, and that is, of wealth corruptly or suspiciously acquired. For myself, I have neither the reproach of extortion, nor confiscation, nor equivocal profits, to fear; all that I have added to the means I set out with, has arisen wholly from the king's bounty towards me, so that I owe all to one God and one master.

"What I had been able to add to my fortune up to the present year, 1598, amounted to the following sums. From my appointment as counsellor of Navarre, two thousand livres a-year; the same sum as counsellor of state, with a pension of three thousand six hundred

livres, which the king annexed to this post; my salary as member of the council, having been raised by degrees, and in proportion to his majesty's estimate of my services, amounted, at this time, to twenty thousand livres; the king doubled my company of gend'armes, which consisted, at first, of only fifty men, and being afterwards with that of the queen, of which I was lieutenant-captain, the pay amounted to five thousand livres. I was likewise made an honorary member of the Parliament of Paris, but to this no stipend was annexed. It was at this period that Chauvelier paid me, for the first dispensation which had ever been granted from the rule of forty days, the sum of four thousand crowns. I shall include in one item, the prefectship of Mante, which had been given to me, and that of Gergerau, which was given me afterwards. Such was the state of my fortune at that time† the progress of it, till then somewhat slow, became very rapid the following years, by the high offices with which his majesty honoured me, and by gratuities so considerable, that when I cast them up, they will form one of the most important items. I shall insert in it the very smallest of his presents, and even those which I received from other crowned heads. Before proceeding further," says he, "with these particulars, I will proceed to give a description of my daily employment, and of my mode of living, after I entered on my public capacity. Though, in order to dispose of this topic at once, it is necessary that I should advert to certain posts which were not given to me till some time afterwards."‡

From this account, which he then proceeds to detail, we learn that six days in every week a council was held, both morning and evening. The chief, which occupied three alternate days, was called "The Council of State and Finance," of which the king himself was president, and attended most punctually. The dukes and peers, the officers of the crown, the knights of the orders, insti-

* About 750*l*. The livre of the Paris mint was then twenty-five sous (one shilling and a halfpenny of our money), the livre Tournais, was twenty sous (ten pence); the money struck at Tours being less in value by one-fifth. Calculating, therefore, the livres as shillings, for the sake of even money, we shall have the amount in pounds sterling exact enough for the purpose of estimate, when the income of his respective appointments are stated as well as in every other case where the livre is the denominated coin.

† Ann. 1698.

‡ Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 404.

tuted by his majesty, or such as had a royal warrant, were admitted to a seat, and had a deliberative voice. All petitions, on whatever subject, were here received and examined. The remaining three days of the week were occupied, morning and evening, with councils of another kind, called *Conseils des Parties*, containing appeals and references from private parties; if there were any points in contest, they were despatched to the proper tribunals, care being taken that they were decided with prompt and even-handed justice. Sully never failed to be present at the council of state; the business almost wholly devolved upon him, and to him all letters and petitions were addressed. On questions which required great deliberation, which did not often occur, he generally accompanied his communication of them with a note, of the answer which it would be expedient to give. He was generally employed afterwards, till the hour of supper. When that arrived, he had the doors shut; and forgetting all public business, gave himself up wholly to his wife and children, and the society of a few intimate friends, and at ten retired to bed.

The mass of business which thus came before him, though despatched with the utmost assiduity, necessarily engrossed the greatest portion of every day. It allowed but little relaxation even to the severest labour. Sully rose every morning at four, summer and winter. His two first hours were employed in reading and answering the memorials placed upon his bureau. This he called "cleaning the carpet." He then dressed to attend the council, which met at seven, and lasted till ten, sometimes eleven. The remainder of the morning he usually passed with the king, from whom he received directions on such affairs as fell within the particular situations which he occupied. At twelve o'clock he sat down to dinner; his table scarcely ever exceeded ten covers, and those of the most simple kind. To those who sometimes rallied him on this frugality, he always replied in the words of the ancient philosopher: "if the guests are wise, there will be sufficient for them; if they are not, I can dispense with their company." On rising from dinner, he withdrew into his hall, in which he every day gave a stated audience, and

which, on this account, was always filled about this hour. All persons, of whatever class, were admitted, and every one's business was dispatched before he retired. All the minor duties, such as clearing the accounts of the different persons employed in repairing the highways, and keeping the fortresses in condition, were punctually performed at stated periods. His attention was likewise devoted to the marine, as well as to his office of grand-master of artillery. It required the strong constitution which Sully fortunately possessed to bear him through the fatigue of such varied occupation. The king appreciated very highly this unremitting industry. On arriving one day at the Arsenal, where Sully resided, he asked, on entering, "Where is the minister?" The answer was, "He was writing in his cabinet." Henry, upon this, turning to two of his courtiers who were with him, said, smiling, "Didn't you think that they were going to tell me he was out hunting, or was with the ladies?" Then addressing him to the Duke de Roquelaure, said, "For how much would you lead such a life?" "Not for a kingdom," replied the duke.

The avidity of the courtiers was very ill satisfied under the system of retrenchment which Sully had found it indispensable to adopt. They called him "the Negative;" and said that the word *yes* was never in his mouth. The king, who was aware that abuses abounded every where, and that their reform was imperatively called for by the wants, and by the voice of the nation, not only approved the intrepidity with which his minister attacked them, but knowing what an invidious task he had undertaken, gave him his steadiest countenance and support. Before the date of his stewardship, many of the highest officers of government levied taxes for their own profit, sometimes of their own authority, at other times by virtue of edicts obtained covertly, and by intrigue. Sully opposed himself inflexibly to all this. Count Soissons, about this period, endeavoured to obtain from the king, as the reward of alleged services, an edict empowering him to impose a tax of fifteen sous (7½d.) on every bale of linen brought into or carried out of the kingdom. According to his estimate, this impost would amount only to 10,000

crowns, although, according to Sully's calculation, it would have netted nearly 300,000. At the same time, other courtiers besieged the king, to obtain from him various grants and privileges, all at the expense of the people. Sully went to the palace to remonstrate against these vexatious importunities. He had no sooner arrived, than the Marchioness of Vernueil, one of the king's mistresses, approached him. She had been interesting herself in the success of these different solicitations. Sully did not conceal from her how much he was revolted by the applications thus made by those who surrounded the throne, which could not, in justice or in decency, be granted. "Indeed," said the favourite haughtily, "the king would do well to make so many persons of quality discontented, merely to conform himself to your notions. Besides, on whom ought the king to confer favours, if not on his relations

his courtiers, and his mistresses." "Madam," replied Sully, "you would be perfectly right, if the king took the money out of his own purse; but it seems likely that he must take it out of the pockets of the merchant, the manufacturer, the working people, and the husbandman; now these classes, who not only maintain his majesty, but all of us, have enough in one master only, and do not want so many courtiers, princes, and mistresses." These expressions were reported to Henry, and with a comment calculated to impress the king with the belief that his minister publicly censured his extravagance, and branded all that were the objects of his bounty. But no sooner did the king learn in what quarter, and on what occasion, these remarks originated, than instead of being angered against Sully, he reproved those who would fain pervert them to his prejudice.

LOVE'S LAST DREAM.

En vain le jour succède au jour,
Ils glissent sans laisser de trace ;
Dans mon âme rien ne t'efface,
O dernier songe de l'amour !

DE LA MARTINE.

Day follows day, yet leaves no trace
In earth, or heav'n above ;
But from my soul can nought efface
The last fond dream of love !
I see my years, with swift increase,
Behind me gathering all,
As round its trunk the ser'd oak sees
Its faded foliage fall.
My brow by age is silver'd o'er ;
'The chill'd blood through my viens
Flows slowly—as on Greenland's shore
'The wave that ice enchains.
But oh, thine image—young and bright—
Seen brighter through my tears !
Shines like thy soul in cloudless light,
Unstain'd, unworn, by years.
Long call'd to thine immortal birth,
Thou ne'er hast left mine eyes ;
For when beheld no more on earth,
I saw thee—in the skies !—
And there to me thou dost appear
Such as thou wert that day,
When thou unto thy heavenly sphere
Didst wing thy joyous way.

The beauty to thy being given,
Adorns thee in the sky ;
Thine eyes—whence life's sweet light was driven—
Beam immortality.

Wav'd by the fond and loving air,
Still do thy tresses flow ;
The ringlets of thy long dark hair
Shading thy breast of snow !

Thus veil'd, a softer radiance seems
Thine image to adorn ;
As we behold the sun's bright beams
Through mellowing mists of morn.

With day returns that heavenly light,
With day its glories flee ;
But oh, my love can know no night,
My soul illum'd by THEE.

In desert gloom, and in the storm,
'Tis you alone I see
And hear ; the wave reflects your form—
Winds waft your voice to me.

And when the earth in slumber lies,
When the soft breeze I hear,
Thy soothing words in gentlest sighs
It whispers in mine ear.

When gazing on those fires afar,
That gem the veil of night,
Methinks I see thee, in each star,
Most glorious to my sight.

When zephyr from spring's brightest wreath
Sheds fragrance o'er the plain,
In sweetest odours I but breathe
Thy balmy sighs again.

When wandering lone and silently,
Unheard by mortal ears,
To pour my secret prayers for thee—
Thy hand dries up my tears.

And when I sleep, thy downy wings
Are spread o'er me the while ;
From thee my every dream still springs,
Mild as a seraph's smile.

If in that sleep thou should'st untie
The chain of life, unblest,
My soul's celestial part ! I'd fly
To waken in thy breast !—

Then should our souls, like blended beams
Of the most blessed sun,
Or mingled sighs, or partless streams,
Be ONE—be ONLY ONE !

ALP.

WALKS ROUND OUR LIBRARY.

Our library, fair readers, is none of the largest. We are not of the whip-club, to determine if a coach and six horses could be dexterously turned therein, nor have we any very correct notion of how many volumes find places on our shelves; but we flatter ourselves, that the few hundred we possess are "choice," and this is almost asserting that they are, for the most part, old. Our readers will take it for granted, that the fashionable "libraries" have not contributed vastly to our stock; yet, it would be uncandid to say that we have not, here and there, selected a book from the publications of the last two or three years; though it would be equally unfair to assert that our catalogue owes much to them. We are a sort of absolute monarch in our library, our books are our subjects; we, notwithstanding the march of liberality, keep all of them in their proper places, tax them all as we please, play the despot with all the ease imaginable; exalt some, transport others—just as the whim moves us, so we move them, and as the title of the one or the other pleases our fancy, so we adopt the chosen author as our privy counsellor, for the time being. In our "walks round our library," we shall make a few notes, select a few scraps, record some of our thoughts thereon, and, perhaps, offer a few acceptable deductions.

LITERARY BULLS.

Power supreme!

Whose words can bid the gathering clouds disperse,
And chain the stubborn and contentious winds
When they *unseat the everlasting rocks*,
And cast them to the sky.—*Cumberland*.

When first young Maro, in his boundless mind,
A work to *outlast immortal Rome* designed.—*Pope*.

IRISH GRAMMAR.

Many Irishmen of tolerable education misuse the words "bring," and "brought." They will say, "I went to Dublin last week; the mail *brought* me there nicely." "I am going to Cork to-morrow; the carriage will *bring* me there cleverly." This jargon extends occasionally to their literature. Hawksworth, in his preface to Swift's works, complains, that in an Irish edition, the editor has altered the passage, "A gentleman usher came from court, commanding my master to *carry* me thither," to "A gentleman came from court, commanding my master to *bring* me thither."

EXQUISITE DESCRIPTION OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

Mason had the true touch of poesy in his soul, though it did not often display itself in his *Caractacus*, *Elfrida*, or *Botanic Garden*. But his lines on the death of Lady Coventry, and those on the death of his own wife (a perfect gem!) are enough to establish my position. The whole range of English poetry does not contain a more fascinating delineation of female loveliness, than the following stanzas from his pen, present:—

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
Each look, each motion, mark'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast;
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

CHINESE POETRY.

We extract the following from a work published at the press of the Hon. East India Company in China, in 1824:—

INSIDE OF THE LADIES' OR RETIRED APARTMENTS.

Young Leang now saw that the book-stands were filled with books row after row ;
And perceived that the flowers in every direction sent forth their fragrance.
On the table lay the pearly dulcimer, with its silver strings,
And in the brazen vase, was lit a stick of famed incense.

The silver song and pearly flute, hung against the wall,
And in the corner was placed a double set of dice with the chess board.
On each side of the room were suspended ancient drawings, and elegant stanzas ;
And the newly blown flowers were arranged in a line.

A CHINESE DWELLING.

"To obtain the building," said he, "I will not grudge a thousand pieces of gold,
And will order the joiner to build a good room for a study.
The back-garden shall be laid out with the choicest taste ;
To the west of which shall be raised the evening-fragrant hall.

By the side flowers, I will erect a winding railing,
That the eastern wind may send forth the fragrance of every rare flower ;
To the north shall be built the Secluded-spring room.
Where framed flowers, of every kind, shall be arranged on each side.

From thence a spring of water shall flow to the pond,
While the basin, for the gold and silver fish, shall appear in front of the garden ;
On each side shall be planted the delicate drooping willow,
And near to each other, shall be the red and white water lilies.

The room for observing the passing clouds, shall front the east,
And be ornamented with divers colours to reflect the evening's splendour,
In two rows shall be planted the peach and black bamboos,
While the red railings shall lead to the hall of delightful odours.

In front of the hall shall grow many a rare shrub,
And handsome pans of brown flowers shall be arranged on each side ;
To the south shall be raised a temple to the green plum,
Whose pillars shall be inlaid with five different colours.

A hill shall be formed with stones of grotesque appearance,
On which birds and strange beasts shall appear in motion,
Its beautiful appearance shall excite the envy of the gods,
While its lovely prospect shall surpass the garden of the immortals.

In the *London Evening Post*, of October 10, 1771, is the following advertisement from the late celebrated Dr. Parr:—

The Rev. Mr. Parr, late assistant to the Rev. Dr. Sumner, of Harrow, has purchased a large and commodious house at Stanmore, in Middlesex, late in the occupation of Lady Mary Tryon, and has prepared it for the reception of young gentlemen. His terms are twenty-six guineas for teaching and board, and six guineas entrance.

Mr. Parr will open his school on Monday the 14th instant, and he will take care to provide the best masters for dancing, fencing, and all proper accomplishments.

N.B. As a report, highly prejudicial to my character, has been circulated in respect to my conduct on Thursday last, I find myself under the necessity of publicly denying it. I neither advised, directed, nor encouraged the unhappy disturbance, into which the young gentlemen were hurried. I used every method in my power to check their violence, and gave them the most favourable, and, I must add, just representation of my competitor's deserts. For the propriety of my behaviour I appeal to every person who saw me that day.

October 17, 1771.

SAMUEL PARR.

POETRY AND PROSE.

Dr. Darwin draws the following just distinction between poetry and prose, in one of his *interludes* of the *Botanic Garden*:

Next to the measure of the language, the principal distinction between poetry and prose appears to consist in this—that poetry admits of but few words expressive of very abstracted ideas, whereas prose abounds with them. And, as our ideas derived from visible objects are more distinct than those derived from the objects of our other senses; the words expressive of these ideas belonging to vision, make up the principal part of poetical language. Pope has written a bad verse in the *Windsor Forest*—

And Kennet swift for silver eels RENOWNED.

The word *renowned* does not present the idea of a visible object to the mind, and is thence prosaic. But change this line thus:—

And Kennet swift, where silver graylings *play*—

It becomes poetry, because the scenery is then brought before the eye.

How elaborately Dr. Darwin formed his own poetry, upon this principle is known to every reader of the *Botanic Garden* and the *Temple of Nature*. Nothing is there abstracted—but every thing is placed before the eye in the full luxuriance of particular imagery. Yet, it sometimes betrayed him into ludicrous personification. There is surely something asinine, for example, in the following description:—

Then, on soft tiptoe, NIGHT approaching near
Hung o'er the tuneless lyre his *sable ear*;
Gemm'd with bright stars the still ethereal plain,
And bade his nightingales repeat the strain.

These lines close the *Botanic Garden*: but what a violent image is that of night! Who would not suppose it was a donkey hanging his long ears over the “tuneless lyre”?

A person was boasting, in Foote's presence, of the extraordinary facility with which he could commit any thing to memory, when the modern Aristophanes said he would write down a dozen lines in prose which he would not repeat, from memory, in as many minutes. A wager was instantly laid, and Foote produced the following:—

So she went into the gardens to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie; and at the same time a great she bear coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. What, no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picinnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots.

Such a mass of unconnected nonsense defied memory, and the wit won his wager.

TO THE METHODIST.

Oh say not that sorrow like pain is our doom,
That in penance and tears we existence must spend!
This beautiful world to o'ershadow with gloom
Attempt not, nor vainly with nature contend!
Say, wherefore our strong social impulses given,
If in joy to converse with our species be sin?
If worthless renown, why resistlessly driven
By peril and toil reputation to win?
Say, why ev'ry nerve, ev'ry pulse in our frame
To sweet names of kindred throbs yearningly true,
If no more of love than a stranger may claim
To parent, child, brother, or consort be due?

Would nature so lavishly charm ev'ry sense,
 If but to be vanquished were senses bestow'd?
 Would science, wit, genius, such rapture dispense,
 From their culture if guilt and impiety flow'd?
 Then, what tho' enthusiast zealots may rave
 Of devotional feelings unearthly as these?
 That beneficent God all our feelings who gave
 By unnatural sacrifice think not to please.
 Our instincts, our reason, sense, passion, and wit,
 All are portions alike of Omniscience' plan,
 That temp'ring each other, harmoniously knit,
 Their union might form the perfection of man.
 Nor were they bestow'd, those emotions and powers
 To torture, enthrall'd—or down-trampled, decay,
 But our arduous path to embellish with flowers,
 To ennoble, enlighten, and sweeten life's day.
 On the beauties by nature profusely display'd
 Let thy senses then revel in holy delight.—
 On the mountain, the rock, the embrown'd forests' shade,
 The measureless ocean's tempestuous night,
 Or transparent expanse that of emerald hue,
 Glitters bright in the sunshine with undulous swell,
 On the silvery moon in her realm of deep blue,
 Let thine eyes with inebriate luxury dwell.
 Of the fragrance that breathes from the earth and the air,
 And Flora's gay children, the perfume inhale;
 Let thine ear drink the music, untutor'd by care,
 That resounds from the woodland, that floats on the gale.
 Nor deem it less innocent joy to admire
 Of genius possess'd by thy fellows the fruit;
 Art's self is but Nature; th' unquenchable fire
 Her boon, that distinguishes man from the brute.
 Then revel uncheck'd in the wonders of art,
 Of the pencil, the chisel, the lyre's golden strings;
 And bless the rich gift, over mind, sense and heart,
 Her spell ether-woven, when pocsy flings.
 Let the theatre's witch'ry, the actor's rare skill,
 An hundred fold force to her talisman give,
 And passion's impetuous sympathies thrill,
 The soul that now seems but for laughter to live.
 Thy faculties quicken, invig'rate, refine;
 The heights, and the depths of each science explore;
 Let thy fancy and wit, vivid meteors, shine
 Enrich'd with all fable's, all history's lore.
 And to tender affections surrender thy heart,
 Ev'n to passionate love, so its ardour be pure;
 Take freely in gay social converse thy part,
 Nor ev'n fashion's enjoyments austerely abjure.
 Nor in study nor pleasure pollution suspect,
 While no eye by thy fault is bedimm'd with a tear,
 While the blissful possession's unbought by neglect
 Of the duties allotted to each in his sphere.

M. M.

ODE TO THE YEAR 1831.

BY UN AMICA, ED AMATORE DELLA POESIA ITALIANO.

The following is one of several translations we have received of the Italian Ode which graced our last number (p. 88); and while thanking our correspondents collectively, they will perceive we have selected that which has caught the inspiration of the poet with the greatest energy.

1.

ARISE! brandish the warlike spear! wave on thy forehead the helmet's plume! descend to the field thou minister of fate: for oh! how many things are expected of thee!—In the road which Time points out to thee, may ev'ry step be deeply traced: to the people may it prove a joyful memento, but to kings an awful remembrance!

2.

Oh! should'st thou complete the sublime work, for which fate has made thee its minister, thy name in the list of great events, shall be called the *grand year of sacred redemption*. Glorions in a harvest of laurels, splendid in dazzling rays, blessed among years shalt thou be, in the voice of ev'ry age.

3.

Human reason, thy forerunner, with hasty strides, is seeking the same end; even in Austria she is secretly wandering, and in Russia she opens to herself a road; and while flashing her eternal torch, as she passes along, she thus continually repeats, Arise! arise! ye languid mortals, I am the dawn of thy new day.

4.

At these words, which the echo repeats, Gaul (already roused), Helvetia, Brabant, and Sarmatia, forming a large circle around, vie with each other in patriotic valour; and such words are like winds from the south, fanning the raging flashes of an awful conflagration, while the excited people, agitated by new fury, become even flames themselves.

5.

From the summit of the snowy Alps, to the top of the flaming Etna, she gigantically passes, and repasses; and thus she speaks to Italy: Bind on thy helmet, lay down thy mitre, O ancient mistress of the world! Rouse thee! rouse thee, from thy deep sleep, for I am the dawn of thy new day.

6.

That hyperborean bird of prey, the enemy, who fixes his *double beak* in thy breast, whose hunger is never satiated, but even by nourishment increases; who destroys thee, devours thee, tears thee, whilst thou wilt not shake off thy fatal sloth? nor sever the twin heads, by a noble impulse of hallow'd fury?

7.

Splendid torches of brilliant examples from a distance glance at thee, and thou, of what art thou thinking? why dost thou delay when Fortune would second thy daring? he who scourges thee with a rod of iron, sneeringly laughs at thy distress, and exclaims in the malignancy of his soul, *He who suffers deserves to suffer*.

8.

Where now (it is said) are the descendants of the Scipios and the Bruti? Behold them there! is the reply, among that herd of beaten slaves.—Has Italy no other heroes to show, than those of broken stones? Such are the inquiries deridingly made to each other, even to the very coward, who makes cowards of thee.

9.

Swallow again, ye proud mockers, the poison which has tainted your lips, for in that *One* who conquer'd you all, has Italy shown you her children! That tremendous giant of war! Hast thou forgotten that he was born her offspring? and hat the great soul who dazzled the world was a spark of the Italian sun?

10.

His power against the attacks of his enemies was as a solid rock against the winds; and as a cedar raises itself above the wild forest-plants, so was he exalted above the common race of kings. To his own hand in the book of fate, both peace and war were consign'd, and those tyrants who now oppress the land stood then all trembling at his feet.

11.

His vivid light is set, and they have risen from their depths profound, as the shadows arise again upon the earth when the sun disappears from the world.—Ye dark shadows of a northern night! in the land of sun condensed! Ye shades of darkness vanish! disappear! I am the dawn of thy new day.

12.

Thus said (still flashing her torch) the forerunner of the day of peace; and the agitated flame seem'd almost consciously to redouble its splendour, while the shades thus driven before it, in eager contact, appear'd wandering around, and at the announcement of an approaching day, Italy shakes off her unworthy torpor.

13.

To arms! cries the warlike Sabaudia!—To arms! cries the bold Liguria! and Insubria, Emilia, Etruria, at these words, all brandish their steels; from the heights of the snowy Alps, to the top of the flaming Etna, all swear to tear the bird of prey from its nest.

14.

Ye monsters who have shed human blood! who have punish'd even thoughts and desires; e'en now from the vial of God's wrath, does the smoke of that blood arise, and the pale vapours of exhalation form silently into a cloud, in whose bosom thunder-bolts are forging, but I know not on whom they will fall.

15.

Thou birth-place supreme of the fine arts, thou country of genius divine, thou trodden-down garden of Saturn! thy fate will soon be changed. Ye brothers who languish in bonds! your chains shall soon be broken! Ye brothers who suffer the yoke! that yoke ye shall tread under foot!

16.

Sound forth, O my genius inspired! that the Eternal has made thee his prophet, that the year of glorious redemption, for Italy, now spreads her wings! But if indolent Italy sleeps, if she still adds delay to the work,... Here the voice of the exiled bard, with a heart-rending sigh, expired.

MOONLIGHT.

A METRICAL BALLAD.

By Incognita.

'Twas the dead of the night when Agatha stole
From beneath her mother's eye;
And she paused not to mark the light clouds roll
O'er the queen of the midnight sky.

She paused not to see how the dew-drops hung
 On foliage, flowret, and all ;
 Or how some midnight fairy had strung
 The blush-rose's coronal.

But when she pass'd the fold where warm,
 And safe by its mother's side,
 The young lamb lay ; a thought of harm,
 Of danger that might betide,

Made Agatha pause—" Ah ! why those fears ?"
 She cried, " I will meet him to-night ;
 He has sworn by the glittering star that he wears,
 To-morrow his vows he will plight.

" To-morrow, my mother ! a noble knight's bride,
 Shall Agatha kneel to thee !"
 And her trembling feet brush'd the dew-drops aside,
 And she reach'd the old trysting-tree.

He is not there ! and the withering thought
 That he yielded in love to her,
 Stole over her heart, and she eagerly sought
 To conceal in the shade of the fir

Her trembling form ; and as she knelt
 Alone, with the moon that night,
 Her pale cheek told, that the maiden felt
 That love is not all delight.

O'er the silvery glade comes a lengthening shade ;
 There's a horse's tread—'tis he !
 And a coy feeling stole o'er the maiden's soul,
 As she said, " He shall watch for me."

" She is not here !" in a wrathful tone,
 As he sprang from his steed, he cried ;
 And the moon shone down, on his angry frown,
 And the gentle Agatha sigh'd.

The first angry glance of the eye that we love,
 Oh, how much of woe is it worth !
 The throb of her heart made the dim leaves move,
 But the maiden came not forth.

Then a silver whistle he took from his breast,
 And utter'd a low clear sound ;
 And it roused the slumbering deer from his rest ;
 But as Agatha gazed around,

To her beautiful brow rush'd the boiling blood ;
 Convulsed was her bosom's swell,
 For slowly from 'neath the underwood
 Came one whom she knew too well ;

Yes, shuffling along with his crab-like gait,
 Came the hunch-back clown who had sigh'd
 For Agatha's hand. " Sir Knight I wait,
 I have done your bidding," he cried.

"By the river's side are horses and guide,
To convey the maiden away;
And I, in disguise, will pilot your prize,
But where does she tarry I pray?"

"'Tis strange," the knight cried, "tho' she wept and sigh'd
She vow'd she would hence to-night,
And await me where, I ventured to swear,
To-morrow my vows I would plight."

"And I shall plight such vows, as knight
May plight to a cottage maid."
A faint feeling came over Agatha's frame,
And her heart grew chill. Then said

The knight of the star, "'Tis late and far,
She must journey ere rises the sun,
And so I will roam towards her cottage home,
Perchance I shall meet her anon."

"No time have I for tear-drop or sigh,
I must see her on her way,
And then hasten where, waits the jewell'd fair,
For my bride will not brook delay."

He bound his steed to the very tree
That conceal'd the trembling maid.
"Beware," he cried, "that she meets not thee;
To thy post!" and he left the glade.

"A curse on them both!" cried the hunch-back then
As sidelong he stole away;
They are gone, and the moon, who was shrouded before
Emitted her brightest ray.

"Queen of the night, how I bless thy light!"
Cried the maid, as a wild hope rush'd
Through her whirling brain, and again and again
Her heart's quick throbbings she hush'd.

She thought of the by-path that led through the wood—
'Twas known to her lover's steed—
She fear'd not the river, for ford it he could,
And then she were safe indeed.

Now snorting as proud of that burden light,
The horse treads the winding lea,
And glorious and bright, shone the lamp of the night,
For the daughter of purity.

The ford is pass'd—she has reach'd at last
The spot where the young lamb lay,
A few moments glide, and she kneels by the side
Of her slumbering mother to pray.

Then she stole again to her bower, and when,
All hush'd were her bosom's fears,
Mingled joy and grief, sought nature's relief,
In a passionate burst of tears.

As she sunk on the ground, a well-known sound
 Made her start—and a voice from the grove,
 Sigh'd "Agatha, dear, I'm awaiting you here,
 Ah why do you tarry my love?"

"The moon shines bright, to assist our flight,
 My Agatha linger not,
 A princely tower, shall be thy bower,
 Then leave this lowly cot."

To the lattice she stole, and the pride of her soul,
 Rush'd forth from her beautiful eye,
 And the knight thought "Ne'er was maiden so fair,
 Ne'er hero so blest as I."

"If the moon shines bright," she cried, "Sir Knight,
 'Tis to light you on your way
 To the Castle, where waits the Jewell'd fair,
 For your bride will not brook delay."

HONEST JEWELLERS!!!

IN nineteen shops out of twenty throughout the whole kingdom, the most fraudulent articles in jewellery are constantly on sale. The most expensive gems and stones are set in base metal; the rich and massive looking chased seals, chains, keys, and rings, are either hollow, or lined, or filled with alloy, and scarcely one in a thousand, of even the solid articles, is of the proper standard gold. We shall be answered, perhaps, "true, but they never were of a proper standard; the public were *always* cheated in jewellery, but the jewellery of England is considerably improved in quality, and was never so respectable as it is now." Is this, however, any excuse for a fraud, which is the more aggravating to purchasers in the proportion to their willingness to pay for a pure article? The public are scarcely aware that there is a heavy penalty for manufacturing a wedding-ring without submitting it to the assay-master at Goldsmiths' Hall, to be stamped as genuine; can there be any good reason for not submitting every article that will bear it, to the same test? A seal which weighs one ounce, perhaps, or a ring which weighs a quarter of an ounce, richly chased, looks very massive, and the gold appears of a tolerably good quality, that is, the manufacturer calls himself respectable, and does not adulterate his gold *quite so much* as some of his neighbours; but cut these trinkets through, and it will be seen how even the *honest* jeweller cheats the public; the thin plate of gold which meets the eye, may be moderately debased, but the inside will show to what extent even "honesty" will go in taking advantage of the public; yet, what is to prevent gold seals, keys, brooches, chains, settings, and other trinkets, above a certain weight, being tried and marked at Goldsmiths' Hall? What is to prevent the government, in these times of financial distress, claiming the duty on gold articles of jewellery, as established by the Gold and Silver Plate Act? Why should a lady, who pays a hundred pounds for a suit of jewels, have the mortification to find, that what purports to be gold, is regulated by no other *standard* than the jeweller's conscience?—a conscience, in some cases, so elastic, as to justify the old reproach of using "eleven shilling gold,"*—a reproach dealt out by the *honest* jeweller; that is, one who only robs us a little—to those who are *not so particular*, and rob by wholesale. Why should a silver salt-spoon, worth thirty pence, be subject to the trial and stamp of the Goldsmiths' Company, and be broken to pieces if it be worth one farthing less than it ought to be; while a massive gold chain, costing thirty pounds, undergoes no such ordeal, and may be—*nay, we*

* A mixture of a golden half guinea fused with sixpenny-worth of copper.

assert, in nine cases out of ten, is, more than half brass, copper, and silver? Why should a wedding-ring, worth three half crowns, be subject to the control of the wardens of Goldsmiths' Hall, and pay a duty of sixteen shillings per ounce to government, and the chased gold ring of three guineas be a mere shell of gold, of whatever quality the jeweller pleases, and filled with any thing the most convenient. Every grain of the former is worth its weight cut from a sovereign, or a guinea; the latter is two-thirds base. Why then are jewellers exempt from the penalties for fraud and adulteration? Why are not the same penalties levied for selling a *base* gold seal, as are for putting off a base silver spoon? Why is the female, who wears an expensive suit of jewels, obliged to put up with a false, or adulterated material for the setting, any more than for her wedding or her mourning ring; or presuming, for argument's sake, that there is an honest jeweller, why should his honesty be unauthenticated by the stamp which would prove it to be genuine? We know the answer which it is convenient to make—the trial and the stamp would destroy the article: this answer would do for all but practical men, *they* know better. We can imagine it would make no little stir if an order of this kind were issued by the Goldsmiths' Company. We think they have the power, and we know it is practicable, though we dare say the manufacturers would find it very *inconvenient*. There is, however, another way of accomplishing the object—let any jeweller who feels disposed to break through “the rules of the trade,” manufacture and offer for sale, genuine gold articles, which bear the stamp of the Goldsmiths' Company, let the fashionable world know of it, and without pledging ourselves for the men, we will engage that we have not among our fair readers, one, who would not prefer to wear that which the world should know to be gold, even if it cost more. The trash which is now worn might be purchased by the lower classes, but the unauthenticated material would cease to be called gold. One word, however, to the gentlemen, and we have, for this time at least, done. Would not the half-pound bunches of gew-gaw which dangle at your watch-chains, be well exchanged for a moderate selection of better material? and the hoops of base metal which encompass your fingers, be well substituted by a lighter ring of standard gold? However, this is your business; all we require, is, “that you make no more presents to females, of jewellery which bears not the stamp of the Goldsmiths' Company.” We may open the eyes of the public further yet; in the mean time these are awkward, but they are incontrovertible facts, as any doubting person will find if he have the curiosity to break up an article of unstamped jewellery.

H. H.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

German Poetical Anthology; preceded by a concise History of German Poetry, and short Notices of the Authors selected. By A. Bernays.

German Prose Anthology, with Grammatical and Explanatory Notes. By A. Bernays.*

The precise object of these two works may be briefly stated, *i. e.*—To furnish the English student of the German language with a series of extracts from German authors, which shall progressively initiate him into the more complex peculiarities of its syntax. Besides accomplishing this object, however, they do something more, especially the *Poetical Anthology*; they bring into a compact form, and at a moderate cost, many of the finest specimens of German genius.

Our reason for making an exception in favour of the *Poetical Anthology*, is this, that while the *Prose Anthology* consists of selections from only six authors, and those by no means of the highest order, (*viz.*—Lessing, Meissner, Krummacher, Herder, Starke, and La Motte Fouqué) the *Poetical Anthology* contains judiciously selected portions from the works of Arndt, Bürger, Gellert, Göthe, Haller, Jacobi,

Klopstock, Müller, Nicolai, Ramler, Schiller, both the Schlegels, Stolberg, Wieland, and twenty or thirty others. It is but justice, however, to add, that the superiority of the *Poetical* over the *Prose Anthology*, implies no censure upon the taste and discernment of Mr. Bernays; for of the latter, he avows himself merely the editor of a new edition of an established work, observing, "It has been so long known to teachers and students of the German language, that it has not been thought advisable to make, for the time, any alterations in the text. The present editor has done nothing more to the work than to add the notes, which, it is hoped, will render it more useful to the beginner." All we have to say, therefore, upon this point is, to express our hope that, ere long, Mr. Bernays will undertake to publish a *Prose Anthology* of his own, equal to his poetical one, substituting for the insipid *Parabeln* of Von Krummacher, and the somewhat too homely *Gemälde aus dem häuslichen Leben und Erzählungen* of Von Starke, the more varied, vigorous, intellectual, and imaginative productions of a Wieland, a Goethe, a Schiller, and even a Kotzebue. There is, indeed, a host of German writers in prose, from whose volumes an anthology might be compiled, vastly superior to the one before us; and Mr. Bernays has given proof in his *Practical Anthology* that he has the requisite qualifications of good taste, sound judgment, and a thorough knowledge of the literature of Germany, to produce such a compilation. But here let us set ourselves right upon a matter which, if we neglected to do so, might go far towards impugning our own taste and judgment. We have said, that the selections in the *Prose Anthology* are made from only six authors, and those by no means of the highest order, though among those six names we have enumerated Lessing and Herder. Let it not be supposed we are ignorant of the profound research and depth of philosophical reasoning which the latter has displayed in his *Ideen zur Geschichte der Philosophie der Menschheit*; or the cleverness of the former, in his *Fabeln* (afterwards eclipsed by the admirable grace and ease of Gellert), and still less of the playful irony, keen wit, and conclusive arguments of his *Dramaturgie*, which prepared his countrymen for the noble dramas of Schiller and Goethe, by enfranchising them from the ridiculous fetters which had trammelled the genius of Corneille, Racine, and Moliere. We only regret, that when the works of Lessing and Herder were consulted for subjects, better ones did not suggest themselves to the individual who undertook the task, than the *Fabeln* of the former, and the *Paramythien* of the latter.

The *Poetical Anthology* is preceded by a well-written essay, which the author calls *A concise History of German Poetry*, and in which he traces, with a rapid but perspicuous pen, its rise and progress. The able manner in which he treats his subject justifies us in concluding that a more elaborate disquisition from his hand would be a valuable acquisition in that branch of literature. This is followed by a series of brief biographical notices of the various authors, whose writings have been tributary to the volume before us, written with equal ability. At the conclusion there are copious notes and grammatical references, well calculated to facilitate the reading of German, to those who are not thoroughly masters of this fine language. At pp. 234, 235, and 243, are three small poems of the present King of Bavaria, extracted from the edition, in two volumes, of his Majesty's poetical writings, which have more talent than royal authors are in the habit of displaying, when they deign to woo the Muse, though not more than they can always get credit for from courtly criticism.

We have been rather surprised to find no extracts from Gessner. His *Death of Abel*, though languid as a whole, contains some eminently beautiful passages, as well as his *Idyls*; besides which, the purity of his style, and the simplicity of his language, peculiarly adapted him to appear in that portion of the work where it is the editor's aim to lead the student onwards, by the attraction of what is easy, to that which is difficult. We cannot help wishing, too, that, instead of taking one long passage from Wieland's *Oberon*, the combat with the giants, he had scattered some half dozen exquisite passages from that extraordinary poem, which were well suited to his purpose: for example, the twenty-second, and following stanzas of canto IV., beginning, "Die kleiner ort, wo ich das erste licht gesogen," &c.; stanza 16, et seq. canto VI., "Ein sanfter druck der warmen hand," &c.; and the

description, with due caution, of the bower, in which Almansaris seeks to prevail over Huon—"Hier herrschte ein tag," &c. Upon the whole, however, we can honestly bestow our commendation upon the *Poetical Anthology*, as a work, not merely useful to the German student, but interesting to the German reader, presenting, as it does, many beautiful selections from the best German poets.

THE PREMIER.*

We have, ere now, been taken with a title; opened volumes which promised much; been egregiously disappointed; laid the book by, and neither thought nor wrote about the matter afterwards. Shall we confess, that when we saw the announcement of the *Premier*, we were curious enough to wish to see the book, more with a view to discover by what ingenuity the title was to be woven into the contents, than with a hope of finding aught to justify it? It was so. We had seen fifty titles, which had so little to do with the writing, that had they all been interchanged, no one would have discovered the error, for they were all equally unconnected with the plan and arrangement of the contents.

We have read the *Premier*. We have again and again perused the almost living characters which figure in its pages. We have followed the author into the Council, and the Houses of Parliament. We have dived into state secrets never intended to be published, and dissected some curious political plans never intended to be developed; we have penetrated the arcana of diplomatic policy, never before known beyond the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the minister. Will our readers expect, then, that the *Premier* is a dry political work? They will be surprised to find that it involves as deeply interesting a narrative as ever treated of private life. Do they expect that the incidents of domestic circles fritter away the importance of the political facts? They will look almost aghast at whole pages, which seem to go over hallowed ground, on which the interests of rival states rest their foundations. There are portraits of living characters drawn with a powerful and appalling fidelity; there are keys which open men's hearts, and show their virtues and their vices with a fearful truth: there are openings through which the reader may take views which have never met the public eye till now. They are not the vain speculations of an empty head, nor the theoretical fancies of a mere caterer of novelty, which fill the pages; and we doubt, if the opening of despatches, which contained a declaration of war, would cause the excitement, the surprise, the consternation, which a few of our great political leaders of the last quarter of a century would experience, at the unexpected reading of some of these chapters.

Oh for some of the particulars of Cabinet intrigues! How they open our eyes to the hitherto hidden mysteries of Government! How they account for what appeared unaccountable measures! How they explain, even to us who, though within the halo which is shed around the throne, were content to wonder and remain ignorant; ascribing half the measures which were adopted before our eyes to causes the very opposite of truth. But we are ourselves getting into a labyrinth of politics: we must turn for relief to one of those little sketches, which show at once, as heroines of romance have already been described ten thousand times, a spice of humour and some originality:

But Louisa Ardent—how shall I describe her? In the jargon of metaphysics, which give us unintelligible abstractions, and words for ideas? or in the language of a voluptuary, expatiating upon the grosser charms of finely-rounded limbs, love-darting eyes, and lips of provocation which might fling hot blood into the austere cheek of an anchorite? or, shall I play the sculptor, and talk of finely-chiselled features, a brow of alabaster, and a flowing outline of Grecian beauty? I abjure each and all of these severally approved and universally adopted methods; and for these reasons—

In the first place, it would be as easy for a limner to catch the likeness of a flash of

* Unpublished, Three Volumes, Colburn and Bentley.

lightning, as for metaphysics to fix the changing qualities of any woman's mind (that is, of women who have minds, for the angels of creation, like the lords of creation, are not necessarily so provided), and absolutely easier, than to confine within a definition those of Louisa Ardent. In the second place, she did not possess a single feature, no, nor as far as I know, a single limb, which, taken separately, could lay claim to the epithet of beautiful, and therefore there was nothing about her which a statuary would have selected as his model. Let the reader judge for himself.

Louisa Ardent was rather below than above what is considered the middle height in females; that is, she could hardly exceed five feet five, and probably was three quarters of an inch under that standard. She was moreover—what shall I call it—corpulent.—By no means. Stout? No. Inclined to *embonpoint*?—No, not exactly that neither. Plump? Ave, that is the word; but then, I hate to employ it, when speaking of the fairest and loveliest of God's works: it is so like describing a partridge, or a sucking-pig. I would rather say she was not slender, and leave the imagination to fill up the picture.

Her hair was raven black, profuse and glossy, without the aid of Macassar oil, or of that miraculous unguent prepared by the well-known benefactor of bald beaux and lying-in ladies. Her eyes were as jetty as her locks, and more lustrous, for they sparkled incessantly with the scintillations of a mind that was as restless as the ocean; but they were neither large, nor languishing, nor laughing eyes; they were simply such eyes as you could not look upon without feeling that they *must* belong to a tongue whose "lightest word" would not "harrow up the soul," but reach it (according as the mood of the speaker might incline) in the language of deep passion, nimble repartee, sharp irony, or overwhelming ridicule. Her nose was neither Roman nor Grecian. Indeed, it partook of no decidedly national character, and could hardly be said to have a distinctive appellation in the nomenclature of noses; it was essentially an anonymous nose; and yet it had been impossible to look at it where it was, without calling it a pretty nose; though, disjoined from the rest of the features, it might have been doubtful, at first sight, whether it were a nose at all. Her mouth was small, with a curl of the lips when she smiled, that had something half scornful, half mocking, in the expression. Her teeth were regular and white; her complexion rather pale; the general cast of her countenance pensive and thoughtful; her forehead, so much of it as was visible through clustering ringlets, fair, and intellectual in its character; her mien eminently graceful, because simple, natural, and moulded by her mind, instead of the grotesque hand of fashion; and lastly, her manners were attractive without being obtrusive, the result of constant self-possession, free from the broad, coarse, masculine assurance of vulgar self opinion.

Such was Louisa Ardent to the eye. What she was to the imagination, to the feelings, to the head and heart of those who approached her, it would be somewhat more difficult to describe.

From her childhood, she had been the treasured gem of her father's love. He soon discovered what rich materials there were to work with; what dangerous ones, too, if they fell into the hands of an unskilful artificer. He took her to himself, therefore. He formed her mind; he moulded her heart. He drew forth from the former all its latent energies, and assigned to them the tasks which would make them wax in strength and beauty, as she herself ripened with years. He watched, with feverish anxiety, the unfolding passions of the latter; surrounded them with safeguards, where they were exposed to assaults; enforced a severe discipline, where there was a proneness to run into wild luxuriance; reared, with a delicate hand, those timid impulses which sneaping winds would have blighted for ever, but which, thus gently encouraged, thus tenderly cultivated, blossomed into virtues of exquisite grace and loveliness; and he uprooted, fearlessly, the few rank and idle weeds which such a soil might be expected to nourish.

Having introduced Miss Louisa Ardent to our readers, after the plan of a *divertissement* between the two acts of an opera, we shall proceed to matters of another kind; not that we shall "stand upon the order of our quotations but quote." The following is one of the numerous allusions to the press: it is the more valuable, as it conveys the sentiments of the writer, put into the mouth of a cabinet minister, whose mind soared above the petty considerations which sway too many of our less liberal functionaries:

"There is no man living," said Cranstoun, "who utterly disdains to plead to the tribunal of the public press more than I do; and I am as deeply sensible as any man, I think, of all its practicable mischief; but were it in my power, by a word, to destroy its existence, with the certainty of not producing any one of those evils which I know *must* follow, I would sooner lay my head upon the block than pronounce that word. It has great and noble elements in its compositions; mighty energies, which neither are nor

can be always the ministers of evil. When, however, they are so, confront them, master them, or be mastered by them, even as is our destiny with all the other evils of this world ; but it were as wise to desire that MAN should be blotted out of creation, because of the vices of MEN, and thus renounce a Newton to escape a Thurtell, as to wish the destruction of a privilege capable, in its right use, of arresting the desolating progress of religious, moral, and political error, or of redeeming from it nations now groaning beneath the triple bondage, because, in the necessarily irregular motions of so vast an agent, we are in constant peril of violent collision."

"The collision," said Sir George, "is perpetual."

"And for this obvious reason," added Cranstoun. "The opportunities for performing signal services are rare ; the inclination, I am afraid, still more rare ; but the indulgence of paltry feelings, the triumph of rancorous ones ; the base longings of a degenerate nature, are things which he who covets, may enjoy when he pleases. We may wish it were otherwise——"

"As it might be," interrupted Sir George, "if the laws were more vigorously enforced."

"Aye," said Cranstoun, "and surround the insignificance of a hired libeller with the dignity of a state martyr ; or drag from its obscurity a lampoon, by inviting the whole country to read it at our expense."

But while we are upon the subject of the public press, we must give a powerful sketch of the profligate portion of that important engine :

"Bah !" exclaimed the Colonel. "What *are* the vices, what *are* the follies, they single out ? Do they fly at noble quarry ? Do they aim at patrician vice ? Do they humble the proud offender ? Do they strip the mask from the guilty face that shows itself in courts, and palaces, and high offices, and important trusts ? Do they warn us against exalted delinquents ? Do they pluck out the corruption that lurks beneath a star ?—No—they do none of these things. But is there some individual moving along the sequestered path of private life, some being hitherto unknown (and by *unknown*, I would designate any one not conspicuously prominent in the circle of fashionable or public life), or, if known, known already as a nuisance, and therefore sufficiently notorious—some one whom early, but long redeemed, errors, may have contaminated, or who may still be the victim of weakness that shade, but hardly sully, his character, him they seize on—him they torture—him they rack with devilish ingenuity."

"And when they are once upon the scent, they hunt through every channel for intelligence. Discarded servants—irritated dependents—baffled sharpers—needy parasites—tradesmen discontinued for their extortions—or an exasperated *friend*, eager to wreak insidious vengeance, are among their most valuable sources of information. When the mass, flowing thus through innumerable corrupt channels, comes into the hands of the writer, it still has to receive some little infusion of poison, some leaven of malice, some touches of perfidious heightening, before it is fit for his purpose."

"At length, all is done. The monster is matured, and it goes forth. What are the consequences ? Perhaps a tale of slander is revived which destroys a wife's felicity, a husband's honour. Perhaps a tale is told, once true, though no longer so, and which now, for the first time, meets *their* eyes whose happiness sickens at the reading. It may disclose the forgotten errors of the husband and the father, and wring the hearts of a blameless wife and unoffending children. An unguarded expression, a heedless action, is magnified and perverted. Offended honour is roused. Suspicion is awakened ; and it fixes somewhere, perhaps rightly, perhaps wrongly, as to the individual who has been the betrayer. The seeds of contention, hatred, contempt, are sown : jealousies are excited, quarrels embittered, and animosities revived. And all for what ? That society, forsooth, may be benefited by becoming acquainted with the vices or follies of Mr. B—Mrs. H.—Captain X.—or Sir Richard D."

"You have made out a strong case, Asper," said Charles, musing.

"Truth is always strong," replied the Colonel. "But the general effect of the picture will be heightened by two or three additional touches, curiously illustrative of the system I have endeavoured to expose ; and with them I shall finish. Money being, first and last, the sole object of these despicable marauders upon the pocket, their mode of proceeding varies according to circumstances. The callous and the needy knave, they equally pass by ; for the one will not, and the other cannot, purchase their silence. It is the middle, compound character, the man who, without firmness enough to avoid error, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it, that they fatten upon. Many there are who would rather be pillaged of ten, twenty, thirty, nay fifty, or a hundred guineas, than have some foolish action, some idle fault, dragged before the public eye. Others, of timid disposition, would do as much

to avoid the *imputation*, even, of things of which they know themselves to be guiltless. They shrink dismayed from the blasting touch of these profligate censors, who magnify what is venial, and invent what is wanting; and they propitiate them as the African does the devil, from terror of their evil natures. But their policy is bad. There was a time when we used to buy off our invaders. What was the consequence? They came every year, and every year demanded a higher price to go away. At last we fought them; and they soon grew tired of coming for their wages. While these pure and exalted moralists are worshipped with gold, they exact frequent devotions; but let our offerings be of iron, and they care not how seldom they are sacrificed to."

There are in the volumes before us some subjects which we dare hardly approach. We could not do justice by extracts, and we must fail if we attempt a description. How many great men figure in the arena we can hardly say; but the bold and fearless way in which they are brought forward; their actions scanned; their motives, purposes, and projects laid open, may be seen in the following portrait. Who will fail to recognise in every line the character for whom it is intended?

The Duke of Strathsay was a man whom fortune had spoiled. A junior branch of a decayed noble family, which had crept through three or four generations of titled obscurity, he embraced the army as his profession. Whether accident determined this choice, or whether he was impelled to it by those mysterious inclinations of the mind, which sometimes seem to shape our path at its outset, with a sort of prescient adaptation of means to great ends, is as little capable of satisfactory elucidation, as whether Alexander or Cæsar *could* have been other than they were. Certain it is, the military exploits of the Duke of Strathsay were such as would transmit his name to posterity with a renown unsurpassed by that of any conqueror of ancient or modern times. With his sword, he had carved his passage to every honour of the peerage, while rewards were showered upon him with prodigal gratitude by foreign potentates, who had benefited, directly or indirectly, by his unexampled triumphs. But the warrior exhausts at last the elements of his own glory. He subdues all his enemies; he conquers peace; and then comes the sluggish current of his life, creeping along the vale of time, to be honoured, in its close, less for what it is, than for the remembrance of what it was in the beginning.

It pleased the Duke of Strathsay, as it has pleased other great men in all ages, to believe there is only one road to fame; and that he, consequently, who has fairly entered upon it, has nothing to do but go on as far as he likes. The compendious and self-deluding logic by which we demonstrate, to our own entire satisfaction, that the same qualities which have raised us to distinction as fiddlers, are sufficient to entwine our brows with the wreath of poesy, is by no means confined to those adepts in dabbling, who have a touch at every thing, for the sake of showing the universality, or the versatility, of their genius.

Poor Goldsmith, who broke his shins in trying to fling his legs about like the *fantoccini*, was a sample of human nature in general. Few men are ambitious of doing that which they know they *can* do; but almost every man has an inveterate itch to try his *own* hand at that which others do well. So it was with his Grace of Strathsay. When there was an end of campaigning, he turned statesman; and, because he had shone in camps, he determined to shine in cabinets. His services abroad had been too distinguished to permit of his being wholly overlooked at home. He was invited to join the Earl of Villopoer's government; not less from a desire to gratify his inclination for appearing in the character of a politician, than from a conviction that the country would be pleased to see its idolized hero thus honoured, in being called to the councils of his sovereign. A high military appointment, as best suited to his talents and experience, and most conducive to the interests of the state, was therefore conferred upon him.

Had the Duke of Strathsay lived in the times of our Henries and Edwards, he would infallibly have done one of two things—placed a crown upon his head, or his head upon a block. He was the man, in such an age, to have played the part of the Warwicks, Somersets, and Buckinghams of English history. He had a restless, grasping ambition, equal to any enterprise that might lead to personal aggrandizement; one who would depose his king to make way for himself, but without the generous loyalty and heroic devotion which would have died in defence of his king. With an inflexible but contracted mind, he was equally incapable, as a statesman, of conceiving great objects, or of being turned aside from any he did conceive. This the million called firmness and decision of character. The discerning few took it as the index of an arrogant and presumptuous one. The truth is, he was fitted only for one sphere. He had been trained in camps; his nurture had been in the field of battle, and he had no art to fuse the stern virtues of the soldier into the pliant wisdom of cabinets, or the amenity of courts.

Such a man, living under the eclipse of a dull routine of unnoticed official duties, would find food for his active ambition only in a constant struggle to emerge from it. His wealth, his rank, his station in the government, and more than all, perhaps, his splendid renown, surrounded him with flatterers, who gave him, in full chorus, the echo of his own thoughts. What he was to himself, he was to them. Could it be doubted, indeed, that he who had conquered kingdoms, was competent to rule them? Certainly not, provided we allow the converse of the proposition, that they who rule kingdoms must be competent to conquer them. But there were others—men of a far different stamp—men who would have laughed to scorn this senseless gabble—who yet lent themselves to its influence over the Duke of Strathsay for purposes of their own. They wanted a *name*—a bright, unsullied name, beneath which they might array themselves. They found this; and in requital for its use, they permitted him to find in them sycophants for their own ends, and slaves for his.

We shall now lay before our readers, a domestic scene in the library of Sir George Arden, who, having lived for thirty years in uninterrupted felicity with a wife in every way devoted to him, found her, on his return from a walk, suffering under the bitter pangs of a false conviction that he—who had been her solace and comfort so many years—had wronged her:

Heavens! what ravages the mind will make in a few short moments! Take the happiest human face that was ever bathed in the sunnysmiles of perfect joy, and let the dark waters of some hideous sorrow roll over the heart within, and as the lightning's flash seethes in an instant the verdant pride of the noblest oak amid a thousand, so will the tide of sudden grief wither the roses on the cheek, and dim the lustre of the brightest eyes! It had been even thus with Lady Ardent. The spell was broken; the charm was dissolved; the faith of thirty years had crumbled into dust beneath the tale of poison which her brother had conveyed. She wrestled with the seeming truth, like one to whom truth was worse than death. She fought hard for victory, and gave up the struggle only when the last foot of ground on which she stood was wrested from her. The proofs appeared so conclusive, the facts so certain, and so fortuitously elicited; the chain of circumstances so complete, that idiocy itself could hardly refuse its assent to the one inevitable, the one miserable, the one maddening conclusion!

And then, too, when that conclusion was no longer disputed, what a host of minor auxiliaries rushed in to fortify it! Things which had passed unheeded at the time, or, if heeded, not with suspicion as to their motives, were now remembered and fitted to the occasion which had revived the recollection of them. The letter which Sir George received and read in her presence, without mentioning from whom it came, and his refusal to accompany herself and Louisa, either in the carriage or on foot, were found to correspond with the day and hour of Caroline's flight. His petulant manner, when she mentioned the general's invitation to the marriage; nay, his very words: "I know that to-morrow has been fixed for that melancholy ceremony," were recalled, to be examined by a new test, which disclosed at once their then latent meaning. Every day, since the elopement of Miss Asper, he had been from home—and alone; while at his return, a guarded silence was maintained as to where he had been. Both herself and Louisa had noticed that his temper of late had become irritable, and the period of the change corresponded exactly with that of Caroline's disappearance. That very morning, too, he had hurriedly concealed from her sight the paper which contained the paragraph about himself. These, and many other circumstances, came unbidden, as it were, into her mind, to swell the current of her thoughts *against* her husband!

In the overfallowing of that current, her husband was by her side. He saw she looked ill; but suspicion was so foreign to his character, that even here, where it was hardly possible to mistake the cause of what he saw, not a thought of himself, of Caroline, or of the rumours of a busy and malicious world, obtruded itself, or mingled with his anxious inquiries as to the reason of her evident indisposition. There was the same tenderness in his voice, the same sympathy in his manner, as on all similar occasions.

"Why hangs this cloud upon your brow?" said he, taking her hand. "Whence this wan and faded cheek? And these inflamed eyes, yet moist with fresh tears? Your looks alarm me, love."

"I am *not* well," replied Lady Ardent, sighing deeply, and averting her countenance from him.

"I am sure you are not; and I fear your illness is serious—more serious than you will allow yourself to own."

"I trust not. I shall be better shortly;" making a faint effort to rally from her despondency.

"That's kindly said; and if I thought it would not too much disturb you, I have something to communicate."

"Nay," interrupted Lady Ardent, "doubt not I can listen (and with composure I dare hope) to whatever it is."

"Still the same fond, complying goodness!" exclaimed Sir George, as he drew a chair and seated himself by her.

"You overrate my poor obedience to you, which is a pleasure, though a duty," she replied.

Sir George fancied there was something cold and distant in her manner—something unlike what he had ever before observed; and but that time was precious with him, and that he partly distrusted his own impressions, he would have sought to satisfy himself upon the subject. Taking her hand again, with an impressive seriousness which amounted almost to solemnity, he continued:

"Did I not know how full and perfect your confidence in me has always been," said he,—"were you, what your sex too commonly are—prone to petty suspicions—the vice inseparable from meaner natures—I might justly fear the first effects of what I am about to mention. But such fears would as poorly suit with the proud disdain of censure which virtue inspires, and which looks abroad with calm fearlessness that will not stoop to palter with equivocations, as with your own generous bearing towards me, whose very error (as I could almost call it) it is, to hold my course so blameless, that I might sin with gross frequency, and hardly shake your faith. And yet I must confess, this noble trust deserved better of me than it has found; for, what I am about to do, comes so tardily forth, that, to a mind less confiding than yours, my love, it would appear more like convenience than integrity."

In this way he strove to pacify himself; for all he had said was simply the self-apologies which forerun our conscious anticipation of a reproof we know we merit, whether we receive it or not. He could not disguise from his own mind, constituted as it was, that he had huddled from his wife an occurrence which needed no such artifice; and the unpalatable task he now had to perform (one never before demanded of him) was that of confessing a continued system of duplicity, which, however brief its duration, or guiltless its purpose, was still—and he felt it so—a lowering of that moral standard by which he adjusted all his actions. Hence his circumlocutory preparation, his studied and elaborate abstractions; which, divested of their specious trappings, and reduced to the essence of their meaning, amounted to no more than this—that he had been acting foolishly, was ashamed to acknowledge it, and yet he knew he must.

But Lady Ardent, all whose thoughts were of the bitter quality, which her brother's intelligence had imparted, put a corresponding construction upon these abstractions. Their ambiguity, and, with all their ambiguity, their too evident allusion to something which required so much preliminary softening, were, to her, a dreadful note of preparation. She wished the anticipated confession made; less that she might herself be relieved from a state of distressing doubt (if doubt it might now be called), than because it was grievous to her soul, to behold such a man as Sir George, and that man her husband, too, in what she could not but deem a situation of intense humiliation. Her reply, when he paused, as if one was expected, was framed to hasten this consummation.

"What *can* it be," said she, "you have to tell me, that needs such a preface—that demands such admissions?"

"Why nothing—" he replied, roused by the question to a sense of his indecision, and stung by the imputation of fear which it conveyed—"nothing! nothing! I am magnifying a trifle into a mystery—branding with imaginary indiscretion that at which a wiser world laughs—and so I think you will judge—"

"How I have always judged *you*, Sir George," interrupted Lady Ardent, "let my whole life avouch. No wife, in the idolatry of her love, ever cherished a more unbounded faith in those virtues that endear and dignify the marriage union, than I have done; and I may truly add, the doing so has been, at once, my pride and duty."

"Nay, if this go on," said Sir George, smiling, "we shall grow sentimental, and fall to exchanging vows of affection and fidelity, as in the days of our young courtship. So, now listen to this mighty secret:—Miss Asper, you know, has been for several days a fugitive, concealed, nobody knows where—"

"Are you ignorant of her place of concealment?"

"Why, unfortunately—that is, in one sense of the word, I may say unfortunately—I am *not* ignorant of it," replied Sir George, a little embarrassed by the abruptness of the inquiry, and the agitated tone in which it was made.

"Unfortunately!" exclaimed Lady Ardent, bursting into tears. "Then all my worst fears are realized, and I am the wretchedest creature that lives!"

"What is it you mean?"

"Oh God! oh God!" she continued, bursting into tears—"Would I had died ere this! that so I might have breathed my last in the blessed thought which has been my happiness so long."

"What strange error possesses you? Hear me—"

"Ah me! I've heard enough! And Heaven can bear me witness, how disdainfully I listened to the first rumours of this fatal business—with what a slow and torturing agony of heart I yielded to strong circumstances which vanquished each lingering doubt—and how, even to the last, I clung to the consoling hope that you were falsely accused."

"Accused!" exclaimed Sir George; and more scorn than words could express, sat on his pale and quivering lip.—"Accused! Is it from your tongue, Maria, I hear that bold word?—Accused, forsooth! Out upon it! Some dark and treacherous fiend has been at work here."

"Nay—do not upbraid me with those looks," said Lady Ardent, as she turned her streaming eyes upon him. "Indeed, indeed, I am *not* reproaching you. The fond dream I would fain continue in, vanishes, and leaves me to miserable desolation; but not one stern or indignant feeling supplies its place. I lament, I weep over, the transgression into which your noble nature has fallen. I mourn for yourself and me! A mind like yours could never stoop so low, without such severity after, as must more than atone for its error. Yet, as I am your wife, and the affianced partner of your honour or of your shame, I cannot calmly view the ruin that has overwhelmed us both!"

Self-delusion was at an end. He saw the net in which he was entangled. It was gross and palpable before him; and the recoil of his situation upon himself was appalling, for the moment. It was not alone that his pride was wounded to the very quick; that his self-estimation was humbled; that his sense of honour, of justice, of moral dignity, was outraged. He could ill brook any of these trials; but far less could he brook the indignity of Lady Ardent's suspicions, and the insult comprehended in the idea of the officious meddler, whoever he might be (for his indignation did not as yet point towards Mr. Pickthorne,) that had dared to pollute her mind with the calumnies which had given birth to those suspicions.

The noble pleading against himself, of which he had been capable in his interview with the General, was above his reach now. He could not summon to his aid those manly reasons to excuse his wife, which had come so promptly in defence of an acquaintance; probably, because he felt that *she* ought to have been as invulnerable to doubt, where his honour was concerned, as his honour itself was to all temptation; and also, because he could not dispassionately view her as the tool, and himself as the victim, of a vice he loathed to execration, the base and cowardly vice of secret defamation, practised by wretches who have every thing in common with the assassin, except the courage, such as it is, that braves the death which may follow the blow.

A prey to these thoughts, Sir George had been some time pacing up and down the library, while Lady Ardent sat weeping and silent, when he approached her—

"Will you," said he, sternly and contemptuously, "instruct me whom I may thank for this kind office? What serpent has crawled into your confidence, and left behind the slime of his filthy venom? That you have been abused by such a reptile, I know, as surely as that I live—but I would know, too, how to shun it."

"If I *am* abused," she replied, "it must at least have been with the strong similitude of truth. You asked me why my cheek looked pale—why my brow wore an air of sadness—and why my eyes were wet with tears? Alas! judge by what you see, how keenly my heart has suffered in the knowledge of your offence, when, in the short interval since that sad knowledge came to it, such effects are visible."

"Maria!" exclaimed Sir George, "when you speak of offences, of error, of vice, and identify them with me, you drive me from the gentleness of my nature, and force me to declare, that whatever your credulous fancy may have framed to my disparagement, I cannot look more meanly in your esteem than you do now in mine, the weak accuser of my integrity."

"I accuse you not: it was yourself that would have done so. If I sought to spare you the ungracious task, by showing that I knew all you were about to tell, can you blame me?"

"Away with this ambiguity! What is it you know? What was it I was about to tell? I want no coy insinuations, that wound with double malice while they seem to spare their victim."

"It was in tenderness to your feelings—"

"Hear me," he interrupted—"hear me once and for all. It is not because I *could* give your thoughts words, and speak their meaning for you, that I will. I ask no ten-

derness : I disclaim your spurious generosity. What you have brought yourself to think of me, *that* bring your tongue to pronounce of me—or, by your silence, confess the shame you feel. Either do this—proclaim the heinous crime, whereof I am guilty in your belief, or here let our undignified altercation end.”

“It is a cruel office you impose upon me,” replied Lady Ardent, meekly ; “but demanded by you, with the alternative you named, I should merit sharper censures than you have bestowed, if I could shrink from it. Yet, you are my husband—and wedded as we have been to each other’s hearts, think what the agony of mine must be in dwelling on your infidelity !”

“My infidelity !” he exclaimed, with sarcastic bitterness : “go on—your task is only half-performed. Infidelity with whom ? The lady’s name, I pray you !”

“Need I pronounce that of Miss Asper ?” said Lady Ardent, with a tremulous voice, and tears that flowed afresh.

“Ha ! ha ! ha ! And *you*, too, are coiled in the subtle web ! *You* have deigned to lend a willing ear to the low calumnies of vulgar detraction ! *You*, Maria, whom I thought so immeasurably elevated above the contagious atmosphere of scandal—so proudly discriminated from the common herd of women, that I might have trusted any tale which spleen or malice could fabricate against my name and character, without one foreboding doubt of its reception ! *You*, who have so long walked, hand in hand with me, along the bright paths of virtue and honour, to turn aside now, and from the dark corners and mire of polluted thoughts, point at me the finger of reproach and scorn ! Heavens ! how debased—how fallen !”

“Be merciful !” exclaimed Lady Ardent, in a supplicating, almost broken-hearted tone, “be merciful, unless you would drive me mad !”

But her appeal was to one already mad ; for by what other name can we call the wrought-up passions which now raged in the mind of Sir George ? They had been tossing about there from the first moment of engaging in a business that placed him at odds with himself ; and it only required a crowning vexation like the present (when, believing all vexation past, he found the greatest of all awaiting him), to concentrate, as it were, into one point, the mass of angry humour which had been fretting him so long. He was, indeed, more moved than Lady Ardent had ever seen him, under any of the trials to which his morbid sensibility exposed him : and she hardly knew whether to ascribe it to the goadings of conscious delinquency, or to the exacerbation produced by discovery. Strange to say, the thought which would have diffused serenity over her own feelings, never once suggested itself. It seemed as if the dreadful effort by which she had brought herself to consider him guilty, had destroyed those finer perceptions of his character, by which, at any other time, she would have traced his excitement to the indignation of falsely accused honour.

The prayer for mercy was breathed in vain. He continued, in the same tone of vehemence and bitter expostulation, at one moment to heap reproaches upon her for having yielded to such injurious suspicions ; at another, denouncing the infamy of those who had been her informers ; and then humbling her to the dust, by declaring she had forfeited every quality which had rendered her great and amiable in his estimation.

“Spare me !” she exclaimed, in an agony of tears—“spare me, I beseech you, these terrific rebukes !”

“How have you spared *me* ?” he replied. Was there no remaining virtue in your soul, to whisper to it I was aspersed, when you saw me clothed with infamy ? Could you turn to no record in your own bosom, impressed with the character of what *I am* ? No register of my deeds, that might give the instant lie to the monstrous accusation ? Have you witnessed my daily course of action so long, so very long, and could yet be credulous enough to believe me the thing your suspicions point at ? I am lost in wonder, Maria, while now I look upon you, and think I have lived infamous in your imagination long enough to have produced that woe-worn aspect.”

“Oh, Sir George. If I have erred—if I am wrong, say but ay ; deign but to undeceive me, and make me the happiest creature your goodness ever blest !”

“If you have erred ! If you are wrong,” he repeated, gathering himself up into an attitude of lofty disdain. “No Maria ! I will *not* deign to remove doubts which disgrace me in their origin, and dishonour you in their existence. But when next we meet, I shall have undergone the hard struggle of subduing feelings that now subdue *me* ; and then, perhaps, I shall also have vanquished the pride which now dashes from my heart the pity that else might kindle there towards you !”

We have only as yet reached the latter part of the second volume. The third is pregnant with interest of a deeper kind. The plot thickens ; the political interest

becomes more exciting; but where are we to stop? There is a demi-official account of ministerial diplomacy, which will confound the chief actors in the political tragedy which was performed at no distant date—an earnestness of purpose which could only cling to the pen of one of the leaders in that sad drama—a fearlessness of consequences that could only belong to one who was beyond the reach of political influence.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

In this our *sanctum sanctorum* we have, unhappily, no little confusion. The works on our table have accumulated beyond measure; yet, having devoted considerable space to the reviews of *The Premier*, and *German Anthology*, we can merely add a short list of those which lay uppermost, and promise our friends a longer one next month.

1.—*The Achievements of the Knights of Malta*. By Alexander Sutherland. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

2.—*Flora Conspicua, &c.* By R. Morris, F. L. S. &c. Griffiths.

3.—*American Stories, &c.* By Mary Russell Mitford. Whittaker and Co.

4.—*The French Pupil's own Book, &c.* By Louis Fenwick de Porquet.

5.—*Agape, or the Sacred Love-pledge*. By Mrs. Luchlan. Simpkin and Marshall.

6.—*The Siege of Constantinople, in three Cantos, with other Poems*. By Nicholas Michell. Smith, Elder and Co.

7. *The Olio for February*. Shackle.

8.—*A Series of Lines for mounting Prints for Albums and Scrap Books*. By C. Ingrey. Ackermann.

1.—These volumes form parts sixty-three and sixty-four of Constable's Miscellany; the first of those numberless and endless "libraries" which have overrun the literature of the last few years, and which are never to stop. It is the first attempt to bring the history of the knights of St. John into a regular narrative; and it has been accomplished in a style of spirit-stirring brevity, without losing sight that would enrich the volumes.

2.—We notice this work, not for its novelty, for it has been for some time before the public, but because it has been revived, and there is a conditional promise of a continuation. It is a well-arranged description of numerous curious "flowering, hardy, exotic and indigenous trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants," &c. illustrated with sixty coloured plates, "drawn and engraved from living specimens, by William Clark." The work is cleverly and neatly got up, and forms a splendid volume.

3.—These tales are avowedly selected for children; and although we have better, of native growth, they are admirably calculated to promote a taste for literature in the younger branches. Like the stories of *American Life*, published some months since, they are chosen with a discrimination which secured a deserved popularity; for although American Literature would supply subjects of greater novelty and power, and originality of style, Miss Mitford has selected only those which, besides being beautiful in their way, are unexceptionable in ours.

4.—The most industrious of teachers, the most persevering of authors, M. Fenwick de Porquet, has, under the title of *The French Pupil's own Book*, put forth a second and enlarged edition of his *Traducteur Parisien*; a useful and elegant little volume, comprising a French and English Lexicon of the most difficult words used in the book, and judicious selections from various authors, anecdotes, historical facts, letters, dramatic scenes, &c., arranged in such a manner that, as the pupil proceeds, he gradually encounters more difficult composition, and thus imperceptibly perfects himself in the "universal language."

5.—One of those sound and useful volumes, which work a beneficial influence wherever they are read. It contains the most beautiful passages in the Old and New Testament, selected with care and discrimination, and arranged in a manner which, for young persons, greatly enhances their value. Mrs. Lachlan is known as a sound writer upon education ; and has, in this volume presented an admirable classification of sacred truths, which may form one of the principal works in the educational library.

6.—As a first attempt, this is a creditable poem ; for although there is nothing lofty, there are passages which promise favourably.

7.—One of those unpretending works which take one by surprise ; good paper, good printing, spirited wood engravings, and excellent matter. The chief of the periodicals are laid under contributions for some of their best articles ; and it is besides a work of research, in which we find good things from other valuable sources.

8.—This title conveys but an imperfect idea of this extremely elegant device for mounting prints and drawings, which are intended for the decoration of Albums and Scrap-books. The lines, which are multiplied till they are of sufficient breadth, are formed into circles, ovals, sexagons, and almost every variety of angular figure, tastefully and uniformly dispersed on coloured paper. To scrap collectors, a book formed of these ornamented coloured sheets, must be a great acquisition ; and a few of the leaves interspersed in Albums, would have a good effect.

NEW PUBLISHING COMPANY.—We delight in rivalry ; we know that the public gain by it, and we feel that “ the best man wins.” A new Publishing Company is starting into light ; but from the prospectus, which lies before us, we opine that its plan is too limited either to materially benefit the literary world, or to affect the large publishing houses.

MUSIC.

- 1.—*Overture to Lulu. Composed and Arranged for the Pianoforte, by Friedrich Kuhlau, Director of the Opera to the King of Denmark.*
- 2.—*Repertoire pour les Dames. A Collection of Elegant and Brilliant Melodies. Arranged by Chaulieu, Czerny, Haydn, Herz, Hummel, Hüntten (G.) Mozart, &c., for the Pianoforte. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Cocks and Co.*
- 3.—*Songs for the Grave and Gay. The Poetry written, and Melodies selected, by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq. Z. T. Purday.*
- 4.—*Les Chernoises, Contredanses variées, pour le Pianoforte. Par Ch. Chaulieu. Cocks and Co.*
- 5.—*“ I’m thine, e’en for ever.” A Ballad. The Poetry and Melody by W. R. Hayward, Esq. The Symphonics and Accompaniments by J. R. M’Furlane. Z. G. Purday.*
- 6.—*Clarke’s Instructions for the Pianoforte. Cocks and Co.*

1.—This Danish overture is a novelty : it is full of striking effects and curious combinations. We have not heard it performed at Covent Garden Theatre, but as far as we can judge from a pianoforte copy, it appears to be scored by a clever musician. There are some well imagined sequences, particularly one in the second page, with a *pedale* in the upper part, which is again met with in another part of the overture. The first half of the composition is in D minor, though M. Kuhlau is soon tired of remaining in one key for any length of time together ; accordingly we find him modulating into all sorts of keys, some of them rather remote, such as A sharp and G flat. The melody is not very connected, but there are some passages which are sufficiently pleasing. The second part of the overture, instead of being in the relative major key, as might be expected, is in D major, in which the author perseveres in his taste for extraneous modulations and transitions. The *presto* movement in the last page has some good passages for the bass. The over-

ture, as a whole, possesses high claims to the consideration of musicians, and in executing it on the pianoforte, young ladies will meet with two or three pleasing difficulties to grapple with. A flute accompaniment is appended to this arrangement.

2.—We think the authors, from whose works the selections in the *Repertoire* are taken, have not had full justice done them by the publishers. Why should not their names figure away in the title-page, as well as those of the arrangers? Why, in the name of all that is attractive, should the name of Rossini be thus excluded, especially in a work of this kind, dedicated, as it is, to the ladies? However this may be, amends are soon made for this apparent neglect, as the very first page contains a beautiful air in three flats, from the *Semiramide*; and in other parts of the work, we find the inviting, *Vieni fra queste braccia*, from the *Gazza Ladra*; and the charming *Non piu mesta*, with which the public have lately been made acquainted, through the singing of Miss Inverarity, in that hotch-potch production to which they have given the name of *Cinderella*. Considerable taste has been displayed in making the selection, without any thing like exclusiveness. *The Dream*, arranged by Mozart, is full of expression, and contrasts well with a lively German air by the same master. *Ma Fauchette est charmante*, is a very pleasing trifle, and judiciously harmonized. In a waltz, from Weber's opera of *Silvana*, the rhythm is not so well marked as in his other more celebrated waltz tunes: there are great beauties in it notwithstanding. Hummel has shown his skill in the simplicity of his accompaniment to *La Sentinelle*, a well known French air. Our space prevents us mentioning many other pretty things in this work, which is in every respect worthy of its title. It is admirably "got up."

3.—This volume has at length made its appearance; and although we were already acquainted with a portion of the poetry, from its having been published as belonging to the forthcoming volume, the *Songs for the Grave and Gay* come out with a freshness and variety quite their own. The airs are well selected, not only as rich specimens of ballad composition, but as most appropriate music for the poetry of the accomplished author. The accompaniments and arrangements are quite in keeping, and excellent of their kind.

4.—To do justice to these dance tunes, the performer must have something like a brilliant finger. M. Chaulieu has bestowed great pains in enriching and varying the harmony, and any lady will be well rewarded after playing these quadrilles once or twice over. The different figures are all marked.

5.—A junction of poetry and melody in the same person is becoming not uncommon, and as the act of James does not extend to this species of monopoly, we see no reason why it should not be tolerated. The essence of the poetry is contained in the title of the song, except that the words, "Dear Jessy," should be added. The melody is simple, and not ill-assorted with the words, and is within the compass of most voices, going no higher than F: the key B flat. The symphonies and accompaniments are excellent. We noticed this song, briefly, in a former number.

6.—A very judicious and explanatory work, containing all that can be useful to the young students, conveyed in the most intelligible form.

THE SERAPHINE.—This newly-invented musical instrument, which possesses all the power, and more than all the delicacy, of an organ of large size, but which is a small, compact, handsome piece of furniture, easily removed from one room to another, and will be found a delightful acquisition in every musical family: it has a swell-stop, which possesses a sweetness and precision of touch that we scarcely ever found in an organ of the common construction.

TYROLEAN MINSTRELS.—We had devoted a space to the notice of these interesting performers; but the Archives of the Court have displaced that and many other matters.

THE APOLLONICON.—The Saturday morning concerts on this delightful instrument attract, as well they may, large and fashionable assemblies. It is among the few, very few, musical treats, that we can enjoy without losing a valuable portion of our time.

FINE ARTS.

Prizes at the Liverpool Exhibition.—The following pictures, exhibited at the last exhibition, have been adjudged the prizes offered by the Common Council:—*Sol.* for the best picture painted expressly for the exhibition, to Mr. Robert Lauder, for his painting of the "Bride of Lammermoor."—*To Resident Artists:* 15*l.* to Mr. Mosses, for his painting, in oil, of "The Orphans." 15*l.* to Mr. Austin, for his painting, in water colours, of "Llanberris Pass."—*Liverpool Herald.*

We have prepared an article on the British Gallery, which we are sorry to postpone till our next; albeit we think the artists, if they knew all, would rejoice. We think painting, like poetry, should have no mercy shown where the artists are pretenders. Who can go into the gallery of the British Institution and—after deducting those paintings which have before appeared at the Academy, and a few others of real merit—not grieve to see the deplorable waste of colour and canvass that is apparent on the walls? To be sure the walls must be covered with something; but is there any reason why so much rubbish should hang in good places, and here and there a gem—which we must double ourselves up to look at—be placed near the ground? But we will leave our article to speak for itself next month, and say no more here.

Drama.

KING'S THEATRE.—The brilliant audiences of days gone by, are brought forcibly to our recollection by the assemblages of rank and fashion of the last two evenings; and we predict, that the Opera will be more attended by the higher classes during the present season than it has been previously for many years. In our last we gave a list of the company engaged. Nothing that could afford us an opportunity of noticing more than their general merit has yet occurred; nor indeed, have all the principals been yet brought forward. For this, among other reasons, we abstain from saying more, than there is every prospect of a brilliant season.

DRURY-LANE.—MR. KEAN has returned to the London Boards to pain his friends and give a triumph to his foes. His performance of *Richard* was an exhibition of imbecility, such as we never before witnessed; and his subsequent performances have confirmed the fact that his bodily powers have decayed, that his genius has lost much of its fire; that, in short, he is merely playing to lose the fame he had acquired. In his *Richard* the only scene that was tolerable was his courting scene with *Lady Anne*! His genius then lighted up a little, and it was a very beautiful effort—the only one that for a moment reminded us of what he had been.

Fra Diavolo.—Another version of this

French melodrama has been brought forward at this house, with the advantage of *Auber's* music too, not ill adapted to English words. It was out of place, as indeed we think melodramas always are at the National Theatres, and this had already been played at the Minors some time. Sinclair and Mrs. Waylett sang prettily, and Wallack over acted, as usual his part, which was a sort of Brigand, the hero of the piece.

COVENT-GARDEN.—A new piece entitled *Comrades and Friends*, is among the ancient novelties of this house. It is an affecting piece of twaddle: such plots have been dramatized a thousand times.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—The appearance of Miss Fanny Kemble in *Beatrice* has confirmed the opinions which we have expressed on her general qualifications. We remember when her father was but a mawkish actor, and he worked his way up only by continued study and perseverance. Miss Kemble has been more fortunate. Her admirers have praised and applauded; the judicious have borne with her kindly, until she begins to see her way, and we should be unjust not to concede, that another great advance was made in her performance of *Beatrice*. We are glad of it; we have only to entreat that she persevere. Of her father's *Benedict* it is needless to speak—it was a judicious piece of acting.

FRENCH PLAYS.—We have attended these performances regularly, and had we sufficient room in this department of our work, or did it enter strictly within our plan, we should go into rather minute details upon the subject: as it is, however, we shall confine ourselves to a few general observations, at least for the present, leaving many things untouched, which will furnish materials for an interesting comparison between the French and English comic drama, and the two national styles of acting, should we be tempted, on some future occasion, to take up the question in a more elaborate manner.

M. Laporte, and his copartners in the undertaking, have met with decided encouragement, and it is in the very nature of the undertaking itself, that this encouragement should go on increasing; because untravelled English ears will gradually become more and more familiar with the intonation of the French accent, and so enjoy more completely the dialogue; for this is the only drawback experienced by any portion of the audience. A man may read French as fluently as he does English; he may be master of all its idiomatic niceties; he may even be able to converse freely with a native of that country upon all ordinary subjects, and yet, if he have never resided for any length of time in France, if his ear have not grown familiar with the true Parisian pronunciation, and expert by practice, in following the delivery of words which roll so nimbly off a Frenchman's tongue, he will find it morally impossible to catch the true meaning of much that he hears, and especially on the stage. This drawback, however, is, we repeat, one which must necessarily be diminished, by the increased opportunities of attending French dramatic performances, and hence the performances themselves will meet with a corresponding increase of patronage. Such has already been the case indeed; for the audiences are not only more numerous, but more English, than they were when the French company first played in this country.

We hope one of the consequences of this advancing popularity will be, that M. Laporte, or whoever may hereafter have the management, will feel his

ground strong enough to venture upon a higher class of entertainments, producing the legitimate comedies of the French stage, acted by the best performers. The actual company at the Haymarket (we do not speak of those who are promised—Brunet, Madame Albert, Mademoiselle Leontine Fay, &c.) is, with three or four exceptions, of no very distinguished character. There is, to be sure, Laporte himself, an admirable comedian; and there are M. M. Derval and Bouffé, both very good, and in different lines: and there is the arch, sprightly, natural, Mademoiselle St. Ange; and it may be said, these are enough to sustain the slender fabric of vaudevilles. So, perhaps, they are; but for ourselves, we could wish some scenes, even of a vaudeville, in better hands than those of Preval, St. Aubert, Alfred, Paulin, Madame Preval, and Mademoiselle Corra. The company is most deficient, however, in female talent; for, with the exception of Mademoiselle St. Ange and Mademoiselle Herminie, whose performance of *Yelva*, in the piece of that name, was a most impressive piece of pantomimic acting, there is not one that is even tolerable. We speak with reference to real dramatic talent; for as to the business of the stage, the attention to by-play, and the observance of all those little circumstances which constitute the more or less perfect illusion of the scene, a fifth-rate French actor or actress might be studied with advantage by the majority of our own leading performers.

M. Bauffé, who is engaged for twelve nights only, has already played four or five of his principal characters, and among them, some of which he was the original representative in Paris, such as *Rigolard*, in *Jean* (which Laporte represented, and very effectively too, before his arrival), *Pierre* in *Le Coureur*, *Jean Gaillard*, the cabriolet driver, in *Le Portefeuille*, and *Quoniam*, in the piece of that name. This range, were it no further extended, is sufficient to prove his versatility, for they are essentially discriminated from each other. He has certainly great comic talent; and aided by the equally great talent of *Derval*, the clever piece of *Jean* has been capitably performed.

Fashions.

NOTHING is more elegant for a carriage dress, than a hat of *pensée* velvet; the brim, the smallest that we have yet seen, is wide across the forehead, short at the ears, and a little larger on the left side than the right; it is lined with the same material, and trimmed on the inside with white blonde lace, one half of which, set on full and rather narrow, is arranged in the cap style; the remainder of the lace forms a round rosette on the opposite side, in the centre of which is a knot of *pensée* and white figured riband, cut to resemble foliage. The crown is low, of a round shape, and higher in the centre than at the edges; it is ornamented with a drapery of the same material, edged with blonde lace, and placed in a bias direction; this drapery is terminated at the bottom of the crown on each side, by knots of cut riband; an ostrich feather to correspond in colour with the hat, issues from a fold in the drapery on the left side, and falls back over the crown.

The mantle is of satin to correspond with the hat; it is not so wide as they are generally made, but sufficiently so to hang gracefully round the figure; the collar, which stands out from the neck, is shaped exactly like a shell, and the cape, nearly, but not quite so deep as they have hitherto been worn, is cut in the same form. It is lined with rose-coloured sarsenet, and trimmed with velvet to correspond with the satin. The trimming is arranged in separate pieces, resembling cocks'-combs, lightly fluted, and laid partly one over the other.

Silk aprons, fashioned exactly after those worn in France by servant-maids of all work, have been, during some time, a part of ladies' home-dress; they are about to be superseded by others of a different shape; shorter, narrower at the waist than the bottom, without pockets, and having the bib part composed only of broad riband, which crosses in the centre of the bust in front; the *cinchure* of riband to correspond, fastens in the middle of the waist before in a short full bow. Six or eight satin pipings, one the colour of the apron, and another of a different colour, placed alternately, form the trimming.

A new and very graceful style of morning dress is something between a

French *peignoir*, and an English *pelisse* gown; the *corsage* is full, the fullness so arranged in front as to form light loose folds across the bosom, which are much more becoming than the former ones so long in fashion. The collar is very deep, and falls back from the throat over the shoulders. The sleeve is confined half-way up the arm, by three bands arranged in festoons. The skirt is closed before, and has no trimming; but the collar and the wristband—the latter is about two inches in breadth—are finished by velvet scallops. Morning dresses are generally of *gros de Naples*. We have, however, seen one or two of Cachemere, trimmed with velvet, which had a much more elegant effect. If there is a paucity of materials for *déshabille*, there certainly is none for half-dress, or evening dress. Velvet, satin, and different kinds of rich silk are worn in both, as well as a variety of gauzes, crapes, &c., generally worn over satin, and confined exclusively to evening dress.

Gowns for evening parties are cut rather lower round the busts, and shorter in the skirts, than is exactly accordant with our old-fashioned ideas of delicacy. We saw the other day, a *chemisette*, composed of blonde lace, admirably calculated for evening dress, made high enough to shield, without entirely concealing, the bosom; it was trimmed in the mantilla style, with a double fall of blonde lace.

One of the evening dresses that we consider most likely to be adopted in high circles, is composed of either gauze or crape, over satin; the body of the satin dress is cut square, and falls low in the shoulder; the *corsage* of the other dress is closed about half as high as the satin one; the lapel turns back in points, which descend nearly to the waist, and correspond with those on the shoulders; it is cut in sharp irregular notches, they are bordered by narrow blonde lace of a very light pattern, set on extremely full, which produces a singular, but pretty effect. A band, similarly cut, turns up over the bottom of the *béret* sleeve, and the skirt is finished at the hem with a trimming to correspond in form, but considerably larger.

Among the novelties that will be introduced in millinery, is a dress-hat; the

crown is white satin, the brim, blonde lace, disposed in full flutings, and turned up something in the turban style. Two very light sprigs of flowers, placed at the bottom of the crown, cross each other, and droop towards the brim on each side.

The wreaths of blonde lace intermixed with flowers, which are fashionable under the name of caps, have a light effect, but are too voluminous to be becoming; a head-dress free from this defect is composed of blonde lace, looped down in scallops at some distance from each other; the spaces are filled with delicate flowers. Rose-colour, bright ruby, French grey, lilac, pea-green, azure blue, and a beautiful new shade of citron, are the most fashionable colours.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

A few lovely days have induced several of our *élégantes* to throw aside, at least for the moment, their winter dresses, and appear in the promenades in a *demi saison* costume. One of the prettiest of these, is a *redingote* of lavender bloom *gros de Naples*; the *corsage*, made à *schall*, reached nearly to the throat in front, and was deep enough behind to form a pelerine. A very light *rouleau* of swansdown bordered the *corsage* and the fronts of the dress, the sleeves were made to sit close at the lower part of the arm; the upper part, quite as large as usual, fell *en bouffant*, considerably below the elbow; the bottom of the sleeve was bordered by a *rouleau* of swansdown.

The hat worn with this dress appears to me one of the most novel of the month; it is of rose-coloured plush, the shape of the crown resembles a jockey's cap, the brim is something less than the usual size. A *bouquet* of cut ribands decorates the right side of the crown; it is placed near the top, and a large rosette also of cut riband is put far back on the left side, partly on the brim, and partly on the crown. The half-season style is, however, but partially adopted. We still see furred mantles and velvet pelisses; the most novel of the latter are made with very large pelerines, forming points on the shoulders, and a *fichu* before. One of the most elegant pelisses that I have lately seen in the Tuileries Gardens, was of granite-coloured velvet, made in this manner. The hat worn with it was of azure blue *velours épinglé*,

with a crown à *six pans*; that is, with a drapery arranged in a particular form, and smaller at the bottom than the top. A single white ostrich feather played over the brim, which was ornamented on the inside with *coques* of white gauze riband, made to imitate blonde lace.

Merinos and *gros de Naples* are in favour in home dress, particularly the latter. *Collettes* of muslin, disposed in large plaits; or else cravats of velvet or satin are always worn in *déshabille*, to which caps are also a necessary appendage.

With the exception of a few superb dresses, embroidered in gold and silver, for grand balls, evening dress is rather distinguished by simple elegance than splendour; gowns composed of printed *mousselines de soie*, or of *Donna Maria* gauze, with a *corsage* draped in the Grecian style; a waist of an easy and natural length; long sleeves which, though still large, are not quite so wide as those worn in the beginning of the winter; a skirt, neither too wide nor too narrow, but falling in easy graceful folds, with a hem not much more than half the usual depth. Such, with the head-dresses I am about to describe, is the style of evening dress for concerts, social balls, and *conversations*.

Small crape hats, either white, rose-coloured, citron, or amethyst, trimmed with two feathers falling upon the crown, or crape *berets*, with a plain crown, the brim turned up by a satin riband, the end of which is fastened on one side.

If the *coiffure* is *en cheveux*, it should be ornamented with flowers; if it is composed of a single flower, it must surmount the bows of hair, and be placed a little on one side; a rose, a *cactus*, or a *dahlia* with the buds and foliage, are equally proper. If there are different flowers, they must be small, arranged in a *chaperon*, and surround the base of the bows of hair. The *chaperon* resembles a small crown, it should be composed of sprigs of flowers.

Dresses for *bals pares*, are of crape, tulle, and different kinds of gauze, embroidered or figured in gold or silver. I shall cite a few that may serve as models to your fair readers, premising that they are among the most elegant of those that appeared at the late Court balls, and at that very superb one given by the English ambassador.

A dress of rose-coloured gauze, spotted with silver; the *corsage en schall* before and behind, and open on the shoulders; these four lappels are very large, and bordered by an *effilé* of burnished silver: they form *mancherons* upon the shoulders. Sleeves *en bouffantes*, ornamented with knots of silver gauze ribands, edged with the same light kind of silver fringe that trims the *corsage*. The head-dress is a wreath of silver *epis* intermixed with small roses.

A dress of rose-coloured *tulle*, the *corsage drapé*, the drapery fixed in the centre of the bosom by a diamond agraffe. A double fall of blond lace, arranged *en mantille*, went round the back and shoulders; the trimming of the skirt was composed of white feathers arranged in festoons. The *coiffure* was a bandeau of diamonds, and a wreath formed of small white feathers placed in an oblique direction, and terminating by a *gerbe* of diamonds.

A crape dress of *tulle*, of that shade of colour called *bleu-Adelaide*, the *corsage* plain, and cut very low, trimmed with blonde lace. *Béret* sleeves covered with blonde lace. The trimming was an embroidery, above the hem, of a wreath of pinks, with large buds and foliage; the whole in silver, except that the heart of each pink was marked by a little rose-coloured point. The hair was dressed in three high bows and two braids—one of the latter was brought very high on the left side. A wreath of pinks, arranged with singular grace, formed the only ornament of the *coiffure*.

Granite, violet, dark green, and lavender, are the most fashionable colours for promenade dress and negligée. *Lie de Vin clair*, a favourite colour of the Queen; *bleu-Adelaide*, and *rose de Parmasse*, so often worn by, and so becoming to, the young princesses, are the modish colours for *soirées*; white is also very much worn. Adieu.

OPERA DRESS.

1.

A dress of plain *chaly*, the colour is Swedish blue, *corsage à revers*, the *revers* cut in light festoons; it is embroidered in silk of a corresponding colour; long sleeves of *gaze de Soie*. A light embroidery, to correspond with that on the bust, goes round the upper edge of the hem. The turban is of ruby velvet,

of a graceful shape, something higher, and not quite so large as usual: it is ornamented with a gold bandeau which traverses one side, and an *aigrette* placed behind. A bandeau, corresponding with that on the turban, encircles the forehead. The mantle is of ruby velvet, with a collar, pelerine, and trimming of ermine. Ear-rings, and bracelets of gold, beautifully chased.

DINNER DRESS.

2.

A white satin dress, the *corsage à la Grecque*, is bordered with a *rouleau* of lilac satin. Blonde lace sleeves, a *L'Inbecille*, over *bérets* of white satin; they are surmounted by *mancherons*, ornamented by a *rouleau* to correspond with that on the *corsage*. A *rouleau* of the same material also borders the skirt. Head-dress, a *chapeau béret* of crimson satin. The crown is of the helmet shape, and very low, the shape of the brim is a half circle, it turns up all round, and shows the jewelled bandeau worn underneath. A bouquet of white ostrich feathers falls in one direction over the brim. The ear-rings, &c. of or *mat*. The scarf is white and gold-coloured gauze.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

3.

A high dress of violet *gros de Naples*, finished round the border with two rows of pointed trimming of the same material. The pelerine is of green velvet, bordered by a *rouleau* of swansdown. Green velvet hat, trimmed with white ostrich feathers.

BALL DRESS.

4.

A dress of white *gaze de Soie*, over white satin; the *corsage en demi caur*, is cut low, and with a little fullness at the bottom of the waist; short and very full sleeve, formed into a double *bouffant* by a large knot of lilac gauze riband, which loops it nearly to the shoulder. A light embroidery of detached sprigs of lilac adorns the bottom of the skirt. A band and two *nœuds* of lilac riband are placed in a bias direction on one side, and a *rouleau* surmounts the embroidery. The hair is dressed in the Chinese fashion, but not high, and adorned with a plume of lilac feathers, placed on the summit of the head, and a gold comb. The necklace, ear-rings, and *ceinture* buckle, gold and pearls.



FASHIONS FOR MARCH.
ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.



Opera Dress.

Evening Dress.

Royal Lady's Magazine.

SECOND BALL DRESS.

5.

A dress of bird of Paradise coloured tulle over satin to correspond. *Corsage en cœur* cut rather high, the lappel forming points on the shoulders. Very short *béret* sleeve. The trimming of the skirt is French-grey gauze riband, arranged in a flat wreath of foliage, which is traversed by a row of leaves the colour of the dress. The hair is arranged in full curls at the sides of the face, and low round bows on the summit of the head. Knots of the tulip shape, composed of cut riband, are intermixed with the bows. Ear-rings and necklace of burnished gold.

FULL DRESS.

6.

A rose-coloured velvet dress *corsage à la Seigné*, cut square, rather high, and bordered with narrow blonde lace, which stands up round the bust. Long sleeve of gauze of *Paris*, over a white satin under sleeve; it is confined just above the elbow by a band and knot of rose-coloured gauze riband; the lower part, which sits close to the arm, is ornamented by rose-coloured bands placed in *demi losange*, from the wrist to the elbow; the epaulettes are points of rose-coloured velvet, edged with blonde lace. *Ceinture* of figured velvet; a single *rouleau* of a deeper shade than the dress, borders the hem. Rose-coloured velvet hat; the crown is low, and of a melon shape, the brim is ornamented on the inside with white blonde lace, arranged *en étoile*. Ostrich feathers drooping in different directions adorn the crown. Ear-rings, *et cetera*, pearls.

OPERA DRESS.

A white satin dress, the *corsage* cut high in the centre of the bosom, but low on the shoulders and behind; it is ornamented *en revers* with blond lace at the sides and round the back of the bust, the centre of which is trimmed with a *ruche à la neige*, of blond net. Short *béret* sleeve covered with a triple row of blond lace, which falls very low. The outer dress is an open *pelisse-robe* of crimson velvet, lined with blue satin; it is made *en peignoir*, except that it has short loose sleeves. The *béret*, composed of lavender bloom-coloured velvet, is placed very far back upon the head, and ornamented with two white ostrich feathers, one placed at the bottom of the crown, the other under the brim.

EVENING DRESS.

A white satin dress, the *corsage* cut low and square, is ornamented with a fold of satin, open on the shoulders, rather deep behind, and lightly festooned in the centre of the bosom by a *bouquet* of flowers; *béret* sleeves, finished *en manchette*, with blond lace, arranged so as to fall in a point below the elbow. The *ceinture* is a band of *or mat*, fastened by a burnished gold buckle. The skirt is trimmed round the border with festoons of gold fringe, the point of each festoon is adorned with a *bouquet* of wild flowers mixed with ears of gold corn. The hair is very much divided on the forehead, and dressed in full curls at the sides of the face: it is arranged in two round bows on the summit of the head, and a soft braid, which is twisted round the bows. A light *bouquet* of flowers is inserted in the braid, and a gold comb is placed behind. Pearl ear-rings; gold neck-chain.

The following quaint inscription may be read on a tablet in one of the cloisters of Westminster Abbey:—

With diligence and trust most exemplary
 Did William Lawrence serve a prebendary;
 And for his pains now past, before not lost,
 Gain'd this remembrance at his master's cost.
 Oh, read these lines again; *You seldom find,*
A servant faithful, and a master kind.
 Short hand he wrote; his flower in prime did fade,
 And hasty death short hand of him hath made.
 Well coueth he numbers; and well measure land
 Thus doth he now that ground whereon you stand,
 Wherein he lies, so geometricall:
 Art maketh some, but thus will nature all.
 Obit. Dec. 28, 1621, *Ætatis Suae* 29.

ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S AND FASHIONABLE NOTICES.

THE KING'S LEVEE.

On the 23d of February his Majesty held his first Levee for the season, at his Palace in St. James's.

A Guard of Honour attended in the Palace-yard, and a detachment of Life Guards in the Great Court-yard; the Bands of the two Regiments played alternately during the afternoon.

The King entered the State Apartments about two o'clock, and gave audiences in the Royal Closet to the Field Officer in Waiting and to the Officer of the Guard, who made a Report to the King of the effective state of the three Regiments of Foot Guards.

His Majesty gave audiences to the Prince of Orange, Prince Talleyrand, the French ambassador, the Marquis de Santo Amaro, the Brazilian Minister, and Count Moltke, the Danish Minister: the three latter delivered letters from their Sovereigns to the King.

Afterwards his Majesty gave audiences to—

Earl Grey, Viscount Althorpe, the Duke of Northumberland, the Marquis of Clanricarde, the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Goderich, Lord Hill, the Marquis of Winchester, Sir George Nayler, Mr. Forester, the Duke of Devonshire, Visct. Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Stuart de Rothsay, upon his return from his Embassy to the Court of France.

The Hon. General Grey, attended by Earl Grey, had an audience of his Majesty, who was pleased to confer the Grand Cross of the Order of Hanover upon him.

Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Maitland, K.C.B., attended by Sir George Nayler, had an audience, when the King was pleased to invest him with the insignia of Knight Commander of the Bath.

His Majesty, attended by Lord Byron, as Lord in Waiting, and Mr. Forester, as Groom, then held his Levee, commencing with those who have the privilege of the *Entrée*, which was attended by—

Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, and Gloucester; the Prince of Orange; the French, Russian, Austrian, Netherlands, and Brazilian Ambassadors; the Prussian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Sardinian, Neapolitan, American, Bavarian, Wirtemberg, and Austrian (Baron de Wessenburgh), Ministers; the Brazilian Charge d'Affaires, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Lord Chancellor, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal; the Secre-

taries of State for the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Departments; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Board of Control, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, the Groom of the Stole, the Master of the Horse, the Captain of the Yeoman Guard; Lord Hill, Gold Stick in Waiting; the Master General of the Ordnance, the Secretary of State for Ireland, the Chief Commissioner of the Woods and Forests, the Paymaster of the Forces, the Secretary at war, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Treasurer of the Household, the Vice-Chancellor, the King's Advocate, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, the Judge of the Admiralty, the Lord Mayor, Mr. Sheriff Poland, Mr. Sheriff Marshall, Mr. Under Sheriff Willoughby; Sir Astley Cooper, Sergeant-Surgeon to the King; Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy; the Rev. Samuel Smith, Chaplain to the Lord Mayor; and the Rev. G. J. Brookes, Chaplain to Mr. Sheriff Poland.

At the General Levee were—

Dukes—Gordon, Devonshire, Grafton, Wellington, Dorset, Northumberland, St. Albans, Richmond.

Marquisses—Clanricarde, Salisbury, Thomson, Winchester, Camden, Londonderry, Lansdowne.

Earls—Rosebery, Gower, Belfast, Wicklow, Bandon, Mayo, Winchelsea, Ossory, Plymouth, Radnor, Verulam, Uxbridge, Brecknock, Sheffield, Carlisle, Spencer, Waldegrave, Denbigh, Amherst, Aberdeen, Macclesfield, Rosslyn, Clarendon, Essex, Bathurst, Westmoreland, Stanhope, Euston.

Viscounts—Deerhurst, Bernard, Bolingbroke, Holmesdale, Boyle, Frankfort, Harwarden, Boringdon, Beresford, Maynard, Duncannon.

Lords—Tullamore, Mayhon, Teynham, Stanley, Byron, Garlies, Hotham, Manners, Rendlesham, W. Fitzroy, J. S. Churchill, Prudhoe, F. L. Gower, W. Hervey, J. O'Brien, Stuart de Rothsay, Auckland, Ellenborough, Maryborough.

Counts—Mörner, Du Monceau, Craquebourg.

Barons—Ralamb, Linsingen.

Right Honourables—Sir C. Robinson, Sir G. Murray, Sturges Bourne, G. Stanley, C. Grant, J. Herries, C. Arbuthnot.

Honourables—Henry Windsor, C. Forrester, Blayney, M.P., Prittie, M.P., Baron Dimsdale, J. Turnour, Lieutenant-General Ramsay, T. Dundas, Major Fane, W. H. Hare, J. Westenra, Colonel A. Ellis, Captain Elliot, Rev. H. C. Cust, W. Temple.

Bishops—London, Luscombe, Bristol, Chichester.

Dean of Carlisle.

Archdeacon Headlam.

Rev. Doctors—Spry, Symons.

Rev. Messrs—M. Irving, Samuel Smith, J. R. Wood, Hon. F. Hotham, G. T. Brookes, Sir W. H. Cooper, Bart., W. H. Roberts, E. Bury, A. Bouverie, D. F. Hatton, V. K. Child, R. H. Barhame, B. Bray, J. T. Trevelyan, T. Barne, F. T. Connell, H. Harvey, J. M. Halsey.

Doctors—Gordon, Gibney.

Sirs—M. A. Shee, Astley Cooper, Bart., P. Grev Egerton, W. Chatterton, W. Geary, F. Gibbons, G. Staunton, M.P., E. C. Dering, J. Shelley, Thomas Hesketh, Bart., James Shaw, Bart., G. Chetwynd, M. S. Stewart, C. Hulse, Bart., M.P., G. Shee, C. Morgan, Bart., R. Kennedy, J. Johnstone, E. Suzden, G. Naylor (Garter), C. Domville, W. Lumley, Herbert Jenner, H. Har- dinge, Chevalier de Neumann—Alderman Hunter.

Messieurs—S. March Philipps, G. Lamb, C. Bradshaw, Brent, Sidney, Joshua Brookes, F. R. S., Greene, M.P., Burge, M.A., Taylor, B. Danvers, D. Radcliffe, Morgan Thomas, Firth, Cox, Bisse, Challoner, W. Rae Wilson, John Frost, F.A.S., Cooper Cooper, Compton, Harrison, Chapman W. Miles, H. Grape, Poore, Rowley Lascelles, Villiers, J. Norton, Culling Smith, George Hibbert, Brocas, C. G. Wynne, M.P., C. Dickens, Hurt Sitwell, Edmund Jerningham, H. Compton, J. Brogden, O'Brien, Backhouse, Bosanquet, S. Skinner, Kerte, C. Gore, J. T. Mayne, Harcourt, Tierney, Dewar, Platt, Wilmot Horton, Henry Bail- lie, Francis Baring, Tennyson, Spence, M.P., Miles, H. Tufnell, S. Platt, Hill, R.N., Gibbons, G. R. Smith, Long, Maberly, M.P., Herries, Jephson, M.P., Knowles, W. Cam- ac, R. C. Mellish, Alcock, Maule, St. John Baker, C. Shakerley, O. Morgan, F. Ewerlof, Arthur Stanhope, Harris, Harford, Marshall, Sheriff Hulse, Bethell Walrond, Callander, Barrow, F. Fardell, M.P., Henry Clive, M.P., G. P. Constable, F. Dundas, John Bowden, Charles Bedingfield, W. J. Hamilton, Thornton, Raikes, Neil Mal- colm, M.P., Barrow, P.C. Scarlett, Stanley.

Admirals—Sir H. Blackwood, Sir R. Ot- way, Sir J. Whitehead, Sir J. Gore, Hon. Sir H. Hotham, Sir W. Hotham, Sir R. Keats, Digby, Sir F. Maitland, Murray, Schomberg, Sir G. Martin, Sir F. Laforey, Sir G. Hammond, Maling, Hardyman, Stuart, Sir G. Moore, Capel, Sir J. Hardy, Rodd, Lord Colville, Walker, G. Dundas, Maitland.

Generals—Sir C. Imhoff, Hon. R. Taylor, Sir W. Inglis, Bayly, Wallis, Kearney,

Walsh, Young, Nicolay, Sir T. Dallas, Sir H. Askew, Hon. Sir R. Dundas, Calcraft, Sir C. Dalbiac, Sir J. Buchan, Hardwicke, Wetherall, J. Campbell, O'Loughlen, Ellice, Gilmour, Sir R. Donkin, White, Ross, Champagne, Pigot, Sir J. Hamilton, Cook- son, Sir T. Bowser, T. Hiddrington, Tolley, Sir R. Wilson, Sir R. Bolton, Sir H. Har- dinge, Lord Beresford, Sir J. Quentin, Sir Alured Clarke, Grey.

Colonels—Thornton, Harmer, Fremantle, Sir A. Dalrymple, Sir James Kempt, Le Conteur, Wynyard, Downman, Gibbs, El- phinstone, Higgins, Poter, Woodford, Sir C. Broke Vere, Lord Downes, Salwey, Tre- menheere, Maberly, Crawford, Whinyates, Ellicombe, Yorke, Hon. G. Rice, Trevor, Latter, J. Michell, T. S. St. Clair, Buckley, Whatley, Couper, Sir G. Hoste, J. Wemyss, Lluellyn, Savage, Arbuthnot, Sir J. Hope, Stretton, Clitheroe, Anson, Campbell, Sir R. Hamilton, O'Reilly, Eden, J. W. F. Smith, Wedgwood, Sir Wm. Herries, Wil- son, Blom, Sir H. Ross, Cardew, Daniell, Hugh Baille, Clayton, Douglas, Currey, Peddie.

Majors—Wright, Ryan, Deedes, Hon J. Keppel.

Commodore Usher.

Commanders—J. B. B. M'Hardy, Carter, Tomkins, G. Daniell, Ellice, Dalzell, W. Savage, Broughton, Russell, Elliot, Booth, Cotgrave, Frederick, Hon. J. Maude, J. Forster, Bagwell, Gilbert.

Captains, R.N.—Bowles, Williams, G. Lloyd, Sir G. Westphal, Saurin, W. Ho- tham, Wilson, D. Pring, Lysaght, Mulcas- ter, P. Wallis, Kirby, W. A. Montague, H. A. Elliot, W. Butterfield, Hon. H. Dun- can, Chads, D. P. Bouverie, Austen, S. S. Coffin, H. Hume Spence, Beechey, Dundas, Hon. J. A. Maude, Sir T. Fellowes, H. Smith, Rainier, W. Forbes, O. V. Har- court, Sir John Louis, Ferguson, Usher, Hotham, Drinkwater, Sir J. B. Pechell, J. W. Roberts.

Captains—Cates, Hulse, Hill, Finucane, Elliot, Boyd, Pearse, C. Dalrymple, Car- ter, Garsten, Harcourt, W. Wood, Cle- ments, Kemmis, Leech, E. F. Fletcher, Ho- hen, Todd, Harvey, Riley, G. Calcraft, Verner, Mahon, P. Hart, Dyke, Sullivan, Aylmer, Estridge.

Lieutenants, R. N.—Butterfield, G. F. Westbrook, J. F. C. Wylde, C. Short, J. W. Nott, A. Reed, A. P. Le Neve, T. Ross, G. P. Eyre.

Lieutenants.—G. Malcolm, Trevelyan, Dundas, C. Stoddart, Moody, Dashwood, Rogers, R. J. Hulse, C. A. Lewis, R. C. Moody, Dupuis, Robe, W. E. Robertson, Shee, R. G. Parnther, Ensign F. Rawlinus.

The following had the honour of being presented :—

The Duke of Gordon, with an Address from the inhabitants of Bristol, accompanied by the Bishop of Bristol, the Recorder, the Members for Bristol, and other Gentlemen.

Mr. Burge, as Agent for Jamaica, with an Address of Condolence and Congratulation to his Majesty from the Assembly of that Island, accompanied by the Earl of Dudley, Viscount St. Vincent, Lord Seaford, Sir A. C. Grant, Bart., M. P., Sir W. H. Cooper, Bart., G. Watson Taylor, M. P., W. Dickenson, M. P., Philip J. Miles, M. P., W. Miles, M. P., Neill Malcolm, M. P., Mr. John Mitchell, and Mr. George Hibbert.

Mr. John Thomas Mayne, with a Loyal and Constitutional Address to his Majesty from thirty of the County Magistrates, the Dignified Clergy, and 13,525 inhabitants of Wiltshire, by Viscount Melbourne.

The Marquis of Salisbury, on his appointment to be Major of Yeomanry, by the Earl of Verulam.

Mr. W. Rae Wilson, by General Wetherall, Comptroller of the Household of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

Sir J. Shaw, Bart., Chamberlain of London, by the Duke of Sussex.

Sir T. Hesketh, Bart., Colonel of the '3d Royal Lancashire Militia, by Sir J. Shelley.

Dr. Gordon, Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, by the Duke of Gordon.

The Bishop of Bristol, by the Bishop of Chichester.

Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Otway, on being appointed Groom of the Bedchamber, by the Marquis of Winchester.

Mr. Joshua Brookes, on his return from the Continent.

The Earl of Bandon, on coming to his title, by the Earl of Mayo.

Rev. Dr. Spry, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Rev. M. Irving, on his re-appointment as Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, by the Marquis of Camden.

The Earl of Wicklow, by the Earl of Aberdeen.

The Hon. Baron Dimsdale, on his appointment to be Captain of Yeomanry, by the Earl of Verulam.

Rev. G. T. Brookes, Chaplain to Mr. Sheriff Poland, by Mr. Poland.

Earl of Winchelsea, on being appointed to the command of the East Kent Yeomanry, by the Marquis of Camden.

Hon. Mr. Blayney, M. P., by Sir Andrew Barnard.

Viscount Hawarden, by the Marquis of Ely.

Hon. Mr. Turnour, by Earl Anlherst.

Mr. Archdeacon Headlum, by the Bishop of London.

Viscount Bolingbroke, by the Earl of Clarendon.

Rev. Thomas Barne, on his re-appointment as Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, by Mr. Arbuthnot.

Viscount Boyle, by the Earl of Bandon.

Mr. Burge, on his appointment as Agent for Jamaica, by Viscount Goderich.

The Lord Advocate of Scotland, by the Lord Chancellor.

Rev. J. T. Connell, by the Earl of Mayo.

Count Morner, by the Swedish Minister.

Mr. Greene, M. P., by the Earl of Northesk.

Sir John Shelley, by Sir Thomas Hesketh.

Right Rev. Bishop Luscombe, by the

Bishop of London.

Sir John Johnstone, by the Archbishop

of York.

Rev. Dr. Symons, Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, by Sir Robert Price, Bart.

Sir R. Kennedy, on permission to accept the Order of the Tower and Sword, by General Sir J. Doyle.

Sir Charles Hulse, Bart., M. P., by Sir Andrew Barnard.

Sir George Chetwynd, by Earl Howe.

Viscount Holmesdale, Captain of the Sevenoaks Troop of West Kent Yeomanry, by Marquis Camden.

Hon. William Henry Hare, by Lieutenant-Colonel Whitley.

Dr. Gibney, Physician to the Sussex County Hospital, by the Bishop of Chichester.

Viscount Bernard, by the Earl of Bandon.

Rev. Daniel Finch Hatton, on being appointed one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary, by the Earl of Winchelsea.

Rev. W. H. Roberts, by Vice-Admiral Sir John Gore.

Captain Kenmis, Grenadier Guards, on promotion, by Colonel Woodford.

Captain Harvey, Coldstream Guards, on appointment, by Colonel Thornton, Aid-de-camp to the King.

Lieutenant G. F. Westbrook, R. N., by the Hon. Admiral Dundas.

Captain Carter, R. A., by Sir A. Dickson.

Captain Garstin, Bengal Engineers, by Sir H. Fellowes, R. N.

Captain W. Wood, by Colonel Wood.

Mr. Tennyson, on being appointed Clerk of the Ordnance, by the Duke of Sussex.

Mr. Spence, M. P., by the Vice-Chancellor.

Major-Gen. the Hon. Sir R. L. Dundas, on promotion, by Lord Hill.

Mr. Gibbons, by Sir John Gibbons.

Mr. Henry Tufnell, on his marriage, by Lord Goderich.

Lieut.-General Calcraft, by the Right Hon. John Calcraft.

Mr. Miles, by the Duke of Gordon.
 Major-Gen. Sir C. Dalbiac, on being appointed a Knight Commander of the Royal Guelphic Order, by Lord Hill.
 Mr. G. R. Smith, by the D. of Richmond.
 Mr. Henry Baillie, by Colonel Baillie.
 Mr. Harris, by Viscount Melbourne.
 Major-Gen. Sir H. Askew, by Lord Hill.
 Mr. Octavius Morgan, by Sir C. Morgan.
 Mr. C. Shakerley, by Sir W. Fremantle.
 Mr. Dewar, by Lord Portmore.
 Rear-Admiral Sir F. Maitland, K.C.B., by Sir James Graham, Bart.
 Mr. Long, by the Earl of Northesk.
 Mr. Maberly, M.P., by the Duke of Richmond.
 Mr. Knowles, by his father, Admiral Sir C. Knowles, Bart., G.C.B.
 Vice-Admiral Hon. Sir H. Hotham, on his nomination to the Mediterranean command, by Sir J. Graham.
 Admiral Murray (of the white), by Sir J. Graham.
 Mr. Alcock, by Col. Wood.
 Mr. Maul, by Lord Mayo.
 Lieut.-Col. Peddie, on appointment to 31st Regiment, by Lord Hill.
 Mr. W. Carnac, by Admiral Rodd.
 Commander Russell Elliott, by the Hon. Vice-Admiral Fleming.
 Major-General Kearney, on his promotion, by General Loftus.
 Mr. John Bowden, by Capt. Montagu.
 Major-Gen. Young, on promotion, by Col. Sir A. Dickson, K.C.B.
 Col. Latter, on promotion, by Major-Gen. Hardwicke.
 Lieut.-Col. the Hon. George Rice Trevor, on his appointment to the command of the Royal Carmarthen Militia.
 Lieut.-Col. Maberly, on being appointed Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, by Sir J. Kempt.
 Mr. Bethell Walrond, on his marriage, by the Earl of Rosalyn.
 Lieut.-Col. Yorke, on being appointed Aid-de-Camp to the Master-General of the Ordnance, by Sir J. Kempt.
 Mr. Henry Clive, M.P., by Lord Clive.
 Mr. Frederick Dundas, by the Hon. Rear-Admiral Dundas.
 Lieut.-Gen. Cookson, on his promotion and return from the Continent.
 Mr. Bosanquet, Sub-Governor, South Sea Company, by Lord Bexley.
 Lieut.-Col. Cowper, on being appointed Secretary to the Master-General of the Ordnance, by Sir J. Kempt.
 Colonel Tremenheere, on being appointed one of his Majesty's Aides-de-Camp, by Sir James Graham.
 Mr. S. March Phillips, on his re-appointment as Under Secretary of State, by Lord Melbourne.
 Colonel Douglas, Aid-de-Camp to the

King, on his return from Canada, by the Duke of Wellington.
 Mr. Harcourt, by the Archbishop of York.
 Mr. Harrison, by Sir A. D'Este.
 Lieut.-Gen. Bayly Wallis, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Gordon.
 Maj.-Gen. Nicolay, by Viscount Goderich.
 Mr. J. Brogden, by Viscount Palmerston.
 Mr. Villiers, by Colonel Thornton.
 Mr. Brocas, by Sir C. Hunter.
 Mr. John Norton, by Lord Hill.
 Mr. Chapman, by Lord Downes.
 Mr. Butler Danvers, on his appointment as High Sheriff for Leicestershire, by the Right Hon. Sir W. H. Fremantle.
 Mr. Henry Compton, by Col. Woodford.
 Mr. Compton, by the Earl of Errol.
 Mr. Morgan Thomas, by Colonel Wood, on his return from abroad.
 Major Ryan, on promotion, by Lord Hill.
 Commander W. Savage, by Sir James Graham.
 Mr. Hulse, by Sir Charles Hulse.
 Mr. Harford, by the Duke of Gordon.
 Mr. Samuel Skinner, by Sir G. Staunton.
 Commander Broughton, on his return from the coast of Africa by Sir J. Graham.
 Commander J. B. B. M'Hardy, by Vice-Admiral Hon. C. Fleeming.
 Commander Dalzell, by the Earl of Rosebery.
 Commander Bagwell, on his promotion and return from South America, by Sir G. H. Rose, M. P.
 Commander G. Daniell, on his promotion, by Lord Harris.
 Commander Carter, by Sir J. Graham.
 Lieut.-Colonel Thornton, on his promotion, by Colonel Thornton.
 Colonel Sir James Hope, on promotion.
 Lieut.-Colonel T. Wemyss, by the Adjutant-General, on being appointed to the Staff in Ireland.
 Lieut.-Colonel Anson, on his marriage, by Lord Anson.
 Lieut.-Colonel 'Eden, on promotion, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir James Kempt.
 Col. Campbell, by the Duke of Gordon.
 Lieut. Colonel Wedgewood, on promotion, by Colonel Keate.
 Lieut.-Colonel Blom, by the Swedish Minister.
 Colonel Sir H. Ross, by Colonel Sir Adolphus Dalrymple.
 Lieut.-Colonel Cardew, at Guernsey, by Sir Alexander Bryce.
 Lieut.-Colonel Clayton, by General Sir George Nugent.
 Major Deedes, by the Marquis Camden.
 Captain George Lloyd, by the Earl of Cawdor.
 Captain Sir John Brooke Pechell on being appointed one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, by Sir James Graham.

Captain Sir W. Roberts, by Vice-Admiral Sir John Gore.

Captain Wm. Hotham, by Vice-Admiral Sir Wm. Hotham.

Lieut.-Col. T. Staunton St. Clair, on receiving his Majesty's permission to accept the Royal Portuguese Order of the Tower and Sword, by the Earl of Rosslyn.

Lt. Colonel John Michell, on promotion, by Sir Alexander Dickson.

Captain Saurin, by the Marquis of Thomond.

Hon. Major Fane, on returning from America, by Earl of Westmoreland.

Lord Duncannon, on being appointed Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, by Earl Spencer.

Earl Stanhope, with an Address from the Medico-Botanical Society.

The Earl of Brecknock, by the Marquis Camden.

Hon. Lieut.-General Ramsay, on promotion, by the Duke of Gordon.

The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, to present a petition from the Freeholders of Middlesex.

The Rev. V. K. Child, by Mr. Marshall.

Mr. Ewerlof, Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Norway, Knight of Gustavus Vasa, by the Swedish Minister.

Rev. John T. Trevelyan, by Sir Herbert Taylor.

Rev. Arundell Bouverie, on his marriage, by Lord Howe.

Sir E. Cholmeley Dering, by the Marquis of Camden.

Sir W. Geary, by the Marquis of Camden.

Mr. Wilmot Horton, on his appointment as Governor of Ceylon, by Lord Goderich.

Lieutenant Mee, by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir A. Dickson.

Second Lieutenant R. G. Parnter, by Sir A. Barnard.

Ensign F. Rawlins, by Colonel Sir Ralph Hamilton.

Lieutenant W. E. Robertson, by the Hon. Admiral C. E. Fleeming.

Lieut. Rope, by Maj.-Gen. Nicolay.

Lieutenant Dupuis, by Sir A. Dickson.

Lieutenant R. C. Moody, by Sir A. Bryce.

Lieutenant C. A. Lewis, by Major-General Sir Charles Dalbiac.

Lieutenant R. S. Hulse, on his appointment to the Coldstream Guards, by Sir Charles Hulse.

Captain Clements, on leaving England, by Viscount Beresford.

Captain Estridge, on his return from Bermuda and North America, by Col. Whatley.

Capt. P. Hart Dyke, by Marquis Camden.

Captain Mahon, by the Earl of Errol.

Captain Verner, by the Lord in Waiting.

Captain Todd, by Sir W. Payne Galway.

Captain Wathien, 15th Hussars, on his marriage, by Earl Howe.

Lieut. C. Shott, R.N., by Sir J. Graham.

Lieut. A. Reed, R.N., on his return from the West Indies, by Sir J. Pechell, Bart.

Lieut. Butterfield, R.N., by Sir J. Graham.

Lieut. T. Ross, R.N., by Sir T. M. Hardy.

Lieut. G. P. Eyre, R.N., by Sir M. Maxwell.

Lieutenant Malcolm, by Sir A. Barnard.

Lieutenant Trevelyan, Bombay Artillery, on his return to India, by Sir Herb. Taylor.

Capt. Boyd, Equerry to the Duke of Gloucester, on his appointment, by Col. Higgins.

Lieutenant Dundas, Coldstream Guards, by his father, Captain Dundas.

Captain E. Fletcher, on his marriage, by Lord Hill.

Lieutenant Dashwood, Grenadier Guards, by Colonel Woodford.

Lieutenant Moody, by Sir A. Bryce.

Lieutenant C. Stoddart, by the Inspector-General of Fortifications.

Captain Elliott, by Sir W. Inglis.

Captain Finucane, on leaving England, by Sir H. Taylor.

Captain Hill, by the Earl of Albemarle.

Captain H. Smith, R.N., on his return from the West Indies, by Admiral Fleeming.

Captain Hulse, Grenadier Guards, on promotion, by Sir C. Hulse.

Lt.-Col. Crawford, R.A., on his return from Corfu, by Sir A. Dickson.

Captain Ferguson, R.N., of Pitfour, by the Duke of Gordon.

Lieut. Col. Whinyates, R.A., on promotion, by Sir A. Dickson.

Lieut. Gen. Sir Thomas Dallas, K. C. B. by the Duke of Wellington.

Capt. Kirby, R.N., on promotion and return from South America, by the Lord in Waiting.

Capt. Henry Hume Spencer, R.N., by Sir T. Hardy.

Capt. Austen, R.N., on returning from the West Indies, by Sir T. Williams.

Capt. Hon. H. Duncan, R.N., on appointment to the Ordnance, by the Master-General of the Ordnance.

Capt. D. Pring, R.N., by Sir J. Graham.

Capt. Mulcaster, R.N., by Sir T. Hardy.

Capt. P. Wallis, R.N., by Sir T. Hardy.

Capt. W. Butterfield, R.N., by Sir J. Graham.

After the Levee his Majesty held a privy council, at which the Hon. William Bathurst attended as Clerk of the Council, when his Majesty pricked for new Sheriffs for the Counties of Hereford and Pembroke.

The Earl of Rosebery, Viscount Duncannon, and Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor, were introduced, and sworn in Privy Councillors, and took their seats at the Board.

After the breaking up of the Privy Council, the Cabinet Ministers retired to a private Room, and held a Cabinet Council. The Ministers sat in deliberation for a considerable time.

HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

WE have the gratifying task of recording, the revival of the British Court in all its wonted splendour, on the natal day of her Majesty ; but it is beyond our power to describe the mingled feelings of pride and delight experienced by those who did homage to our excellent Queen ; and equally unavailing would be an attempt to depict the gratification which her Majesty must have felt at the eagerness with which the first nobles in the land pressed forward to evince their affection and loyalty—it was, indeed, a scene altogether new to a large portion of the crowd of nobles, and long unknown to all. Nor were the manifestations of joy confined to the Court—every class participated in the pleasures of a holiday, according to their several tastes; and her Majesty may pride herself upon the honest approbation of the millions who gratefully poured forth their good wishes for their benefactress, while celebrating, in the humblest manner, the anniversary of the Queen's birth. Her Majesty had appointed the same day (Thursday) for the holding of her first drawing-room, and it has not been our fortune to witness a more truly gratifying spectacle than was exhibited on the occasion.

At 10 o'clock the First Regiment of Grenadier Foot Guards marched from their barracks in the Birdcage-walk, accompanied by their band in full dress, unto the parade, and shortly after they were joined by a troop of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, with their state band and colours. At half-past ten, Prince George of Cumberland, Prince George of Cambridge, Lord Hill, Colonel Hill, and several military officers, rode unto the parade. The troops formed in line, and the young princes marched up and down, and inspected them. They then took their stations opposite the Horse Guards, and the troops marched past in open order, and went through several manœuvres ; they afterwards passed the young Princes in quick time, with their bands playing. The bands proceeded to St. James's Palace. Prince George of Cumberland was dressed in his favourite Hussar uniform, with a blue cloak, and appeared highly pleased. They entered their carriage in company with Lord Hill, and returned to the palace, where they were much cheered by a numerous assemblage of people.

The bells of most of the metropolitan churches at intervals were kept ringing during the day. Flags were hoisted at the Admiralty, Tower, and Somerset House, and at many public offices. Below bridge the river presented an unusually gay appearance, scarcely a vessel, amongst the thousands which are now in the port of London, in the docks, &c., being without its colours. Many of the ships mounted new flags, with A. R., on the occasion ; and some had the colours of all nations mounted. The different foreign vessels displayed their national colours, blended with those of England.

At half-past twelve o'clock several Bishops arrived at the Queen's residence. The hall was lined by his Majesty's footmen in

state liveries, and the inner hall by the Yeomen Guard. The Right Rev. Prelates were conducted to the Queen's private drawing-room, when the Archbishop of Canterbury read to her Majesty an address of congratulation on the celebration of her Majesty's natal day, to which the Queen was pleased to return a most gracious answer. His Grace was accompanied by the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, the Bishops of Bath and Wells, Lichfield and Coventry, Winchester, Chester, Exeter, Rochester, St. Asaph, and Chichester.

Shortly afterwards the Mexican Minister, and the Minister on a special mission from the Netherlands, arrived, and were conducted into the presence of her Majesty, by Sir Robert Chester, the Master of the Ceremonies. The Ministers delivered letters from their respective Courts, which were most graciously received by her Majesty.

The arrangements for holding the Queen's Drawing-room were complete in every respect. Messrs. Dobell and Halse, the King's State Pages, Mr. Shoemack, the Queen's principal Page, and the other Pages of their Majesties, appeared in splendid uniforms of purple and gold. The Yeomen Guard lined the Guard-room and the avenues. The Serjeant Porter, the Gentlemen Porters, the Yeomen Porters, the Under Porters, and the Marshaldmen, were in attendance.

Sir Richard Birnie, the Chief Magistrate, Townsend and Sayer, the officers, attended at the Palace Entrances, together with Mr. Lee, the High Constable of Westminster, and a numerous body of the New Police-officers, who preserved excellent order throughout the day. A Guard of Honour of the Royal Horse Guards, with their Band in State uniforms, marched into the Great Court-yard. The Band performed alternately with the Band of the King's Guard.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of

Kent and the Princess Victoria, with their suite, came in state in three carriages, escorted by a party of the Life Guards. Their Royal Highnesses were attended by the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Charlotte St. Maur, Lady Catherine Jenkinson, the Hon. Mrs. Cust, Lady Conroy, Baroness Lehzen, Sir John Conroy, and Gen. Wetherell. This was the first public appearance of the Princess Victoria at Court. The dresses of their Royal Highnesses were made entirely of articles manufactured in the United Kingdom. The Duchess's robe was of silk, embroidered with silver, and was made in Spitalfields; the train was of Irish poplin, blue, figured with silver. The Princess Victoria was dressed with great simplicity, in a frock of English blond.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester came in their carriages, escorted by a party of the Royal Horse Guards.

The Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and several of the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers, also came in state.

The servants of the different branches of the Royal Family appeared in scarlet and gold, similar to the King's and Queen's.

Their Majesties entered the Royal Closet about two o'clock, and appeared to be in the enjoyment of excellent health. The King was dressed in an Admiral's uniform, wearing the Orders of the Garter and Bath, with the splendid Collars belonging to those Orders.

The great Officers of State, the Lords and Grooms of the King's Bed-chamber, the Equerries and Aides-de-Camp, the Captain of the Yeomen Guard; Messrs. Mash, Martins, and other Gentlemen Ushers; Mr. Marable, the Secretary to the Board of Green Cloth; the Hon. Master Adolphus Edward Paget Graves, and Masters Hamilton and Bathurst, the Pages of Honour; the Exon in Waiting, and others, were presented to the Queen.

Their Majesties soon after entered the State Rooms, and in the Throne room received a Deputation from Christ's Hospital, according to ancient custom at the first Drawing-room of the year. The Deputation was headed by Alderman Thompson, the President; Thomas Poynder, Esq., jun., the Treasurer; Mr. Matthew Cotton, the Receiver; Mr. J. Higgins, the Steward; and Mr. John Wells, the Drawing-master. There were forty boys of the Royal Foundation, carrying charts and specimens of their drawing; among them was one of a ship. The President presented to the King a large gilt roll, containing a list and description of the forty boys, and of those who have been apprenticed from the school during the last

seven years. The Gentlemen composing the Deputation were very graciously received. The boys knelt down, holding in their hands their respective performances, in which the King seemed to take considerable interest, making many inquiries respecting the boys. His Majesty particularly noticed a drawing of Halifax, with which, the King observed, he was well acquainted. The Deputation retired highly gratified with their reception, and the interest taken by their Majesties in the laudable Institution which they represented.

The Queen then took her station in the centre of the Throne, for the purpose of holding her Drawing-room. The Princess Victoria stood to the left of her Majesty, The Duchess of Kent, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince Leopold, took their stations according to their rank. The young Princes of Cumberland and Cambridge were also in the room. The King took his station at a short distance to the right of the Queen, and received the ladies who were presented previous to their being introduced to her Majesty by the Lord Chamberlain to the Queen. Her Majesty's attendants were arranged on the platform ascending to the Throne. The Marchioness of Ely was the Lady in Waiting; the Duchess Dowager of Leeds, the Mistress of the Robes; the Marchioness of Westmeath, the Countess of Brownlow, and Lady Clinton, Ladies of the Bedchamber; Lady Wm. Russel, Lady Isabella Wemyss, the Hon. Mrs. B. Paget, Lady Bedingfield, Lady Gore, and Miss Wilson, Bedchamber Women; Miss O. de Roos, Miss Hope Johnstone, Miss Boyle, Miss Eden, and Miss Mitchell, Maids of Honour. Earl Howe, the Lord Chamberlain; the Earl of Errol, Master of the Horse; J. Barton, Esq., Treasurer; and Commodore Usher, Equerry. Lord Byron was Lord in Waiting, and the Hon. Cecil Forrester the Groom in Waiting to the King.

The reception of the company by their Majesties occupied about two hours. Their Majesties first received the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers and their Ladies, and those who enjoy the privilege of the *Entrée*. It being a Collar-Day, those Noblemen and Gentlemen who are Members of the distinguished Orders wore their superb Collars attached to them, which added considerably to the imposing effect of the august assemblage.

The following were present:—

The Russian, Austrian, French, Netherlands, and Brazilian Ambassadors; the

Spanish, Prussian, Danish, Swedish, American, Bavarian, Neapolitan, Sardinian, Austrian, Wirtemberg, Hans Towns, and Mexican Ministers; the Brazilian Chargé-d'Affaires; Le Chevalier A. Lopez de Cordoba, Secretary to the Spanish Legation; L. de Salazar, and J. Curtoys, Attachés to the Spanish Legation; the Lord Chancellor, and most of the Cabinet Ministers, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole, the Secretary of State for Ireland, the Master General of the Ordnance, the Earl Marshal, the Captain of the Yeoman Guard, the Master of the Rolls, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer; the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; the Bishops of London, Chichester, Bath and Wells, St. Asaph, Winchester and Rochester; the Vice-Chancellor, the Attorney and Solicitor-General, the King's Advocate, Lord Hill, Gold Stick in Waiting; Col. Hanmer, Silver Stick in Waiting; the Secretary at War, the Paymaster of the Forces, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Judge of the Admiralty Court, the President of the Royal College of Physicians, the Principal Equerry to the King, the Master of the Ceremonies, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, Mr. Under Sheriff Willoughby, Mr. Under Sheriff Daniel Richardson, Sir Wm. Richardson, the Ex-Sheriff, Mr. Charles Richardson, the Ex-Sheriff, and the Rev. Samuel Smith, Chaplain to the Lord Mayor.

PRINCESS—Lieven

DUKES—Northumberland, Gordon, Wellington, Grafton, Argyll, St. Albans, De Valencey, Norfolk

DUCHESSES—St. Albans, Gordon, De Dino, Northumberland

MARQUESESSES—Thomond, Clanricarde, Salisbury, Londonderry, Winchester

MARCHIONESSES—Clanricarde, Thomond, Salisbury, Westmeath, Wellesley, Stafford, Dowager Salisbury, Lansdowne

EARLS—Liverpool, Rosebery, Carlisle, Belfast, Mayo, Sefton, Wicklow, Sheffield, Surrey, Plymouth, Uzbridge, Ossory, Roden, Denbigh, Clarendon, Fife

COUNTESSES—Rosebery, Carlisle, Pomfret, Plymouth, Pembroke, Wicklow, Bridgewater, Sandwich, Morley, Surrey, Sefton, Dowager Morton, Clarendon, Denbigh, Rothes, Sheffield, Euston, Glengall, Listowell, Jersey, Munster, Woronzow, Ludolf, Bjornstjerna

VISCOUNTS—Deerhurst, De Laborde, Sidmouth, Hawarden, Boringdon, Ranelagh, Stormont, Lifford, Morpeth

VISCOUNTESSES—Lifford, Hampden, Stormont, Turnour, Anson

LORDS—Norreys, Tullamore, Kenyon, Prudhoe, Montague, Rendlesham, Grantley, Redesdale, Charles, Elphinstone, Bellhaven, F. Beauclerk, Teynham, Holmesdale, J. O'Bryen, Downes, J. Russell, Byron, Durham

COUNTS—De Craquenbourg, Du Moncean

BARON—Linsingen

BARONESES—Anselme de Rothschild, Lehzen

CHEVALIER—A. C. de Cordova

RIGHT HONOURABLES—Sir Robert Peel, H. Goulburn, G. R. Dawson, Lady Downes, H. Hobbhouse, Sir C. Robinson

HONOURABLES—Mr. Stafford Jerningham, Henry Windsor, Lloyd Kenyon, Lady Blackwood, Mrs. Rice Trevor, Miss Hewitt, Mrs. H. Windsor, Mrs. S. Jerningham, Miss Kenyon, W. Bathurst, Lady Grey, Mrs. Bowles, Mrs. Anson, Baroness Dimsdale, Mrs. G. Disbrowe, Mrs. Hotham, Mr. Elphinstone, Baron Dimsdale, F. Law, Miss Mitford, Mrs. E. Fletcher, Mrs. G. Herbert, Mrs. Dugdale, Mrs. Sulivan, Mrs. P. Fraser, Mrs. Pelham, Miss Shore, Lady Borough, Anne Law, Miss Upton, Miss F. Eden, Mrs. Hare, Mrs. Westerman, Mrs. A. Cochrane, Mrs. Burton, Lady Cockburn, Lady Murray, Mrs. Harbord, Miss Turnour, Mrs. Cust, W. Temple.

SIRS—J. Shelley, J. Shaw, Bart., W. H. Richardson, M. A. Shee, Astley Cooper, Bart., C. Flower, R. Bulkeley Phillips, C. Morgan, P. Grey Egerton, Alexander Johnston, R. Kennedy, E. Sugden, T. Phillips, Bart., Clifford Constable, W. Chatterton, Bart., W. Wigram, John Conroy, H. Halford, R. Chester, James Kempt

LADIES—Maryborough, Durham, Lyndhurst, Peel, Byron, Blackwood, C. St. Maur, C. Jenkinson, Conroy, Manners, Anne Beckett, Mary O'Bryen, Elizabeth O'Bryen, Mary Wood, Jane Houston, Sophia Cust, Gardiner, Louisa Beauclerk, Mary Beauclerk, Frederick Beauclerk, John Thynne, Georgiana Grey, Whitshed, Gordon, Emily Harding, F. Leveson Gower, Selina Jenkinson, Saumarez, Charlotte Egerton, Cecilia Buggin, Theodosia Spring Rice, Louisa Kilderbee, Wynford, Teynham, Charlotte Lindsay, Jane St. Maur, Belhaven, Georgiana Stuart Wortley, Mary Long, Grantley, Augusta Herve, Clerk, Louisa Cornwallis, Elizabeth Cornwallis, Richardson, Williams, Elizabeth Wathen, Rendlesham, Frances Finch, Elizabeth Smyth, Phillips, Caroline Montague, Mary Leslie, Elizabeth Finch, Mary Stephenson, James Stuart, Worsley Holmes, Elizabeth Dickens, Johnston, Duff Gordon, Montagu, Imhoff, Ingliss, Catherine Buckley, Frances Shirley, Knowles, Dowager Ellenborough, Hamilton, Burgoyne, Matilda Wynyard, Janet Walrod, Kennedy, Pollen, Shaw,

Stuart, H. Herries, Price, B. Johnstone, Graham, Charlotte Bury, Georgiana Hervey, Sophia Gresley, Fuller, Harriet Primrose, Phillips Chatterton, Constable, Frances Hotham, Keats, Brownrigg, Louisa Wilkinson, Martin, Stepney, Hardy, Harriet Clive, Harriet Baring, Radstock

MISTRESSES—Woolmore, T. S. Barton, Whatley, Dawson, De Rothschild Sotheron, William Henry Poland, Hugh Baillie, Watson Taylor, Henry Wheatley, Williams Wynn, Stanley, Frankland Lewis, W. Camac, Sturges Bourne, Blomfield, Macdonald, Long, Seymour, Winter, G. Frederick St. John, Bisse Challoner, Stratford Dugdale, C. Marshall, Dawson, Montagu, Williams, Henry Bentinck, Norton, Bishop, Egerton, Brownrigg, Cooper Cooper, Chambers, Ellice, Wetherall, Scarlett, Humphry Mildmay, Calvert, R. J. Harrison, Lane Fox, Vernon Smith, Compton, George Fyler, Dawson, John Campbell, Edmund Jerminham, John Round, Moore Halsey, De Rothschild, Clitherow, Robert Williams, Harrison, Wm. Watson, Greene, Boden, Smith, W. Camac, Morier, Seymour, General Brookes, Bucks, Charles, Richardson, Hamilton, Arbuthnot, Pelham, Bloomfield, T. Bucke, W. Estcourt

MISSes—Flanvey, Herries, Mash, Harriet Mash, Laura Wheatley, Long, Bloomfield, Georgiana Bloomfield, Howley, Harriet Howley, Blackwood, Hood, Georgiana Wheatley, Georgiana Seymour, Arbuthnot, Sturges Bourne, Quentin, Harriet Whitshed, Conroy, Horrocks, Cadogan, Cockburn, Anna Lascelles, Frances Lascelles, Frances Manners Sutton, Katharine Manners Sutton, Anna Maria Manners Sutton, Johnston, Emily Calcraft, Knowles, Herbert, Frederica Bishop, Vernyn Harcourt, Wynns (2), Fitzroy, Hardys (2), H. Douglas, Hesketh, M. Fitzgerald, Campbell, C. Cochrane, Cochrane, Cockerell, Martin, Bowden, Tierney, M. Tierney, Brook, Birch, Hamilton, G. Stuart, Gore, A. Borough, Mary Hardy, Symonds, Halsey, Spring Rice, Wetherall, A. Hamilton, Saumarez, Hardy, Emily Hardy, Flower, Hotham, Louisa Hotham, Cooper, Cooper, Eliz. Long, Eleanor Hamilton, Mellish, Burgoyne, Adderly, Swettenham, Vyse, Disbrowe, Davies, Montague, Mary Montagu, Roche, M. Burgoyne, Bishop, Compton, Jenner, C. Jenner, Fitzgerald

REV. DOCTORS—Kuper, Vivian, Martyn, Symons

Archdeacon Headlam

REV. MESSIEURS—T. F. F. Bowes, John Merewether, J. H. Dakins, S. Leggatt, H. Harvey, C. Wodsworth, S. T. Connell, John T. Trevelyan, Samuel Smith, E. Bury Alderman Thompson

MESSIEURS—John Round, R. F. Fitzherbert, Watson Taylor, J. Norton, Joshua

Brookes, F.R.S., Le Marchant, Colquhoun, Mandeville, Marrable, Arch. Macdonald, Bisse Challoner, Charles Gore, Mash, Brent, Martins, W. Lewis, Thomas Poynder, Whitshed, Fardell, M.P., D. Richardson, Sidney, Poland (Sheriff), Pepys, Burge, Greene, M.P., De Salazar, J. Curtovs, Tatton, Egerton, T. J. Barton, Charles Richardson, Rice Trevor, Monk, Cipriani, M. A. Taylor, Charles Villiers, Charles Shadwell, R. C. Mellish, Dugdale, Shelley, Mayne, Compton, Newton, W. Douglas, Edmund Jerminham, Charles Dickins, Davies, Colman, J. M. Arnott.

ADMIRALS—Sotheron, Sir R. Otway, Lord A. Beauclerk, Hon. Sir H. Blackwood, Sir Frederick Maitland, Sir James Whitshed, Hon. Sir. W. Lumley

GENERALS—Sir Charles Imhoff, Sir William Houston, Sir Robert Bolton, Sir Colquhoun Grant, Sir Howard Douglas, Wheatley, Palmer, Wetherall, Sir R. Jackson

COLONELS—Sir Robert Gardiner, Thornton, Hanmer, Higgins, O'Reilly, Hugh Baillie, Potten, Disbrowe, Whatley

CAPTAINS—Otway, Ainslie, Woolmore, J. Pearl, Cates.

We only give the names of a few of the gentlemen, as the names of most of those present appeared in our list of the company at his Majesty's Levee.

The following Ladies and Gentlemen were presented to the Queen, after having previously been introduced to his Majesty :

The Duchess of Northumberland was presented to her Majesty by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, on her Grace's appointment to be Governess to her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria.

Madame Bernudez, the Lady of the Spanish Minister, by the Lord Chamberlain (to the Queen)

Mrs. Hugh Baillie, by the Duchess of Gordon
Lady Richardson, by the Marchioness of Westmeath

Miss Flower, by the Marchioness of Westmeath

Lady Byron, by the Lord Chamberlain
Countess of Rosebery, by Viscountess Anson

Miss Blackwood, by Lady Blackwood
Hon. Miss Kenyon, by the Hon. Mrs. Edward Cust

The Baroness Anselme de Rothschild, by the Marchioness Wellesley.

Hon. Lady Blackwood, by the Lord Chamberlain

Viscountess Lifford, by the Lord Chamberlain (to the Queen)

Mrs. Charles Richardson, by the Marchioness of Westmeath

Hon. Miss Hewitt, by her mother, Viscountess Lifford

Countess of Pembroke, by the Marchioness of Lansdown,

Hon. Mrs. Sullivan, by Countess Amherst
Countess of Plymouth, by Countess Amherst

Lady Mary Herbert, by the Marchioness of Lansdown

Hon. Mrs. Bowles, by the Countess of Pembroke

Hon. Baroness Dimsdale, by the Marchioness of Salisbury

The Marchioness of Thomond, by the Marchioness of Westmeath

Duchess of St. Albans, by Lady Frederick Beauclerk

Mr. Joshua Brookes, F.R.S., on his return from the Continent, by the Lord Chamberlain to the Queen

Countess of Pomfret, on coming to her title, by her mother, the Hon. Lady Borough

Honourable Miss Turnour, by Countess Amherst

Honourable Mrs. Percy Fraser, by the Countess of Cawdor

Countess of Wicklow, by the Countess of Aberdeen

Mr. Archdeacon Headlam, by the Bishop of London

Hon. Mrs. George Herbert, by the Countess of Denbigh

Dowager Countess of Morton, by the Dowager Lady Ellenborough

Countess of Bridgwater, by the Marchioness of Stafford

Mr. Tatton Egerton, on his marriage, by the Marquess of Ely.

Countess of Sandwich, by Lady Brownlow.

Mr. Le Marchant, Principal Secretary to the Lord Chancellor, by the Lord Chancellor

Mr. Colquhoun, Agent and Consul-General for the Hanse Towns, by Viscount Palmerston

Hon. Mrs. George Disbrowe, by Lady Taylor

Hon. W. Temple, by Viscount Palmerston

Mr. Burge, as Agent for Jamaica, by Viscount Goderich

Hon. Mrs. Hare, by the Countess of Listowel

Hon. Mrs. Anson, on her marriage, by Lady Jersey

Hon. Miss Mitford, by the Countess of Brownlow

Mr. Thomas Poynder, Treasurer of Christ's Hospital, by Earl Howe

Mr. Maudeville, his Majesty's Secretary of Embassy in Portugal, by Lord Palmerston

Hon. Mrs. Westenra, by the Marchioness of Downshire

Countess of Listowel, by the Lord Chamberlain to the Queen

Lord Montagu, by the Marquess of Graham

The Right Hon. Lady Downes, by the Marchioness of Westmeath

Hon. Mrs. Hotham, by Lady Frances Hotham

Mr. Bisse Challoner, by the Marquess of Ely

Sir James Shaw, Chamberlain of London, by the Duke of Sussex.

Hon. Mrs. Edward Fletcher, on her marriage, by the Countess of Denbigh.

Lord Prudhoe, by the Duke of Northumberland

Rev. T. F. Foord Bowes, Chaplain to his Majesty, on his appointment.

Mr. Alderman Thompson, M.P., President of Christ's Hospital, by Earl Howe

Hon. Mrs. A. Cochrane, by Lady Mary Long

Sir Robert Kennedy, by General Sir J. Doyle

Rev. Samuel Leggatt, Chaplain to his Majesty's Forces at Portsmouth, by Lord Hill

Sir George Shee, Under Secretary of State, by Viscount Palmerston

Lady Mary Wood, by the Countess of Carlisle

Lady Elizabeth O'Bryen, by the Marchioness of Thomond

Lady Philipps, by the Countess of Cawdor

Lady Mary O'Bryen, by the Marchioness of Thomond

Lady Harriet Baring, by the Countess of Jersey

Lady B. Johnstone, by Lady Elizabeth Harcourt

Lady Harriet Clive, by Countess Amherst

Lady Price, by the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury

Lady Frederick Beauclerk, by the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury

Lady Hamilton, by the Countess of Wicklow

Lady Herries, by Lady Emily Hardinge

Lady Mary Beauclerk, by the Duchess of St. Alban's

Lady Whitshed, by the Lady in Waiting

Lady John Thynne, by the Countess of Cawdor

Lady Louisa Beauclerk, by the Duchess of St. Alban's

Lady Gardiner, by the Duchess of Kent

Lady Mary Leslie, by her Mother, the Countess of Rothes

Lady Philipps, by Viscountess Turnour

Lady Elizabeth Smyth, by the Countess of Euston

Lady Elizabeth Wathen, on her marriage, by the Countess of Rothes

Lady Mary Long, by the Countess of Northesk

Lady Wynford, by Lady Grantly

Mrs. Sotheron, by Lady Keats

Lady Louisa Kilderbec, by her sister, Lady Frances Hotham

Mrs. William Henry Poland, by the Lady Mayoress

Lady Brownrigg, by Lady Taylor

Mrs. H. Baillie, by the Duchess of Gordon

Mrs. Watson Taylor, by the Countess of Sandwich

Mrs. William Wynn, by the Marchioness of Lansdown

Miss William Wynn, by Mrs. Wm. Wynn

Mrs. W. Camac, by Mrs. Whatley

Lady Grantley, by the Countess of Clarendon

- Lady Theodosia Spring Rice, by the Countess of Wicklow
 Lady Charlotte Lindsay, by the Countess of Sheffield
 Lady Clerk, by the Dowager Lady Ellenborough
 Lady Louisa Cornwallis, by the Duchess of Gordon
 Lady Charlotte Egerton, on her marriage, by Mrs. Egerton
 Lady Jane St. Maur, by the Countess of Albemarle
 Lady Saumarez, by the Countess of Northesk
 Miss Mellish, by the Dowager Duchess of Leeds
 Lady Duff Gordon, by the Duchess of Gordon
 Lady James Stuart, by the Marchioness of Lansdown
 Lady Elizabeth Cornwallis, by the Duchess of Gordon
 Lady Richardson, by the Marchioness of Westmeath
 Lady Williams, by Lady Cockburn
 Mrs. C. Marshall, by the Lady Mayoress
 Mrs. Montagu, by the Countess of Sandwich
 Mrs. Stratford Dugdale, by the Countess Howe
 Mrs. Bisse Challoner, by the Marchioness of Ely
 Mrs. George Frederick St. John, by Lady Knowles
 Mrs. Moore Halsey, by the Countess of Clarendon
 Mrs. John Round, by the Marchioness Wellesley
 Mrs. Edmund Jerningham, by the Dowager Lady Bedingfield
 Mrs. John Campbell, by Lady Rendlesham
 Mrs. George Tyler, by Lady Taylor
 Mrs. Compton, by the Countess of Erroll
 Mrs. Vernon Smyth, by the Marchioness of Lansdown
 Mrs. Lane Fox, by Lady Catherine Buckley
 Mrs. R. J. Harrison, by Mrs. Robert Williams
 Mrs. Humphrey Mildmay, by the Countess of Albemarle
 Mrs. Sturges Bourne, by Mrs. Howley
 Mrs. Macdonald, by Lady Taylor
 Mrs. Long, by Lady Jane Houstoun
 Mrs. T. Bucknall Estcourt, on her marriage, by Mrs. Sotheron
 Miss Macdonald, by Mrs. Macdonald
 Miss Cooper Cooper, by her mother, Mrs. Cooper Cooper
 Miss Elizabeth Long, by the Countess of Northesk
 Mrs. Stanley, by Lady Jane Houstoun
 Miss Eleanor Hamilton, by her mother, Lady Hamilton
 Miss Hesketh, by Lady Shelley
 Miss Wetherall, by Mrs. General Wetherall
 Miss Flower, by the Marchioness of Westmeath
 Miss Spring Rice, by Lady Theodosia Spring Rice
 Mrs. Williams, by Lady Taylor
 Mrs. T. S. Barton, by the Right Hon. Lady Downes
 Miss Harriet Whitshed, by Lady Whitshed
 Miss Bowden, by Mrs. Bowden
 Miss Montagu, by the Duchess of Montrose
 Miss Davies, by the Countess of Cawdor
 Miss Tierney, by the Countess of Clarendon
 Miss Brood, by Mrs. General Wetherall
 Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Otway, Groom of the Bedchamber to her Majesty, by the Duke of Devonshire
 Admiral Sir James Whitshed, by the Lord Chamberlain to the Queen
 Major-General Sir Howard Douglas, Groom of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, by Col. Currey
 Colonel Sir Robert Gardiner, Aide-de-Camp to the King, by his Royal Highness Prince Leopold
 Lieutenant-Colonel Hammer, Silver Stick in Waiting, by Lord Hill
 Captain Ainslie (Royal Dragoons), by Major-General Sir Howard Douglas
 Lieutenant-General Hon. Sir William Lumley, Groom of the Bedchamber to the King, by the Marquis of Winchester
 Miss Cockerell, by her mother, the Hon. Lady Cockerell
 Miss Cochrane, by the Hon. Mrs. A. Cochrane
 Miss Caroline Cochrane, by the Hon. Mrs. A. Cochrane
 Miss Augusta Borough, by her mother, the Hon. Lady Borough
 Miss Campbell, by the Duchess of Gordon
 Miss Fitzgerald, by the Countess of Listowel
 Miss Jenner and Miss Charlotte Jenner, by Lady M. Wynyard
 Miss Fitzroy, by the Marchioness Wellesley
 Miss Maria Fitzgerald, by the Countess of Listowel
 Miss Harriet Douglas, of New York, by the Marchioness of Wellesley
 Miss Horrocks, by Lady Knowles
 Miss Cadogan, by Mrs. Cadogan
 Miss Herbert, by the Countess of Denbigh
 Miss Anna Lascelles, by the Honourable Lady Cockburn
 Miss Frances Manners Sutton, by her Grace the Duchess of Montrose
 Miss Frances Lascelles, by the Hon. Lady Cockburn
 Miss Anna Maria Sutton, by the Duchess of Montrose
 Miss Emily Calcraft, by the Marchioness Wellesley
 Miss Knowles, by her mother, Lady Knowles
 Miss Katherine Manners Sutton, by the Duchess of Montrose

- Lady Kennedy, by the Countess of Pomfret
 Lady Janet Walrond, on her marriage, by the Countess of Jersey
 Lady Frances Shirley, by Lady Cockburn
 Lady Inglis, by Countess Howe
 Lady Montagu, by the Duchess of Montrose
 Lady Imhoff, by Lady (Sandford) Graham
 Lady Burgoyne, by Mrs. R. Williams
 Lady Pollen, by Lady Downes
 Lady Shaw Stewart, by the Marchioness of Downshire
 Miss Symonds, by the Countess of Northesk
 Miss Frederica Bishop, by Lady Caroline Wood
 Miss Vernon Harcourt, by Lady Elizabeth Harcourt
 Miss Burgoyne, by Mrs. Robert Williams
 Miss Buck, by the Countess of Morley
 Miss Swettenham, by the Countess of Amherst
 Lady Chatterton, by Lady Maryborough
 Lady Caroline Montagu, by the Countess of Sandwich
 Miss Hamilton, by her mother, Lady Hamilton.
 Miss Roche, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Burton
 Lady Charlotte Bury, by the Marchioness of Stafford.
 Lady Constable, by the Dowager Lady Bedingfield
 Lady Harriet Primrose, by the Countess of Rosebery
 Lady Sophia Gresley, by the Marchioness of Londonderry
 Miss Mary Montague, by the Duchess of Montrose
 Miss Compton, by the Countess of Erroll
 Miss Martin, by Lady Martin
 Mrs. General Brooke, by the Countess of Wicklow
 Miss Bishop, by Lady Caroline Wood
 Miss Halsey, by the Countess of Clarendon
 Miss Hamilton, by Lady Belhaven
 Miss M. Burgoyne, by Mrs. R. Williams
 Miss Araminta Hamilton, by her mother, Lady Hamilton
 Miss Saumarez, by the Countess of Northesk
 Miss Louisa Hotham, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Hotham
 Miss M. Tierney, by the Countess of Clarendon
 Miss Herries, by Lady Emily Hardinge
 Miss Bloomfield, by Lady Maryborough
 Miss Howley and Miss Harriet Howley, by Mrs. Howley
 Miss Georgiana Bloomfield, by Lady Maryborough
 Miss Mash, by the Marchioness of Westmeath
 Miss Sturges Bourne, by Mrs. Howley
 Miss Harriet Mash, by the Marchioness of Westmeath
 Miss Quentin, by Lady Quentin
 Mrs. Scarlett, by Lady Rendlesham
 Mrs. Ellice, by the Marchioness of Clanricarde
 Mrs. Chambers, by the Duchess Dowager of Leeds
 Mrs. Brownrigg, by Lady Brownrigg
 Mrs. Bishop, by Lady Caroline Wood
 Mrs. Norton, by Mrs. Sotherton
 Mrs. Henry Bentinck, by Lady Hawkins Whitshed
 Mrs. Egerton, by Lady Bridgewater
 Mrs. Buck, by the Countess of Morley
 Mrs. Morier, by Mrs. Seymour
 Mrs. Bowden, by Lady Radstock
 Mrs. Greene, by the Marchioness of Downshire
 Mrs. Wm. Watson, by Mrs. Wetherall
 The Duke of St. Albans, by Admiral Lord Amelius Beauclerk
 Earl of Roden, by the Lord in Waiting
 The Marquess of Thomond, by Lord James O'Brien
 Mr. John Norton, by Lord Hill
 Mr. Charles Gore, by the Duke of Sussex
 Mr. R. F. Fitzherbert, by the Marquess of Clanricarde
 Mr. Colman, Lieutenant of his Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard, by the Marquess of Clanricarde
 Mr. William Douglas, of New York, by the Earl of Erroll.
 Mr. Newton, on being appointed Miniature Painter in Ordinary to their Majesties
 Mr. Compton, by the Earl of Erroll
 Mr. Charles Villiers, Secretary to the Master of the Rolls, by the Master of the Rolls
 Mr. Charles Shadwell, Secretary to the Vice-Chancellor, by the Vice-Chancellor
 Mr. Monk, Exon of the Yeoman Guard, by the Marquess of Clanricarde
 Mr. Whitshed, attached to his Majesty's Legation at Madrid, by Admiral Sir J. Whitshed
 Mr. Cipriani, Exon of the Yeoman Guard, by the Marquess of Clanricarde
 Rev. J. T. Connell, by the Earl of Mayo
 Rev. Dr. Symons, Chaplain to the Duke of Cambridge, by Sir Robert Price, Bart.
 Hon. and Rev. F. Hotham, by Admiral Sir H. Hotham
 Hon. Lieutenant-General Ramsay, on promotion, by the Duke of Gordon
 Rev. J. T. Trevelyan, by Sir Herbert Taylor
 Lord John Russell, by Lord Althorp
 Viscount Boringdon, by Viscount Goderich
 Lord Duncannon, as Chief Commissioner of Woods, by the Lord in Waiting

After the Drawing Room, the King gave audiences to Earl Grey, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquess of Winchester, and Lord Hill.

THE DRESSES.**HER MAJESTY.**

A superb British point lace dress of the Honiton manufacture, over rich white satin, train of beautiful rose-coloured velvet, lined with white satin, trimmed with point lace to correspond. (The velvet was presented to her Majesty by the Spitalfields weavers); head-dress, feathers and a magnificent tiara of diamonds; the necklace, ear-rings, and bouquet also of diamonds.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

A superb brocaded silver tissue dress over rich white satin; corsage elegantly trimmed with broad blonde lace; garniture composed of magnificent blonde lace, tastefully intermixed with blue and silver bouquets; manteau of rich blue velvet, handsomely trimmed with blonde lace and flowers corresponding with the dress; head-dress, a splendid silver tissue toque, with a profusion of diamonds and feathers.

THE LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE HOMBERG.

A superb dress of Brussels point lace over white satin; rich white satin train, handsomely trimmed with Brussels lace; head-dress, profusion of feathers and diamonds.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

A beautiful net dress, embroidered with silver, the body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds and Brussels lace; a rich velvet train, dark red colour, embroidered with silver palm leaves, and a silver border.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

A splendid silver brocade dress of the Spitalfields manufacture, elegantly trimmed with a richly embroidered flounce; train of beautiful sky-blue tabinet, richly brocaded with silver, of Irish manufacture; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

An elegant dress of Nottingham blonde lace over rich white satin.

THE DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND

Wore a beautiful court-robe of white and silver, richly trimmed with satin and silver lama, the body ornamented with blonde; epaulettes of the same materials as the train, which was composed of silver and cherry-coloured tissue, with a rich border, the whole lined with white satin; head-dress, a noble plume of white feathers, with a regal suit of diamonds; blonde lappets.

PRINCESS LIEVEN.

A rich silver lama court robe, worn over a white satin slip, the body richly ornamented with blonde; epaulettes the same as the train, which was composed of a beautiful Terry velvet in sky-blue, lined entirely with blue silk; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds; blonde lappets.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

A rich white and gold Irish tabinet, trimmed with beautiful point lace, manteau of cerise-coloured Irish velvet, trimmed with gold; head-dress, a profusion of diamonds, with a superb plume of white feathers, and point lace lappets.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

A splendid satin dress, magnificently trimmed with blonde; a train of rich amethyst velvet, handsomely trimmed. Ornaments, magnificent diamonds and amethysts.

THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBAN'S.

A rich blonde lace dress, over white satin, with stomacher of diamonds; train of rich white satin, trimmed with blonde lace to correspond; head-dress, a rich plume of white feathers, with a profusion of costly diamonds; blonde lappets.

DUCHESS DE DINO.

A beautiful court dress of white tulle, embroidered in gold and silver, worn over a white satin slip, the body trimmed very full with rich blonde; epaulettes the same as the train, which was made of dark violet Terry velvet, embroidered in gold and silver, lined with white satin; head-dress, ostrich feathers and a profusion of diamonds; blonde lappets.

MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE.

Dress of white satin, elegantly embossed with gold; body and sleeves profusely trimmed with blonde; train of Byron brown satin, trimmed with gold; head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

Dress of rich white satin, beautifully ornamented with blonde, and the front almost covered with costly diamonds, forming branches of flowers; the body also richly ornamented with blonde and brilliants, with a perfect ceinture of precious stones; the train of Irish blue poplin, lined with white satin; head-dress, a splendid plume of white ostrich feathers, with a grand suit of brilliants of oriental splendour; lappets of rich blonde.

MARCHIONESS OF THOMOND.

A crape dress, richly embroidered in lama of different colours, body handsomely trimmed with blonde; epaulettes the same as the train, which was a very rich and elegant figured Irish poplin, colour "immortelle;" the lining white satin; head-dress, a toque of rich lama of different colours, with a beautiful suit of ostrich feathers and brilliants; blonde lappets.

MARCHIONESS WELLESLEY.

A white crape dress embroidered in gold, over a white satin slip, body trimmed very tastily with blonde; train of rich white satin, trimmed with gold; head-dress, ostrich feathers, and costly brilliants.

COUNTESSES.

Brownlow.—White crape dress, worn over white satin, richly trimmed with gold lama, the body richly trimmed with blonde, and a profusion of precious stones; epaulettes the same as the train, which was composed of a rich and very beautifully embroidered tissue of gold and cherry colour, lined with white satin; head-dress of fine ostrich feathers, and costly suit of diamonds; lappets of blonde.

Jersey.—A beautiful court robe of rich white satin, embroidered in gold and silver à colonnes; the body trimmed with rich blonde; the epaulettes to correspond with the train of silk, vert pomme, with a beautiful border of gold and silver, lined with white silk; head-dress, ostrich feathers and brilliants; blonde lappets.

Corper.—Court dress of silver lama, à colonnes, and a white satin slip; body handsomely trimmed with blonde; train of rich blue silk; head-dress, plume of elegant feathers and diamonds; lappets in blonde.

Howard.—A white satin dress trimmed with an elegant wreath of silver, the bodice ornamented, trimmed with blonde, a superb train of blue velvet and silver; the whole of English manufacture; head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets.

Albemarle.—A splendid court dress, elegantly ornamented with blonde, train to correspond; head-dress, pink toque, diamonds and feathers, lappets of blonde.

Plymouth.—A court-dress of rich silver tissue, trimmed with blue and white ostrich feathers; train of blue velvet, trimmed with silver lama. The dress was entirely of British manufacture.

Carlisle.—A white crape dress embroidered with gold, and fruits of acorn in green silk, forming a falling garland; cuffs and blonde trimmings; a satin train, figured with gold and trimmed with gold; the head-dress of blonde, with plumes.

Pembroke.—A court dress of embroidery in green and gold; train of lavender and gold silk; head-dress, a toque, feathers and brilliants; lappets of blonde.

Northesk.—A court robe and train of lavender figured and watered silk, the body handsomely trimmed with costly point lace; head-dress, a toque of tulle, with ostrich feathers and diamonds; point lace lappets.

Sefton.—A dress of white crape, over white satin, on a beautiful novel pattern in green and gold velvet; train of grand velvet, lined with white satin; head-dress, a toque of gold and gold lama, ostrich feathers and brilliants.

Roths.—A very rich figured British blonde dress over white satin, a deep flounce and Mameluke sleeves of the same manufacture; train of shot gros de Naples; garniture of mixed satin to correspond; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Howe.—A rich white satin dress, trimmed with an elegant wreath of silver, the bodice richly trimmed with blonde; a superb train of blue velvet and silver: this splendid dress was entirely composed of English manufacture; head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets.

Bridgewater.—A rich white satin dress, elegantly trimmed with a handsome bullion gold fringe, and a tasteful wreath of satin and gold trimming above; the body trimmed elegantly, with a mantle of rich point lace; a handsome cerise velvet manteau, ornamented with a tasteful torsade of gold; head-dress, ostrich feathers and a profusion of diamonds; point lappets.

Ludolf.—A superb gold lama dress, over white satin; a rich ruby velvet manteau, trimmed tastefully with a torsade of gold lama; head-dress ostrich feathers and a profusion of diamonds; blonde lappets.

Denbigh.—A rich white satin dress, trimmed with gold, with a splendid train of emerald-green velvet; mantille and lappets of blonde.

Wicklow.—A superb satin dress, embroidered border, and colonnades of gold, rich Irish tabinet train, and mantille of blonde; head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets.

Cawdor.—Dress of white crape, embroidered with white and gold, body draped, sleeves and body trimmed with blonde, train of rich green velour de epingle, trimmed swansdown; head-dress, white ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Glengall.—Dress of white crape over white satin, embroidered in colours; body draped, sleeves à la bérêt, ornamented with blonde; train of verde Anglaise ducape, embroidered with troile; head-dress, green and white ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Ponfret.—A silver lama dress of British manufacture, of unrivalled splendour; train of Adelaide British velvet, magnificently enriched in a superior design of silver lama embroidery; head-dress, rich ostrich feathers, jewels, chrysophas, and diamonds.

Camden.—A colonnade white satin dress, elegantly ornamented with rich gold lama, body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with Queen's blonde lace; a beautiful pair of lappets to correspond; train of green English velvet, ornamented with gold lama.

Mayo.—Dress of rich white and gold tissue of British manufacture, trimmed with blonde and real gold fringe, tastefully arranged with satin rouleaux; train of richly-embroidered satin, studded with gold and silver; mantille and sabots of Brussels point; head-dress of gold lama, feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Listowel.—Rich white satin dress, with a magnificent gold trimming, and a deep flounce of Irish blonde; body sleeves trimmed with gold, the finest blonde to correspond with the flounce; train of emerald-green velvet, lined with white satin, and richly trimmed with gold; head-dress, a beret of blonde, feathers, with superb diamonds.

Erris.—A dress of rich white satin, corsage to fit the figure, folds à la Grecque, with a fall of blonde round the bust; the skirt richly trimmed with a superb Irish blonde of the most exquisite texture, surmounted by a ruche of the same material; train composed of white satin, bordered with Irish blonde, and finished with a delicate chain-work of satin; head-dress, an elegant plume of ostrich feathers and a profusion of diamonds. Gloves and shoes of white satin.

Clare (Dow.).—A white crape dress, embroidered with gold and vine leaves, with the bottom of the dress enriched with a real gold fringe, cuffs, and blonde frills; a lilac silk train, with a neat gold fringe. A beautiful gold head-dress, with a plume.

Morton.—A rich white satin dress, superbly trimmed with blonde and gold; the train of Royal purple velvet, beautifully embroidered with gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Clarendon.—A colonnade white satin dress, elegantly ornamented with rich gold lama, body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with Queen's blonde lace; a beautiful pair of lappets to correspond, and a magnificent train of English velvet, ornamented with gold lama.

Surrey.—Petticoat of India gold brocade, richly ornamented with broad gold fringe; green velvet train; head-dress green and gold, feathers and emeralds.

VISCOUNTESS.

Stormont.—Court robe of white crape, embroidered in silver colonnes; train of white watered silk, trimmed with gold lama; head-dress, feathers and brilliants; blonde lappets.

BARONESES.

De Lohzen.—A white satin dress richly trimmed with blonde lace; train of amaranth velvet, trimmed to correspond; head-dress, feathers and pearls.

Rothschild.—A dress of white tissue, embroidered in silver; train of lilac embroidered satin, ornamented with silver; head-dress, feathers, and a grand suite of brilliants; lappets of blonde.

Anselme de Rothschild.—A rich dress of white crape, trimmed with gold lama, worn over a white satin slip; train of white Terry velvet, trimmed with gold lama; head-dress, feathers and costly brilliants; blonde lappets.

Bulow.—Red silver lama dress, full trimmed, with splendid lama flounces; corsage drappe à la Sevigné, ornamented with diamonds; a rich embroidered silver lama; train trimmed with silver lama, and lined with satin; silver belt, rich blonde mantille, blonde lace lappet; head-dress of handsome white ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Dimdale.—A splendid gold embroidered lama dress, trimmed with Brussels point, over a rich pearl white satin petticoat; train of very rich green satin, superbly ornamented with gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

LADIES.

Hervey.—Neat dress of white tulle, embroidered; train, pink watered silk; head-dress, a profusion of feathers; lappets in blonde.

Grantley.—A splendid British blonde dress, handsomely trimmed with pearls and blonde flossing, over white satin; train elegantly trimmed to correspond with the dress; head-dress, feathers, with beautiful diamonds and pearls.

Teynham.—Dress of rich gold lama over white satin, with blonde sleeves and trimming; train, emerald green satin, with gold border; head-dress, wreath of green and gold flowers with feathers; necklace, ear-rings, &c. of diamonds.

Byron.—Richly dressed in white satin, full trimmed with marabouts and gold; train to match, trimmed with gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Cockburn.—A superb gold lama dress over white satin, the body and sleeves richly ornamented with blonde lace and gold lama; train of rich Persian satin; garniture, broad blonde lace and gold lama; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Conroy.—A rich white satin dress, tastefully embroidered in silver; train of crimson velvet, lined with white satin, and embroidered to correspond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Harriet Primrose.—A dress of white crape, tastefully embroidered in cerise and gold; the corsage ornamented with blonde, and worn over a rich white satin slip; train of cerise satin, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, ostrich feathers and opals.

Frederick Beauclerk.—A dress of rich white satin, ornamented with blonde; train of emerald velvet, superbly trimmed with blonde and satin; head-dress, feathers, tastefully mixed with gold and ivy wreath; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

Blackwood.—A white dress elegantly embroidered in bouquets of gold; a garniture of gold lama; handsome blonde mantle; train of velours épingle, trimmed with gold; colour, evening primrose; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Pollen.—An elegant dress of white embroidered crape, over rich white satin, with blonde seduisant sleeves, and a train of superbe immortelle satin, lined with rich white sarsnet, and trimmed with swansdown; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Louisa Beauclerk.—A white crape dress, richly embroidered with silver, over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde lace; train, white gros de Naples silk, trimmed with silver; head-dress, a plume of feathers and diamonds; blonde lappets.

Mary Beauclerk.—A dress of the same.

Imhoff.—A handsome white net-dress, embroidered with silver, over a rich white satin petticoat; a manteau of figured silk, trimmed with a garniture of silver and plush; a silver and blonde head-dress, with feathers and diamonds.

Burgoyne.—A rich white satin dress, with an elegant flounce of Queen's blonde, ornamented in a superb and fashionable style; train of rich violet satin, decorated with Queen's blonde; head-dress, gold blonde and feathers, with magnificent diamonds.

Mary Leslie.—A superb colonnade British blonde lace dress over white satin, richly ornamented with flounce, with Mameluke sleeves of the same manufacture; train of l'oiseau de Paradis gros de Naples; garniture of tulle and satin; head-dress, pearls and feathers.

Elizabeth Jane Wathen.—A very rich white satin dress, with a profusion of blonde lace; train of vapeur gros des Indes; garniture of plush and crape lisse; head-dress, pearls and feathers.

Sophia Lennox.—An elegant silver lama dress, over a rich white satin body and sleeves, trimmed tastefully with blonde and silver; manteau of rich white satin, trimmed in a nouveau genre, and the tout ensemble elegant; head-dress, ostrich feathers and pearls; blonde lappets.

Quentin.—A rich white satin dress, elegantly trimmed with agraffes of satin and tulle, and wreath of decoupé ribbon; body trimmed elegantly with rich point lace; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds; point lappets.

A. Beckel.—Dress of white crape, superbly embroidered with white and gold, fastened in front with clusters of diamonds; body and sleeves embroidered in the same, profusely trimmed with blonde and diamonds; magnificent train of gold lama, embossed with flowers, and trimmed with rouleaux of satin and gold; head-dress of white ostrich feathers gracefully arranged, with profusion of diamonds.

Louisa Kilderby.—Dress of white crape elegantly embossed with silver, tight body, draped sleeves à la béret, ornamented with blonde; train of ruby velvet trimmed silver; head-dress of white ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Charlotte Butler.—Dress of white crape handsomely embroidered in colours, sleeves and body trimmed with blonde; train of blue figured poplin, trimmed with satin and gold; head-dress, white ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Caroline Legge.—Handsome white crape dress, embroidered with gold lama, and white silk; corsage drapée à la Sevigné; rich satin train, trimmed with a gold torsalle; rich blonde mantle and lappets; gold belt; head-dress of handsome ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Emily Butler.—Dress of white crape, elegantly embroidered with foile, tight body, with capes trimmed with blonde, sleeves à la bérêt, trimmed with blonde; train of cerise gros de Oriel, trimmed rouleaux and gold; head-dress, white ostrich feathers, opals and diamonds.

Phillipps.—A crape dress, over white satin, very richly embroidered round the bottom with gold lama, with bouquets to correspond down the front of the dress; the body trimmed with gold lama and finished with folds of rich blonde, with seduantes and ruffles; a manteau of amethyst satin, trimmed round with a raised border of gold; a coronet of feathers, blonde lappets, with a tiara of amethyst; necklace and ear-rings en suite.

Wynford.—A superb dress of Queen's blonde, richly figured, terminating with a flounce, tastefully ornamented with a chain of rich white satin, worn over a petticoat of white satin; a manteau of amaranthus satin, elegantly decorated with gold; a magnificent blonde head-dress of gold, feathers, and diamonds.

Emily Harding.—A beautiful gauze dress, with a rich pattern cuffs, and blonde round the shoulders; a satin train, trimmed with gold.

Fuller.—A crape dress, embroidered with silk and gold cuffs, and blonde round the shoulders; the train made of beautiful velvet, with a very rich border.

Robert Peel.—A net dress, beautifully spotted with gold, a very rich and beautiful border, cuffs and blondes; a rich green velvet train, trimmed with gold; head-dress, a beautiful plume and diamonds.

Charlotte Bury.—A white crape dress, embroidered with lama over white satin; the sleeve fancifully ornamented with jewels; train of white watered gros de Naples, richly embroidered in wreaths of oak-leaves, and acorns; head-dress, à la Marie Stuart, feathers, and diamonds.

Williams.—A white aeroplane crape dress, embroidered with a rich wreath of gold flowers round the bottom, which continue up the front of the dress, finished with handsome flounces of blonde and gold lama; a rich royal blue velvet manteau of British manufacture, lined with white, and trimmed with a border of raised gold lama; head-dress, a bérêt of gold, with a magnificent plume of feathers, blonde lappets and diamonds.

Knowles.—A beautiful green Dalgia velvet train, trimmed with gold; a beautiful white crape dress, embroidered with gold, and trimmed with blonde; a beautiful head-dress and blonde lappets.

Mary Taylor.—A white satin slip, a white aeroplane dress, richly embroidered with gold, gold tissue body, elegantly trimmed with blonde; train of Adelaide velvet, superbly ornamented with gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Bianche Cavendish.—A richly-embroidered dress, mounted with garland and silver; a white watered-silk train, fully embroidered with silver, forming small bells, and the whole with columns; head-dress, a plume.

Gordon.—A crêpe dress, embroidered with silk; a watered silk train, colour Caroline.

Finches (the two).—White crêpe dresses, elegantly embroidered with silk; cuffs and blonde trimmings; silk trains.

Frances Hotham.—Beautiful English blonde dress, trimmed, wreath of flowers, over a rich white satin petticoat; train of green satin, trimmed with rouleaux of satin and blonde mantilla, and lappets of rich blonde.

Gore.—A rich white satin dress, handsomely trimmed with net and satin, in rosettes; a lilac train, with rich mantilla of blonde; head-dress, feathers and blonde.

Williams.—A very rich white satin dress, elegantly trimmed; superb train of green velvet, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Mary Long.—Rich pink satin dress, with mantilla of handsome blonde; black velvet train, lined and trimmed with pink to correspond; head-feathers and lappets.

Stepney.—A superb blonde lace dress of British fabric, l'oiseau de Paradis satin slip; train of watered gros de Naples, beautifully trimmed; blue and silver toque, with feathers and diamonds.

Worsley Holmes.—A very elegant dress of rich Irish blonde, trimmed with a very deep flounce of the same, surmounted by a frosted silver and satin rouleau entwined, the flounce raised on one side, and fastened with bouquets of silver and nœuds of satin ribbon, tastefully arranged. The body of the dress being composed of blonde and satin, with large bérêt sleeves, made in the form of elephant's ears (oreilles d'elephants), and fall of blonde, which had a light and elegant effect. A superb train of Adelaide silk, of a brilliant violet colour, lined throughout with a pearl-white watered gros de Naples, and richly embroidered with a border of silver shell-work; head-dress, lappets of fine Irish blonde, with diamonds and feathers.

Lyndhurst.—A most beautiful court robe composed of tulle, embroidered à "colonnes," with gold and green, worn over a white satin slip; body richly ornamented with blonde, the train made of beautiful emerald-coloured velvet, richly embroidered in gold, lined with white satin; head-dress, ostrich feathers, and a costly display of diamonds; lappets of blonde.

Borough.—A splendid magnificent British lama dress, embroidered in gold; train of rich white satin of British manufacture, costly embroidered in gold; head-dress, a profusion of ostrich feathers, diamonds, and emeralds.

Cockerell.—A rich white satin dress, trimmed with rich blonde flounces; the body handsomely ornamented with blonde; train of a clear and full grand-coloured velvet, lined with white satin; head-dress, a toque of tulle, with feather and beautiful brilliants.

Elizabeth Smyth.—An elegant figured white satin dress, with deep flounce of Queen's blonde lace, body and sleeves richly trimmed to correspond; a superb train of sky-blue glacé gros de Naples, finished with rouleaux of satin.

Hamilton.—A handsome colonnade white satin dress, with deep flounce of Queen's blonde lace, body and sleeves richly trimmed to correspond; train of grenat-coloured English velvet.

Saumarez.—Rich white figured ducape dress, trimmed with a deep flounce of Queen's blonde, headed with a rich trimming of gold lama and fringe; the body trimmed with gold and blonde; train of rich amaranth satin, with double rouleaux of gold lama; head-dress, rich gold lama, with plume of ostrich feathers.

Richardson.—A richly embroidered crape dress over white satin, trimmed with a profusion of the finest blonde; train of rich watered blue ducape, trimmed with blue satin; head-dress, feathers, and diamonds.

Montague.—A rich white satin dress, elegantly trimmed with tulle and satin, corsage splendidly trimmed, with blonde sleeves, looped with diamonds and pearls; rich blue satin train, trimmed to correspond; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and pearls; necklace of diamonds.

Elizabeth Dickins.—Dress of vapeur crape, richly embroidered and trimmed with pillow blonde manufactured by her Ladyship's own tenants; train of shaded blue and vapeur, tastefully trimmed with white satin and blonde; head-dress, splendid diamond spray, blonde lappets, and plume.

Kennedy.—A dress of British colonnade blonde, elegantly trimmed with the same material, over a petticoat of rich white satin; train of lilac figured silk, ornamented with marabout feathers; superb head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Frances Shirley.—Dress of rich white satin, elegantly ornamented with festoons of blonde and flowers; train of cerise velvet, trimmed with blonde and satin; splendid head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

M. Wynyard.—Dress of rich white satin, tastefully ornamented with a superb flounce of blonde; train of green velvet, trimmed with blonde and satin; head-dress of feathers and diamonds. The whole of British manufacture.

z. Coote.—A dress of white satin, richly embroidered in gold and real coral; the train the same as the dress; head-dress, feathers and brilliants; lappets of blonde.

Georgiana Hervey.—A dress of tulle, embroidered train of pink watered silk; head-dress, diamonds and feathers; lappets of blonde.

Augusta Hervey.—A dress of Indian manufacture, embroidered in green and gold; train of green and gold velvet; head-dress, feathers and brilliants; lappets of blonde.

Belhaven.—A dress of beautiful embroidered blonde; train of pink Terry velvet; head-dress, feathers and brilliants; lappets of blonde.

Harriet Baring.—A dress of white tulle, embroidered in blue à colonnes, worn over a white satin robe, body handsomely trimmed with blonde; train of blue velvet, with a rich gold border, lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers and brilliants; blonde lappets.

James Stuart.—White crape dress, richly embroidered with gold; rich white satin tunic; train of gold colour figured satin, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and rubies.

Louisa and Elizabeth Cornwallis.—Rich dress of Irish blonde; white satin tunics; Ponceau silk trains, richly trimmed with tulle and satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and pearls.

Catharine Buckley.—White satin dress, richly trimmed with silver and gold fringe, blonde lace intertwined with gold; train of gold and crimson lama; head-dress of feathers and diamonds, &c.

Caroline Montague.—A dress of white crape, embroidered in green and gold; train of white watered silk; head-dress, feathers and brilliants; lappets of blonde.

O'Brien (the two).—Dresses of white crape, embroidered in gold, over white satin;

the bodies beautifully ornamented with blonde; trains; head-dresses, feathers and diamonds.

Sandford Graham.—A beautiful court-dress of tulle, embroidered with gold and blue satin à colonne, the body ornamented with rich blonde; train of rich blue watered silk, with a gold border, lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Keith.—A rich blue satin dress trimmed with ditto; body ornamented with a mantille of blonde, and double béret sleeves, sabots of blonde to bottom of ditto; Byron satin train, trimmed with blonde and satin; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Herries.—A dress of rich gold tissue trimmed with ditto; body richly ornamented, with a costly mantille of blonde and sabots of blonde to béret sleeves; train of pink satin, brocaded, colonnaded, trimmed with pink lisse and satin; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Chatterton.—A dress of crape richly embroidered, body ornamented with a mantille of blonde, sabots of costly blonde; train to correspond; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Mary Herbert.—A dress of white tulle, trimmed with satin and white flowers; train of white satin; a coronet of feathers and diamonds; lappets of blonde.

Price.—An elegant dress of gold lama, superbly trimmed with blonde of English manufacture; train of rich white watered gros de Naples, ornamented with gold to correspond; head-dress, a profusion of diamonds and feathers.

Shaw Stewart.—A dress of white crape, embroidered in silk; white satin slip; train of blue silk; head-dress, feathers and diamonds, and lappets of blonde.

Hawkins Whitshed.—Dress of rich white figured Grenadine gauze, amethyst watered gros de Naples; train trimmed with rich point d'arguille; head-dress, feathers and blonde.

Charlotte Egerton.—Rich silver lama dress, trimmed with blond lace and silver; train of white gros de Naples, with a rich border of silver lama; head-dress of diamonds and feathers.

Molyneux (the two).—Dresses of white crape, trimmed with flowers; train of pink watered silk; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Murray.—Handsome pink crape dress, trimmed with gold; corsage drapée à la Sevigné; rich pink satin train, trimmed with gold lama; rich blonde mantille and lappets, blonde lace sabots; head-dress, white ostrich feathers and diamonds.

G. Fane.—Dress of white crape embroidered with silver, body draped, sleeves à la béret and trimmed blonde; train of ruby velvet trimmed silver; head-dress, white ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Philips.—A cerulean blue crape dress over a satin slip of the same colour, most superbly embroidered in gold; the body and sleeves richly ornamented with blonde lace and gold lama; train of watered gros de Naples to correspond; garniture of blonde lace and gold lama; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Mayoress.—A beautiful silver tissue dress of British manufacture, trimmed richly at the bottom with raised silver rouleaux, finished with bouquets of silver flowers, intermixed with pink roses; the body very richly flounced with broad blonde, with seduissantes and ruffles to correspond; a manteau of rich pink satin, lined with white, and trimmed round with silver rouleaux and broad silver fringe; head-dress, plume of mixed pink and white feathers; broad blonde lappets, and a profusion of diamonds.

RIGHT HON. MISTRESSES.

Stanley.—A court robe of magnificent appearance of silver embroidery on white crape, over white satin; train, rich figured white satin, lined with white satin; body beautifully ornamented with blonde; head-dress, a rich white plume of ostrich feathers and brilliants.

Gray.—Dress of rich lilac satin, skirts trimmed with flounces of blonde, plaited body, and sleeves à la béret, profusely trimmed with blonde; train of lilac velour de epingle, trimmed rouleaux of satin; head-dress, white ostrich feathers and diamonds.

HON. MISTRESSES AND MISSES.

Cadogan.—A rich gold lama dress, trimmed with blonde; manteau of violet satin, trimmed with gold; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and blonde lappets.

Montague.—A richly embroidered white crape dress, body and sleeves richly trimmed with blonde; a train of rich lilac d'orient, handsomely trimmed.

Mary Montague.—The same.

Sydney Long.—A tulle dress, magnificently trimmed with pearls, body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with blonde, and bunches of pearls; a rich blue satin train, lined with white satin, and richly embroidered with pearls; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

Long.—A white crape dress, ornamented with bouquets of blonde and silver; body

and sleeves richly trimmed with blonde ; a train of rich blonde iris, lined with white satin, and richly trimmed with silver.

Cadogan.—A white tulle dress, embroidered with silver ; manteau of rich figured white silk, trimmed with silver ; head-dress, toques and feathers.

Bowles.—Dress of rich white satin-waved flounce of rich blonde ; seduissantes of blonde ; train of cherry-colour, velour epingle, trimmed all round with tulle and satin ; head-dress of white ostrich feathers ; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Arbuthnot.—A rich white gros de Naples dress, embroidered with gold and silver ; the train of Ponceau velour epingle, tastefully trimmed with gold ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Windsor.—A superb English gold lama dress over white satin, tastefully ornamented with rich gold trimmings and blonde ; purple velvet train, embroidered with gold to correspond ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Hare.—A superb English blonde lace dress, over white satin, with deep flounces of blonde, headed with gold, and tastefully festooned with bunches of blue and gold flowers ; bodice and sleeves to correspond ; a blue satin train, richly trimmed with gold ; head-dress, magnificent plume of blue and white feathers, with diamonds.

Wilson.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silver and gold ; a very elegant pattern blonde all round the shoulders, and short sleeves ; the train of beautiful blue satin, trimmed with a column of satin and gold.

Trevelyan.—A satin dress, shot with gold, trimmed with bands of gold ; the train, velvet with gold.

Green.—A white crape dress, richly embroidered with silk, like an apron, and a garland round it ; a purple velvet train, trimmed with satin.

Carendish.—A white satin dress, with gold columns and rich border ; cuffs and blond trimmings ; a satin train, colour Adelaide, figured and trimmed with gold.

Wynn.—A crêpe dress, embroidered with gold and silk vine leaves ; cuffs and blonde frills.

Upton.—Dress gold and silver lama, rich white satin tunic ; green velvet train, trimmed with gold ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Burton.—A magnificent embroidered tulle dress over white satin ; body and sleeve trimmed with blonde lace ; train of cerise gros de Naples, richly embroidered in gold ; head-dress, ostrich feathers and a splendid suit of diamonds ; beautiful blonde lappets.

Weston.—A white tulle dress over white satin, embroidered very richly at the bottom with a raised border of dead and bright silver lama in rich drooping bunches of silver flowers, fastened at the waist with silver cord and tassels ; the body richly embroidered and trimmed with a fall of deep blonde ; ruffles and seduissantes to correspond. A manteau of pink satin, trimmed with silver rouleaux twisted with satin ; a plume of feathers, broad blonde lappets, and splendid diamonds.

R. Smith.—A beautiful train in sky-velvet, trimmed with columns of satin and blonde, with an elegant blonde dress.

Anson.—A white satin train, trimmed with satin and blonde, with blonde dress.

Cockrane.—A dress of white gros des Indes, superbly embroidered with silver ; train of black velvet.

Vernon Smith.—Dress of white crape over white satin, embroidered with white, body draped ; full belle sleeves, ornamented with blonde ; train of white gros de Oriel, tastefully trimmed with lama and tulle ; head-dress, ostrich feathers, with profusion of diamonds.

Deborough.—Dress of white crape, embossed with white and gold ; body with crapes richly trimmed with blonde and gold, sleeves à la bérêt ; train of cerise figured poplin trimmed satin ; head-dress, white ostrich feathers with diamonds.

George Herbert.—Dress of rich puce satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde ; train of puce velvet, richly ornamented. Gold lama toque, with feathers and pink topazes.

Berkeley Paget.—Blue satin train, trimmed with blonde ; white and embossed silk petticoat, fancifully ornamented with feathered fringe ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Carbord.—A beautiful dress of costly white satin, with magnificent garniture of British blonde lace, forming one splendid deep flounce, surmounted by a heading of the same ; folded corsage and bérêt sleeves, profusely trimmed with British blonde en suite ; manteau of superb satin colour, l'immortelle, surmounted by a garniture of rich white chenille à la Grecque, confined by a rich bullion band with tassels ; head-dress, an elegant bérêt of black velvet, with handsome plume of ostrich feathers and a profusion of diamonds, with lappets of British blonde.

Sullivan.—A dress of white gros de Naples, embroidered with gold train of brocaded Irish poplin, vapour colour, trimmed all round with ruche of tulle and rouleaux of white satin, seduissantes of blonde ; head-dress, plume of white ostrich feathers ; ornaments, superb diamonds and pearls.

Herbert.—A beautiful violet satin dress, handsomely trimmed with blonde velvet; train ornamented with satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Smith.—A beautiful robe of blonde, à colonne, over white satin; train of blue velvet, lined with white satin; head-dress of feathers and diamonds; lappets of blonde.

Windsor.—A superb English gold lama dress, over white satin, tastefully ornamented with rich gold trimmings and blonde; purple velvet train, embroidered with gold to correspond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

E. Cust.—Over a petticoat of white satin, wore a dress white brochee gauze, richly strewed with flowers of gold, and the ourlet terminated with a chain of brilliant and mat or; train of blue moirée gros de Naples, elegantly trimmed with points and knots of gold; ceinture of the same, with rich bullion tassels; lappets and mantille of Queen's blonde; ornaments, turquoise and gold; head-dress, ostrich plume.

Elphinstone.—A beautiful dress of white crape, embroidered with lilac spangles; train of blue Terry violet, lined with white satin and border of rich silver lama; head-dress of feathers and brilliants; lappets of blonde.

Knoules.—A beautiful train of pink watered silk, trimmed with silver; a beautiful crape dress, richly embroidered with silver and trimmed with blonde.

Cavendish.—A cape dress with silver, very simple and elegant; pattern of lilac flowers; rich mounted cuffs, and blonde trimmings; a beautiful blue watered silk train, richly trimmed with silver.

Hunlocke.—A white crape dress embroidered with gold, and silk rich border pattern, with grapes; cuffs and blonde; train elegant and rich.

Kenyon.—A white crape dress, richly embroidered with silk, pattern of a border, tied with gauze-cut ribbon, cuffs, and blonde; a beautiful white watered-silk train, trimmed with satin, and very elegant.

Bathurst.—Dress of white crape, embroidered in silver; body and sleeves, trimmed blonde; train of cerise watered ducape trimmed silver; head-dress, white feathers; ornament of chaste silver.

MISTRESSES.

W. Camac.—A very superb embroidered gold lama dress, over a white satin petticoat; train, white satin, trimmed with gold lama; head-dress, plume of white ostrich feathers, with a magnificent tiara, consisting of a profusion of the finest brilliant diamonds and rubies; emerald and diamond necklace, and diamond ear-rings.

Hamilton.—A white crêpe dress, embroidered with silk, a rich border; cuffs and blonde trimmings.

Williams Wynn.—Gold lama dress, over rich white satin, rich figured satin train; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

W. H. Poland.—A silver tissue dress, trimmed with rich silver bullion fringe and blonde; train of beautiful blue and silver brocade, trimmed with silver bullion fringe to correspond, the whole of British manufacture; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Watson Taylor.—White crape petticoat, embroidered in white and gold; train of lilac velvet; the body and sleeves richly ornamented with beautiful English lace, worked on a cushion; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and amethysts; necklace and ear-rings of diamonds.

Williams.—A rich white satin dress, with blonde flounces, surmounted with bunches of bright violet foil, mounted on gold; corsage and seduantes of magnificent blonde, superbly ornamented with amethysts; a train of fine violet velvet, embroidered with gold, and lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers, amethysts, and diamonds; necklace and pendants of amethysts.

Egerton.—A magnificent Queen's blonde dress over a rich satin slip, embroidered in column in a very novel and superb style, terminating with a flounce to correspond; the corsage composed of blonde, decorated with a profusion of the same; the train of cerise colour, richly brocaded with gold, the edge ornamented with gold trimming; head-dress of gold feathers and costly diamonds.

Charles Calvert.—A dress of rich figured white satin, with a rich and deep flounce of Queen's blonde, with an elegant heading of white satin; body and sleeves richly trimmed with blonde; train of rich English green velvet, elegantly trimmed with Queen's blonde and satin; head-dress, a superb plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Blomfield.—A rich white satin dress, with a deep blonde flounce and double heading to correspond, tastefully confined with bouquets of gauze ribbon; body and seduantes of fine blonde; a train of rich immortal velvet, lined with white satin, and faced with blonde; head-dress, feathers and blonde ornaments, diamonds, and pearls.

General Egerton.—White crape dress, splendidly embroidered with gold; bodice richly trimmed with blonde; a train of lilac water silk, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets.

Estcourt.—A very rich lace dress, over a white satin petticoat, pink Irish tabinets; train, trimmed with satin and flowers; mantille and lappets of British lace.

Hotkam.—A rich white satin dress, with deep flounce of blonde, and full trimming of satin; boddice to correspond; train of rose du Parnasse silk, with mantille and lappets of blonde.

Whalley.—A dress of white gros de Naples, richly embroidered in gold, handsomely trimmed with blonde; train, rich puce velvet, trimmed with gold; head-dress, gold lama foyne, feathers, and diamonds.

St. John.—A blue silver train, with a crêpe dress, embroidered with silver and beautiful blonde lappets.

General Macdonald.—A beautiful train of gray watered silk, with a white crêpe dress embroidered in green, pink, and gold.

Horrocks.—A beautiful crêpe dress, embroidered with silver, and train of sky-blue satin, trimmed with gold.

Tremayne Rodd.—A magnificent dress of cerise silk, richly trimmed with gold, and tastefully ornamented with a profusion of Queen's blonde and gold fringe; a manteau of the richest white satin, elegantly finished, with a garniture of gold and blonde; head-dress comprised of blonde, gold, feathers, and diamonds of the most costly description.

Stratford Dugdale.—An elegant and rich gauze dorine dress, trimmed with a deep flounce of superb blond, and a tasteful torsade of satin and gold above; the corsage and sleeves richly trimmed with mantille and sabots of blonde; a handsome manteau of rich white satin, elegantly trimmed with a torsade of gold and satin to correspond; the toute ensemble tastefully elegant; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds; rich blonde lappets.

Round.—A handsome white crape embroidered in gold dress, over a rich white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with mantille and sabots of handsome blonde lace; manteau of rich green velour frise, trimmed tastefully with a torsade of gold and satin; head-dress, ostrich feathers and a profusion of diamonds; blonde lappets.

Bowden.—A white satin à ruban dress, with a deep flounce of rich blonde, and a wave of satin above; body and sleeves trimmed elegantly with mantille and sabots of rich blonde; a handsome manteau of immortelle satin, trimmed with leaves of satin and blonde; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds; rich blonde lappets.

Watson.—A superb dress, with gold embroidery, the corsage tastefully ornamented with an elegant gold fringe and Queen's blonde, over a white satin slip; a manteau of the richest white satin, finished with a handsome garniture of gold; head-dress composed of feathers, lappets, and amethysts.

Charles Richardson.—A white crape dress, embroidered with white silk, and a train of pink figured silk.

Cooper Cooper.—A white satin dress, over which was a very rich dress of Queen's blonde, flounced with deep blonde to match, headed with rouleaux of satin and bunches of damask roses; a manteau of cherry-colour satin, trimmed round with Queen's blonde and twisted rouleaux; head-dress, a plume of feathers and pearl ornaments, eight blonde lappets.

Dawson.—Dress of pink aerophane, over a rich satin slip of the same colour, richly ornamented with gold wheat ears, &c.; corsage elegantly ornamented with blonde lace, and gold to correspond; train of superbly rich pink satin, ornamented with gold, &c.; head-dress, feathers and diamonds; rich necklace of diamonds, &c.

Woolmore.—A beautiful crêpe dress, mounted with gold of an Oriental pattern, gold trimming; cuffs and blonde trimmings; a velvet train, colour Adelaide, trimmed with gold.

Howley.—A white crêpe dress over satin, embroidered round the bottom in bouquets of floss silk; the body finished with a double fall of superb blonde, and ruffles of the same. A manteau of cherry-coloured velvet, trimmed round with fine blonde and twisted satin rouleaux; head-dress, a bérêt of cherry-coloured velvet, with a plume of ostrich feathers, broad blonde lappets, and diamonds.

Brownrigg.—A white crêpe dress, superbly embroidered in floss silk, over a rich white satin slip; train of white watered gros de Naples, richly trimmed with blonde of English manufacture; head-dress, feathers, with diamonds and garnets.

William Maberly.—A very rich brocaded Irish poplin white dress, body ornamented with a mantille of costly blonde, bérêt sleeves, and sabots of double blonde to match; train of blue velvet lined with watered gros de Naples, and trimmed with blonde and satin; head-dress, white ostrich feathers and profusion of diamonds.

Harrison.—Dress of white aerophane, richly embroidered and ornamented with blonde, over a petticoat of white satin; train of rich blue figured silk, trimmed with blonde and satin; superb head-dress of feathers, turquoise, and pearls.

Marshall (Sheriff).—Petticoat of white satin, richly ornamented and beaded; superb stomacher of pearls, with drapery sleeves edged round with blonde; train of Royal purple velvet lined with white satin, elegantly bordered with blonde lace, and large oriental pearls. Commanding Court plume, and diamonds en suite.

Smith.—White crape dress, embroidered with gold lama, gracefully decorated with real gold fringe; train of blue and gold tissue, trimmed with costly gold lama, all of English fabric; sabots and mantilla of Brussels point. Gold lama toque, ostrich feathers, with a profusion of diamonds.

Fox.—A beautiful dress of cherry and silver tissue; train of black velvet, lined with white satin; head dress, feathers and a costly suit of brilliants; lappets of blonde.

Jerningham.—A rich Court robe of white crape, richly embroidered in silver à colonne; train of vapour-coloured velvet, in perfect harmony with the robe, beautifully embroidered in silver, lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers and brilliants; blonde lappets.

Norton.—A handsome gold lama dress, trimmed with blonde and gold, over white satin; violet satin train, with gold to correspond with the dress; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Bentinck.—A richly embroidered dress of white aerophane and gold, with a profusion of blonde; train of white moiré gros de Naples; head-dress, rich blonde lappets, feathers, and ornaments of chrysopase.

Sturges Bourne.—Petticoat of crape aerophane, richly embroidered in gold lama; bodice of the same, trimmed with blonde; train of amaranth satin, bordered with gold lace; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Hugh Bailie.—A beautiful English silver lama dress, with flouncing to match, over white satin, with Adelaide velvet; train richly trimmed to correspond with the dress; body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and a profusion of diamonds and emeralds.

Bisse Challenor.—A beautiful crape dress, richly embroidered in British silver lama; velvet train, splendidly embroidered in silver lama to correspond with the dress; head-dress, feathers and a profusion of diamonds and amethysts.

MISSES.

Conroy.—An elegant white crape dress, embroidered in gold, over white satin; train of rich white satin, trimmed with gold and blonde; head-dress, feathers and pearls.

Wellesley.—A white crape dress, richly embroidered in gold, over white satin; train of blue gros de Naples, lined with white silk, and trimmed with gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Burgoyne.—White crape dress, tastefully and elegantly ornamented with gold flounces, corsage trimmed with Queen's blonde and gold to correspond, over a white satin petticoat, with train of rich green satin, finished with a bordering of gold and white flowers; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and brilliant topaz.

Quentin.—An elegant rich white satin dress, tastefully trimmed with blonde, and detachée wreaths of white roses and lilies, body and sleeves richly trimmed with mantilla and sabots of blonde; a beautiful pink satin à ruban mantenu, tastefully trimmed with tulle and satin; the toute ensemble youthful and elegant; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds and pearls; blonde lappets.

Cockburn.—A white tulle dress over white satin, very tastefully ornamented with flowers and ribbon, the body and sleeves to correspond; train of pink gros de Naples; garniture of tulle and satin; head-dress, pearls and feathers.

Spalding.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silk and gold, cuffs and blonde, a beautiful pink silk train.

Blunt.—A white crape dress, richly embroidered with various colours, over a white satin slip, with a superb velvet train, elegantly ornamented to correspond; head-dress composed of gold blonde, feathers, and diamonds.

M. Burgoyne.—A white dress of crape, elegantly decorated with gold flowers, corsage elegantly finished with Queen's blonde and gold, over a white satin slip; manteau of pink satin, with a rich garniture of flowers; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and superb emeralds.

S. Wynyard.—Dress of richly sprigged Queen's blonde, with a deep flounce to correspond, headed with a wreathing of white satin and pearls; blue satin train, trimmed with blonde and pearls; blue crêpe and satin turban, with rich pearl ornaments and plume.

Augusta Borough.—A white aerophane crape dress, richly embroidered and elegantly trimmed with British blonde lace; train of white gros des Indes, embroidered and enriched with blonde; head-dress, feathers, jewels, amethysts, and diamonds.

Jenner (the two).—Rich white blonde gauze dresses, full trimmed; deep blonde gold rouleaux and bullion tassels; white satin trains, with gold border; white plumes and pearl ornaments.

Blackwood.—A dress of white embroidered crape over a white satin slip; train of white silk; head-dress, feathers and diamonds; lappets of blonde.

Rouche.—A white crape robe, trimmed with blonde and flowers, over white satin; train of white satin; head-dress, feathers and brilliants; lappets of blonde.

Hotham (the two).—Very elegant dresses of net over satin, trimmed with white lilacs and lilies in bouquets; trains of white water silk, trimmed to suit; mantillas and lappets of blonde.

Wilson.—A rich dress of British blonde, ornamented with a trimming of blonde and satin; white satin petticoat; train of blue gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers and pearls.

Gore.—An elegant dress of white crape, over a rich satin, beautifully trimmed with white hyacinths and lilacs; a train of splendid white watered silk, trimmed satin, and flowers to suit.

C. Long.—Very elegant dress of net over satin, trimmed with white lilacs and lilies, in bouquets; train of white watered silk, trimmed to suit; mantillas and lappets of blonde.

Davis.—A crape petticoat over white satin, richly trimmed with blonde and flowers; a pink satin train trimmed to correspond; head-dress, feathers, &c.

Macdonald.—A blue striped velvet train, with a white crêpe dress, with garland of flowers.

Cochrane (the two).—Petticoat of white tulle, over white satin, embroidered with silver; train, blue satin, embroidered with silver lama; head-dress, feathers.

Howleys.—A white crape dress, handsomely embroidered with bunches of drooping gold flowers and floss silk; the body a diapré of tulle, striped with gold, and a double fall of rich blonde, with ruffles to correspond; train of rich pink satin, trimmed with gold; a plume of feathers and blonde lappets.

Symonds.—A rich white satin dress, covered with tulle, magnificently embroidered with bunches of white flowers; the body finished with flounces of superb blonde lace, with seduisantes and ruffles en suite; a manteau of rich lilac velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed round with a wreath of tulle, intermixed with satin. A coronet of feathers, broad blonde lappets, and amethyst ornaments.

Copper.—A white crape dress, with rich embroidered border of silver flowers, terminating at the side with bouquets of silver China asters and pink roses; the body richly trimmed with silver, and a double fall of blonde and deep ruffles; a manteau of pink satin, trimmed round with silver rouleau. A coronet of feathers and blonde lappets.

Roche.—An elegant crape dress over white satin, richly trimmed with blonde lace, and tastefully decorated with bouquets of white roses and jessamine; mantille and sleeves of beautiful blonde lace; train of rich white gros de Naples, trimmed with silver rouleau; head-dress, ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, pearls, and Malachite ornaments.

Vyse.—A rich colonnade dress of Queen's blonde, terminating with a flounce, elegantly ornamented with silver flowers, over a rich white satin slip; train of amaranthus satin, superbly trimmed with silver and blonde; head-dress of silver and blonde, feathers and lappets, with a profusion of magnificent diamonds.

Flanrey.—A white dress, embroidered with gold, with green velvet leaves and blonde; a satin train trimmed with gold, ornamented with blonde.

Wynnes (the).—White satin dresses, embroidered with coloured gold, very fashionable cuffs and blonde; white satin trains, trimmed with gold.

Gordon.—A crêpe dress, with gold; a yellow train, with Greek head-dress.

Hamilton.—A white crêpe dress, embroidered with silk and gold, mounted and rich border; cuffs and blonde trimmings; a white silk train, trimmed with gold.

Manners Sutton (the three).—Superb dresses of Irish blonde, over rich white satin slips; the skirts of the dress ornamented with two handsome flounces of the same material, surmounted by a torsad of white satin; corsage et Manche, trimmed à la cours with rich blonde; trains of rich pink satin, trimmed with rich blonde lace; head-dress, rich plumes of feathers and jewels.

Elphinstone.—Dress of white crape and spangles, body plaited, full belle sleeves, and richly trimmed with blonde; head dress, white ostrich feathers; ornaments, emerald and diamonds.

Hope Johnstone.—Dress of silver lama, richly trimmed with British blonde; train of rich pink satin, magnificently embroidered with a convolvulus wreath in silver; head-dress, a superb ornament of pearls, blonde lappets, and plume.

Sommarès.—White crape dress, richly embroidered with white and silver intermixed, and raised bunches of pink and silver convolvulus; pink satin train, trimmed with pink and silver wreaths to correspond; pink topaz ornaments; head-dress, topaz tiara and plume.

Bishop.—A dress of gauze blonde, with bouquets of white and pink hyacinths, rich pink satin train; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Adery.—White crape dress trimmed with blue wreath of gauze and silver ribbon corsage drappe à la Marie Stuart; body and sleeves ornamented with silver gauze ribbons, blonde for trimming; rich blue satin train trimmed with silver lama, silver belt, rich blonde lace, mantille and lappets; head-dress, ostrich feathers, pearls, and diamonds.

Frederica Bishop.—The same.

Flower.—Over a petticoat of clear white, wore a dress of Queen's blonde richly striped with satin, each of which terminated at the feet with fringe, and distance in distance confined with argraffes d'argent, corsage ornamented with brilliants and blonde; train of celestial blue pluche, lined with white satin, and magnificently embroidered in sprays of brilliant argent and mat or ceinture of the same, which had a splendid effect; head-dress, superb plume of ostrich feathers and brilliants.

Wheatley and Laura Wheatley.—Dresses of British blonde, over white satin; trains of rich white satin; head-dress, plume of feathers, gold ornaments.

William Wynn (the two).—Rich white satin dresses, beautifully embroidered with gold and green foil; white satin trains to correspond; head-dress, feathers, emeralds, and pearls.

Stuart.—Rich white crape and satin dress; rich white satin, richly trimmed with silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Herbert.—Crape dress, beautifully embroidered with gold lama, over a satin slip; train of l'oiseau de Paradis satin; mantille of blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Bowden.—Rich blonde lace dress of British fabric, elegantly trimmed with flowers and blonde; mantille and sabots of blonde; pink-striped satin train, richly trimmed. Superb plume of ostrich feathers; ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets, of pink topazes.

Fitzroy.—A dress of yellow crape over yellow silk, handsomely ornamented with violet flowers; train to correspond; head-dress, diamonds and feathers; lappets of blonde.

Cockerell.—A dress of rich blonde over white satin; train of white satin; head-dress and diamonds; blonde lappets.

G. V. Harcourt.—A dress of white embroidered crape, worn over white satin; train of watered green silk, trimmed with ribbons; head-dress, feathers and brilliants, with blonde lappets.

Shelley.—A robe of white crape, worn over white satin, trimmed with gauze ribbons; train of white watered silk; head-dress, feathers and brilliants; lappets of blonde.

Campbell.—A beautiful white crape dress, richly embroidered body and sleeves, handsomely trimmed with blonde, over white satin, in blue British velvet; train ornamented with satin and ribbons; head-dress, white feathers and diamonds.

Harriet Whitshed.—Dress of white aerophane crape, richly embroidered in white and gold, and pink watered gros de Naples; train trimmed with gold lama and satin; head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets.

Swettenham.—A blonde gauze dress, trimmed with blonde, satin, and bunches of violets, over white gros de Naples train, with wreathing of violets to correspond with the dress; head-dress, feathers and pearls.

On Monday, at a quarter past four o'clock, the King and Queen and their immediate attendants arrived, in four carriages-and-four.

Their Majesties were accompanied by the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Princess Augusta, and Prince George of Cambridge. Many of the nobility and gentry called to pay their respects to their Majesties and the Royal family, on their arrival in town. The Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Princess Augusta, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia, visited their Majesties shortly before two o'clock, and partook of a *dejeune*. The same Royal personages interchanged visits among each other during the course of the day; and in the afternoon the King entertained the great officers of state and some of the royal household at an early dinner, preparatory to the royal visit to Drury-lane Theatre, where the royal *cortège* arrived, in six carriages, about seven o'clock. The royal party consisted of their Majesties, accompanied by Prince George of Cumberland and Prince George of Cambridge, and attended by the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse; Earl Howe, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen; the Earl of Errol, Master of the Horse to the Queen; the Marquis of Clanricarde, Captain of the Yeomen Guard; Lord Hill, Gold Stick in waiting; the Earl of Belfast, Vice Chamberlain; Lord Byron, the Lord in Waiting; Sir Andrew Barnard, the Principal Equerry; the Marchioness of Ely, Lady Caroline

Wood, Miss Boyle, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Cipriani, the Exons in waiting; and Messrs. Mash, Martins, and Hutton, the Gentlemen Ushers in Waiting. Their Majesties were received with acclamations by a brilliant and crowded audience; and after the national anthem had been sung, the royal party witnessed, with apparent satisfaction, the performance of the "*School for Scandal*," and the pantomime. The King and Queen sitting in the centre of the front, the two young Princes of Cumberland and Cambridge, one on either side, and the members of the Royal Household, &c. standing behind. The box to the right of that of their Majesties was also filled with members of the royal suite. His Majesty wore the uniform of an Admiral, with a single star; and the Queen wore a crimson silk gown, with a swan's-down boa round her neck, a plume of feathers, and a profusion of diamonds. Their Majesties did not retire from the royal box during the whole evening, but partook of refreshments (tea and coffee) between the play and the pantomime.

On Tuesday the Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, the Princess Sophia and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, called at St. James's, and congratulated the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg on her arrival in town.

On the same day the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria visited the Princess Augusta and the Duchess of Gloucester.

On Friday evening the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland entertained their Majesties at dinner, together with the several branches of the Royal Family. The band of the Royal Horse Guards, in their rich full uniforms, were stationed in the vestibule and paid the customary mark of distinction on the arrival of the members of the Blood Royal, by performing "*God Save the King*." In the evening the Duchess of Cumberland received a very numerous and distinguished party.

On Wednesday her Majesty attended divine service at St. James's church, where the Bishop of London preached the first series of discourses which are to be delivered on the Wednesday mornings during Lent. Her Majesty was attended by the Marchioness of Ely.

The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, with their numerous suite, have left Sion-house, for the season, and taken up their residence at Northumberland house, the splendid furniture of which has been uncovered, and all the apartments newly adorned for their reception. The Duke and Duchess intend giving several parties upon a scale of great magnificence—at one of which their Majesties, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, and the other branches of the Royal family, are expected to be present.

BALL AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.—The Duke of Devonshire's ball on Thursday night was most brilliantly attended. In addition to their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Sussex, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Prince Leopold, and the Prince of Orange, there were present upwards of six hundred distinguished fashionables. The whole splendid suite of apartments was illuminated by additional rich chandeliers, and one of great magnitude in the Grand Saloon was displayed for the first time. Dancing was continued until near five o'clock in the morning.

ALMACK'S.—It is understood that the first Almack's ball for the season is fixed for the 16th of March. The 9th of March was the first fixed on; but the evening has been changed, on account of the splendid fête to be given on that night to their Majesties, by the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry.

The splendid banquet to be given by the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, to their Majesties, at Holderness House, on the 9th of next month, on the occasion of the christening of their youngest child, will be followed by a numerous evening party. The fête will be on a degree of splendour exceeding any thing yet given by the noble host and hostess. The exterior of the noble mansion will be brilliantly illuminated, and a grand display of fireworks will take place in the enclosed space of ground immediately in front of the mansion, and adjoining the park. Mr. Southby, the artist of Vauxhall, will have the direction of this part of the entertainment. A grand dinner, of seventy covers, will be previously given, which will be honoured by the presence of their Majesties. It is at length appointed, with the special approbation of her Majesty, that a full dress-ball should take place the same evening.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

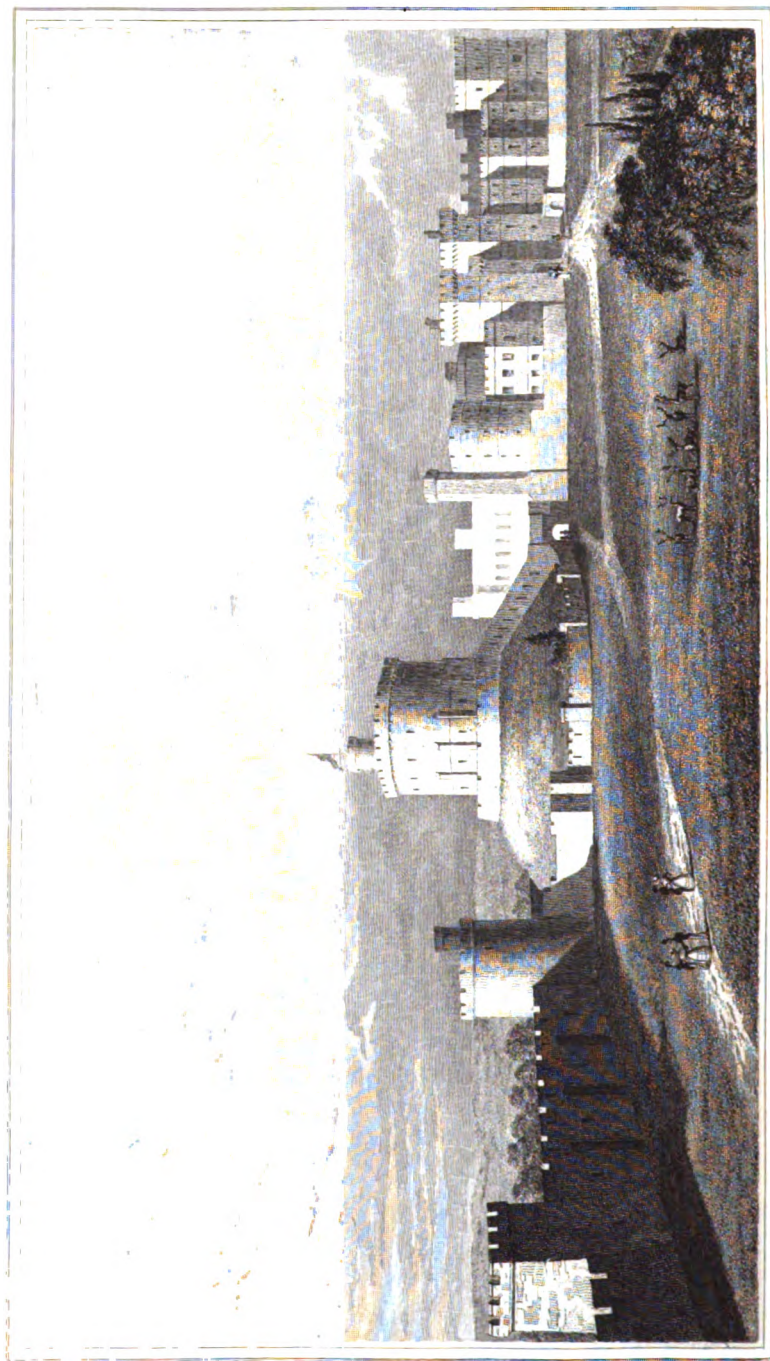
- On the 22d January, at Gunton Park, in Norfolk, Lady Suffield, of a son.
- At Eaglescarnie, on the 19th, the lady of Major-General the Honourable Patrick Stuart, of a daughter.
- On the 7th, at the Ray, near Maidenhead, Lady Phillimore, of a son.
- On the 30th, at Brighton, the lady of Sir Thomas W. Blomefield, Bart., of a still-born child.
- At Dunstable House, Richmond, the lady of Sir H. Loraine Baker, Bart. R.N. C.B., of a daughter.
- On the 26th, at Badminton, the Rt. Hon. Lady Isabella Kingscote, of a daughter.
- At the Admiralty, the lady of the Rt. Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart., of a daughter.
- On the 3d February, at Arthingworth, Northampton, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Heneage, of a daughter.
- At Arundel, on the 12th of February, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Edward John Turnour, of a daughter.
- On the 16th, in Palace Yard, the lady of the Right Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons, of a son, still-born.
- On the 15th, in Bolton Street, the lady of Sir Philip Sidney, M.P. of a daughter.
- On the 17th, in Cavendish Square, Lady Louisa Duncombe of a daughter.
- On the 18th, in Berkeley Square, the Lady Caroline F. Manse, of a daughter.
- At Ouchy, in Switzerland, the Lady Catherine Long, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- On the 25th of January, at Florence, Thomas Page, Esq., of Ely, to Susanna, eldest daughter of the Hon. Colonel de Courcy, and niece to the Right Hon. Lord Kinsale.
- On the 8th February, at Blithfield, Staffordshire, by the Lord Bishop of Oxford, the Rev. Arundell Bouverie, third son of the Hon. B. Bouverie, to Fanny, second daughter of the late Walter Sneyd, Esq., of Keel, in the county of Stafford, and one of Her Majesty's Maids of Honour.
- At St. James's Church, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Pack, to Major-Gen. Sir Thos. Reynell, Bart., K. C. B.
- On the 17th of February, at Belvoir Castle, the Hon. C. S. Wortley, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Wharncliffe, to the Right Hon. Lady Emmeline Charlotte Elizabeth Manners, second daughter of the Duke of Rutland.

DEATHS.

- On the 30th January, at Sudbrook Park, Harriet Louisa, second daughter of the Right Hon. Robert Wilmot Horton, in her 13th year.
- On the same day, in Burton Crescent, Sir John Perring, Bart., in his 69th year.
- At Liverpool, Thomas Dunbar, Esq., son of the late Sir George, and brother of the present Sir William Rowe Dunbar, of Mochrum, Bart., M.A.
- On the 21st, at Berkhamstead Castle, the Hon. Charlotte Grimston, in her 54th year.
- On the 17th, in William Street, Dublin, Baron James Brady, in his 83d year.
- On the 23d, Horace William Lord Rivers, in his 54th year.
- On the 26th, in Upper Brook Street, Mary, the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Moore Disney, K.C.B.
- On the 6th of February, at Hastings, the Hon. Frederick William Robinson, only son of Lord Grantham, in his 20th year.
- On the 4th, at Woolwich, Lady Robe, relict of the late Colonel Sir W. Robe, K. C. B., in her 60th year.
- On the 2d, at Bodminton, Lady Isabella Ann Kingscote, wife of Thomas Henry Kingscote, Esq., of Kingscote Castle, and sixth daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, in her 23d year.
- At Munich, the Hon. Margaret Erskine, second daughter of Lord Erskine, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Bavaria.
- On the 14th, at her apartments, St. James's Palace, the Hon. Mrs. Ann Boscawen, in her 87th year.
- On the 16th, at her house in Harley Street, in her 77th year, Lady Earle, widow of the late Sir James Earle, of Hanover Square, Knt. F.R.S. Her ladyship was one of the daughters of the celebrated Percivall Pott.



Windsor Castle

WINDSOR CASTLE.

from a sketch taken at the end of the long walk 17th 18th

Sharp's Sketch

THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE,

AND

Archives of the Court of St. James's.

APRIL 1831.

Embellishments.

ILLUSTRATION OF BURN'S POEM OF HALLOWEEN.
VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE END OF THE LONG WALK.
FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN SPLENDID COURT DRESS.
DITTO, IN DINNER DRESS.
FOUR PORTRAITS OF LADIES IN THE PARISIAN COSTUME FOR APRIL.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The conclusion of "The Unrevealed" in our next.

We anticipated the wish of our Windsor Correspondent, by putting in hand a Portrait of her Majesty, which is likely to do credit to our work, although the gentleman who engraved the first insists that it was all it ought to have been, and proposes to prove this to the satisfaction of twelve honest men. We intend putting him to this proof.

Among the papers actually in type, and omitted in consequence of the extreme length of our review of *Oxford*, are, *Returned Valentines*, by Incognita; *The Seventh Busy-body*; *The Fug Family*, &c.

We have already apprized our friends, that we are not ambitious of literary intelligence which has appeared in the advertising columns of all the newspapers, except on the same terms as our advertising sheet.

A prating fool, who seems to be the trumpeter of a scribbling family, whom we shall take leave to show up if they be not a little circumspect, has accused us of using the signature S. S. to make the world believe we were indebted to one of his coterie for the articles to which it was prefixed. We should as soon think of Waterloo Bridge being mistaken for a deal plank, or the Monument for a lamp-post, as any of our papers being mistaken for the very best thing the poor girl ever wrote. We should be mightily vexed if the reading world thought we would admit the best thing the scribbling coterie could produce.

"Ernestina" has our best thanks, and deserves them. We think, with her, upon the chief subject of her letters; but, alas! all females are not "Ernestinas."

The *Museum* accuses the *Old Woman's Refuge for gratuitous Scribblers*, of defrauding the public, by announcing that it had the patronage of the Queen, when it had no authority for so doing, and by claiming to have been established in 1760, when such assertion was false. It moreover is merry at the expense of its imbecile rival, because it is fast falling to decay. It is cruel enough to give a *better Number at a shilling less*, without abusing the poor old lady into the bargain.

In answer to the Hon. Miss *****, we can assure her, that we never omit a name but from pure accident; and if those who have experienced this error of omission will forward their cards, it will prevent a recurrence.

It gives us great pleasure to find that since the oldest of the female periodicals was placed under the management of an elegant young person, the articles have exhibited quite an improved appearance. We quote the following stanzas from the first paper in the number for March; and although, strictly speaking, it is the most lady-like article in the book, the other subjects are almost as elegantly feminine. It is entitled *England's Glory*, and has an illustration to it.

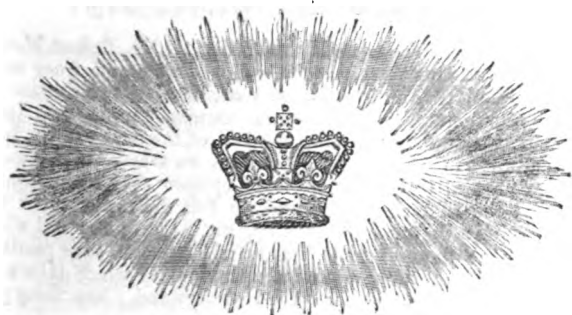
I sing the tree of liberty,
Indeed it is no joke, Sir,
The best ere found on British ground;
I mean our native oak, Sir.

Your glasses fill, and with goodwill,
All drink this noble toast, Sir,
"May this oak tree for ever be
Each loyal Briton's boast, Sir."

* * * * *

We cannot give the whole; but we trust we have given enough to show the qualifications of the amiable lady who has thus stepped forward in behalf of the female literature of the country.

We are so pressed for space as to be unable to give our promised notice of the British Gallery, which was by no means flattering, or our half-written criticism on the Gallery of British Artists in Suffolk-street. The latter is a very creditable collection, in which Linton, Wilson, S. A. Hart, Simpson, D. Roberts, P. Phillips, Lonsdale, &c., shine in full splendour, with, as usual, enough to censure. In the water-colour room, there are some brilliant pieces by Roberts, Rochard, Miss F. Corbeaux, &c.; and the exhibition is by far the best that has been seen on the walls of this gallery.



ROYAL
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
AND
Archives of the Court of St. James's.

"OUR AMBITION IS TO RAISE THE FEMALE MIND OF ENGLAND TO ITS TRUE LEVEL."

Ded. to the Queen.

A P R I L 1831.

OXFORD:

*A Poem. By Robert Montgomery, of Lin. Coll. Oxon. Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," "Satan," &c.**

Mr. Robert Montgomery is one of those persecuted men of genius whom certain critics will not suffer to have any genius at all. Every age has had its martyrs of this kind. Every age has produced persons so extraordinarily gifted, that for want of readers endowed with gifts equally extraordinary, they have been first laughed at, then neglected, and at last forgotten. And this fate, we are bound to believe, upon the authority of the said extraordinarily gifted persons themselves, has invariably been accomplished by a general combination of weak, foolish, envious, and inferior minds, conspiring together, like so many blinking, hooting owls, to cuff down with their heavy wings the soaring flight of aspiring genius.

Young says, and we marvel Mr. Robert Montgomery, if he recollected the passage, did not quote it in the titlepage to his volume,

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows ;
The man that makes a character makes foes ;
Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies ;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To show they live) they flutter and they sting ;
But as, by depredations, wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

* Whittaker and Co., London ; and Blackwood ! Edinburgh !! 1831.

VOL. I.

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We quote these lines for the especial consolation of Mr. Robert Montgomery, as we perceive, from various passages in *Oxford, a Poem*, and from certain fretful notes to the said poem, that he is thoroughly satisfied of two things—*imprimis*—that he, Robert Montgomery, is a man of transcendent genius—and, secondly, that he has been made very unhappy by the opinions of those who say he is not.

As we have alluded to this subject, by the by, we may as well dispose of it at once, before we proceed to declare our own opinion of his transcendent genius. At p. 88, we find the following lines, and we beg the reader to be particularly attentive to the italics: they are our marking, not the author's; and wherever they occur, he may be sure there is some beauty of language, some poetical burst of thought, or some inconceivably profound meaning, at which it is necessary he should pause, and either admire, or try to understand. Any thing particularly sublime shall be put into larger letters than ordinary.

This *vent' ring* page I know not who may view,
Some heart may feel it, and pronounce it true,
Welcome the thoughts that once its own have been,
Untomb the past, and re-awake her scene
Or, on each line a freezing glance may fall,
Deny the meaning, or denounce it all.
But should there be some youth by passion wrung,
In whose *wild ear* ambition's voice hath *sung*,
MAKING THE BLOOD TURN FEELING AS IT FLOWS,
TILL NATURE, LIKE UNBODIED SPIRIT GLOWS!—
For such, a passing hue from life I steal,
To paint in verse what one was doom'd to feel;
No matter though oblivion shroud a name—
The moral acts, and truth survives the same.
In orphan loneliness his childhood pass'd,
And each year left him lonely as the last,
Till sadness, born of such unwonted state,
Became at length the *shadow of his fate*,
That never left him in his brightest hour;—
Unseen by others he could mark it lower,—
Eternal winter to his heart and brain,
For musing sorrow, or ennobling pain.
But nature reign'd imperiously divine,
And his heart throb'd, thou Universe! with thine.
No cloud *meander'd* o'er the *sea-like Heav'n*,
No wave upon his ocean march was driv'n,
No scene was glorious, and no object grand—
But there he worshipp'd an Almighty hand;
And walk'd the earth *as where some angel trod*,
And dream'd in silence, *till it spake of God!*
Thus grew his heart, till poesy began
When boyhood hover'd on the verge of man;
Unprison'd feelings which had fill'd his breast
With fiery hope that never cool'd to rest,
And sent them forth on solitary claim
To face the peril of an early fame.

The reader had better not pause to get at the meaning of the last six lines; because, if he is resolute, he will certainly get no further.

Pleasant is morning, when her radiant eye*
Opes on the world, *enchanting all the sky*;

* How forcibly these beautiful lines bring to our memory a passage almost equal to them, and by a writer almost equal to Mr. Robert Montgomery. We mean Mr. John Milton, the author of *Paradise Lost*, and other Poems. We allude to the following:

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,

And evening, with her balmy glow of night,
 The beauteous herald of romantic night;
 And pleasant oft, to some *poetic mind*
The sound of water (!) and the sweep of wind,
 A friend renew'd in some heart-welcom'd place,
 With years of fondness rising in his face;
 The tear that answers to a tale of woe,
 And happy feelings in their heav'nward flow.
 But sweeter far proves his revengeful lot
 Whom Fame hath slighted, or the world forgot,
 In printed bile to let (give) his spirit vent,
 And mangle volumes to his heart's content.
 Corrupt what style, create what fault *he please* (*pleases*),
 Laugh o'er the truth, and lie with graceful ease.
 Thus envy lives, and *disappointment heals*
The gangreen'd wounds a tortur'd memory feels;
Thus wither'd hopes delightful vengeance wreak,
And pages thunder more than scorn could speak.
 And thus with thee, whose life I now recal;
 Malignant trash—'twas thine to scorn it all!
 Each reptile started from his snug Review
 To spit out poison, *as most reptiles do*.
 Oh how they feasted on each faulty line,*
 And generously made their dulness thine!
 From page to page they grin'd a ghastly smile,
 Yet seem'd to look so heav'n-like all the while;
 Then talk'd of merit to the world unknown—
 Ah! who could doubt them, for they meant their own!
 Next, Paternoster hir'd a serpent too,
 To sound his rattle in the Scotch Review.
 And yet—alas! *that such a menial end*
Should wait on all who noble taste defend (?)
 Though much was thought, and more divinely said,
 The poet triumph'd, and the public read!
 And when Abuse herself had ceas'd to pay,
 The public hooted, and she slunk away.

So sings Mr. Robert Montgomery of himself, his poetry, the critics, Paternoster-row, and the *Scotch Review*. He triumphed—the public bought—the public read—and the public hooted those who said he was not worth buying and reading. Q. E. D.

But how do we know our author is singing about himself, and that *he* is the "one" whose "orphan loneliness" created such a "sadness" that it "became the shadow of his fate?"—Because there is a long, peevish, rigmarole note in reference to the text, at p. 215, which commences thus: "During the last year, some twelve or fifteen periodicals, beginning at the unambitious price of twopence,

Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then, silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train;
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon
 Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

Par. Lost, b. iv. l. 642.

The two poets do not at all resemble each other in their manner of treating their respective subjects, and some, perhaps, may prefer Mr. John Milton to Mr. Robert Montgomery; but for ourselves, we confess we do not think it possible to compare them.

* And oh, what a feast they must have had, if they liked such feeding!

in graceful ascent to the lofty height of six shillings, have edified the public and amused themselves by discharging critical thunder at the head of the *unfortunate transgressor alluded to in our text*." And then he goes on to say that these periodicals have called the said "unfortunate transgressor" a "numskull" a "fool," an "ass," &c. &c. If this do not fix the identity, we have nothing further to allege in support of our hypothesis.

There are few calamities, however, in this most calamitous of worlds, which do not bring with them some countervailing alleviation. It is said, the gentleman whose exploits Mr. Montgomery has celebrated, is not *all* black; and what misery is there which is all dismal? Hence, our author contrives to pick up even *his* crumbs of consolation, by reminding us (p. 217), that *Gray's Elegy*, when it first appeared, was pronounced, by some magazine blockhead, "a respectable piece of mediocrity;" and that Lord Byron, at the outset of his career, was advised by some reviewing blockhead, "to abandon poetry." Ergo—why should Mr. Robert Montgomery, the author of *Satan*, the *Omnipresence of the Deity*, &c. &c., care about being called a "numskull," a "fool," an "ass," and so forth? The parallel is so close, that the conclusion is irresistible; i. e., Mr. Robert Montgomery is the abused Gray and Byron of the present day.

But mark the summing up of our author's reasons why, like our friend Dogberry, he has been not only called "an ass," but enjoyed the advantage which Dogberry coveted in vain, that of being "written down" one.

When we add to this circumstance, that the author "gives no dinners," writes no critiques,* corresponds with no magazine, haunts no coteries, and—owing to the study of astronomy in early youth—holds his head very high when he walks, together with the weakness of being rather young (we are afraid the effect will long survive the cause)—can we wonder that he has been lampooned in periodicals, or slandered in reviews?

Now, Mr. Montgomery, we are going to ask you a very serious question; or rather, to impose upon you a very difficult task. You say you, "give no dinners;" yet you have been lauded in the *Literary Gazette*: how do you explain the phenomenon? Your difficulty is the greater, because you have shut yourself out from one solution of the mystery, by voluntarily affirming also, that you "write no critiques;" else, it had been just possible, that though you do not give dinners you might have been permitted to "write a critique."—With respect to the rest of your causes, they are palpable enough. A great poetical genius, who carries his head high, because he once studied astronomy—who is weak, because he is rather young—who haunts no coteries (because, we suppose, he is not invited)—who corresponds with no magazine (because, we surmise, no magazine desires his correspondence)—who writes no critiques (because, peradventure, he dislikes them)—and who gives no dinners (perhaps for the same reason, that some men eat no dinners)—a great poetical genius, we say, thus circumstanced, must expect, as a matter of course, to be "lampooned in periodicals," and "slandered in reviews."† We cannot help wishing, however, that Mr. Montgomery had been aware of one thing; that by coarsely reviling his critics, and imputing *dishonourable* motives to them, he not only shows he smarts under their flagellation, but that he deserves something more than being told he is a "fool," an "ass," a "numskull," or even a "knave," and a "hypocrite." (See p. 213.) We shall now pay our respects to *Oxford*.

The poem opens with this emphatic interrogatory:

* By the by, if there be any truth in an observation of Mr. Southey, quoted by Mr. Montgomery (p. 226) for his own purposes, he (Mr. M.) "ought to be pre-eminently qualified for writing oil-of-vitriol critiques. The observation is this: "*Bad poets become malevolent critics, just as weak wine turns to vinegar.*"

† Ambrose Philips, the father of namby-pamby, a writer of as great nonsense as any that Mr. Montgomery ever wrote, and of more sense than we expect he will ever be able to write, says, in behalf of all "lampooned" and "slandered" poets,

"Sing what thou wilt, all nature will prevail,
And every elf hath skill enough to rail."

What makes the glory of a mighty land,
Her people famous, and her hist'ry grand ?

Mr. Montgomery duly informs us, after telling us the various things that do *not* make the glory ; such as " power and greatness."

Those *almighty two*,
That move the world, and teach what man can do.

It is something, he says, which

Alone omnipotently reigns,
When empires grovel on deserted plains
In sun-like grandeur to outdare the night
That time engenders o'er their vanish'd night.—p. 11.

This is prodigiously fine we have no doubt ; and yet, if we never slept again till we found out what it means, our fate would be inevitable. " Empires grovelling on deserted plains," and " sun-like grandeur outdaring the night which time engenders," are matters quite out of our way. Luckily, however, Mr. Montgomery comes promptly to our aid, and sun-like illumines *our* night.

'Tis mind ! heroic, pure, devoted, mind,
To God appealing for corrupt mankind,
Reflecting back the image that *He* gave
Ere sin began, or earth became a slave.—*Id.*

And this it is, which makes a people famous and their history grand—this it is, which " omnipotently reigns " as aforesaid, and so on. No doubt of it, Mr. Montgomery ; but it did not require a conjuror to find it out ; especially after what Johnson has said in that splendid effort of his gigantic mind, the Preface to his Dictionary—that " the chief glory of every nation arises from its authors." The same thing, too, has been said, in other phrase, by many ; and with poetical beauty and vigour, by Akenside, in his *Pleasures of Imagination*, where he bursts forth with the impassioned exclamation—

Mind, mind alone (bear witness earth and heav'n)
The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime !

But it seems this was not enough for Mr. Robert Montgomery, who, having caught hold of the idea by the tail, pinches it while he hobbles through twenty or thirty lines of slipshod metre halting upon uneven feet. Observe how finely he treats the subject :

Exalting thought ! when ages are no more,
Like sunken billows on a far-off shore—

A sunken billow on a far-off shore, or a near-at-hand shore, for distance does not improve the simile, is very like ages that are no more !

A second life, in lofty prose or song,
Their glories have, to light the world along !
And ever thus may spirit be refin'd ;
For, what is Godhead but consummate mind ?

This " for " links a consequence, about as logically as the traveller who said he thought the town in which he had slept *must* be called Stony Stratford—" *for* he had never been bitten so with fleas in all his life."

Or Heav'n, but one surpassing realm of thought
With each perfection of His wisdom fraught ?
Not what we *have*, but what our natures *feel*,
By truth unfolded for sublimest zeal,
Develops all which makes our being great,
And links a human to immortal state.
Than this, could fancy weave a darker curse,
That man is meaner than the universe ! ! ! !

If this be not sheer lunacy, there raves no madman within the walls of Bedlam. We have helped Mr. Montgomery to one quotation from Young, for his *own*

benefit. Another occurs to us, which will be of equal use to ourselves, as it describes, much better than we could do, the way in which such poems as *Satan* and *Oxford* are written, as well as the sort of poets from whom they emanate. Here it is:

Has LICO learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither—Why write then? He wants twenty pound.
His belly, not his brains, this impulse give;
He'll grow immortal, for he cannot live.
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme:
Perhaps a title has his fancy smit,
Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit.
He writes; in inspiration puts his trust—
Though wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them just.
Genius directly from the gods descends,
And who, by labour, would distrust his friends?
Thus, having reason'd with consummate skill,
In immortality he dips his quill;
And, since blank paper is denied the press,
HE MINGLES THE WHOLE ALPHABET BY GUESS,
In various sets, which various words compose,
Of which he hopes mankind the meaning knows.
So, sounds spontaneous from the sibyl broke,
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke;
The priests found out the meaning if they could;
And nations stared at what none understood.

The "Licos" are a numerous race at all times; and Mr. Montgomery may take our word for it, he is not the only "Lico" of the present day, who "mingles the alphabet by guess," or puts together certain sets of words the meaning of which he hopes others will be able to discover.

Having raved, in the manner we have shown, about the omnipotence of mind, Mr. Montgomery buckles to his task in good earnest, and versifies the *Oxford Guide*; describing the High-street, the colleges, the founders, tutors, fellowships, the Bodleian Library, the Clarendon, and the great men who have been educated there (himself among the rest, for he is of Lin. Coll. Ox.), interspersing the whole with sundry moral reflections upon the advantages of learning, and concluding with a farewell view and an apostrophe to Heaven. Upon the whole, however, we decidedly give the preference to a common half-crown *Oxford Guide*, because it not only conveys more information, but is more intelligible than Mr. Robert Montgomery.

It was evening when Mr. Montgomery arrived at Oxford, or, as he more poetically phrases it, "the day was dying into sunset glow," when he "first beheld"—the colleges all of a row. We beg his pardon. These are not his exact words, and we scorn to garble his poetry. So reader—read himself:

In tow'ry dimness, gothic, vast, or grand,
Behold her palaces of learning stand.
When day was dying into sunset glow,
I first beheld them in their beauteous show,
The massy glories of each gorgeous pile,
And thought—

What did he think? Guess.—Do you give it up? Why, he

Thought—*how noble is our native isle.*

And now reader shall we tell you what we thought, when we came to this line of exquisite bathos? Why, we thought of

Next came Dalhousie, the great god of war,
Lieutenant-colonel to the Earl of Mar.

And we thought of the wicked parody upon a well-known couplet of Pope—

The House delights to hear his lordship talk—
And he has lodgings in the King's Bench Walk!

And we further thought, that if *we* had been writing a poem called Oxford, or Cambridge, or Eton, or any thing else, we could write very much like Mr. Robert Montgomery; and forthwith we tried our hand, and produced the following, absolutely extempore :

Triumphant beauty dwells upon thy face,
That soul of nature, and that bloom of grace;
Like gleaming stars in heaven's blue sky above,
Melodious harbingers of God and love!
Oh could my spirit, by sublime appeal,
Make others know what I alone can feel—
Teach the swart Indian in his spicy bower,
Or the wild Arab, child of lawless power,
(Or roaming far, where Ganges rolls his flood
Through regions stained with rapine and with blood),
To glow with rapture, like a seraph's wings,
That bathe and tremble in the Godhead's springs
Of living, wondrous, sempiternal light,
The source and type of uncreated might.
Then would I say, in moral grandeur brave,
Come age, come death, come darkness, come the grave!
For I have lived to do a deed of fame,
In having glorified my Maker's name!
Immortal Fame! stupendously on high
I see it blazing like a noontide sky;
And my rapt soul is eager for her flight,
To titum fiddledum!—diddledum blatherum skite!!

Now, we are willing to make an affidavit before the Lord Mayor (or any other magistrate), that we do not ourselves understand a single line of the above—that we *had* no meaning, when we wrote it—that we challenge any twelve of Mr. Montgomery's admirers to find a meaning—and yet, we engage to produce a hundred persons, of allowed taste and discernment, who shall also make an affidavit that it is wonderfully like some of the finest passages of Mr. Montgomery's own poetry.

But to return from this digression. Our author having thought "how noble is our native isle," proceeds to inform us what took place afterwards:

A silent worship o'er my spirit came,
With feelings—*far too exquisite to name.*

No doubt these feelings resembled those emotions which novel-writers dispose of, by saying they are "more easily imagined than described."

Exultingly began their *rapt control*,
And flutter'd—*like faint music in the soul.*

Which we never heard—so cannot say whether nameless feelings are like it.

Where greatness trod is hallow'd ground to me;
There can I lift the heart and bow the knee;
Awake the Past to all her living might,
And feed my fancy with unearthly sight,
Restore the features of her famous dead,
Nor *take a kingdom for the tear I shed.*

We should be sorry, were the sum any object to us, to offer half-a-crown for his sentimental tears, much less a kingdom.

And how *reposeful* is the haunted spot
Where life is mental and the world forgot!
A spirit wafted from collegiate bowers,
And the dim grandeur of her ancient towers
To Alma Mater *musical* calm impart,
That makes her scene harmonious with the heart.
The very air seems eloquently fraught
With the deep silence of *devoted* thought.—p. 15.

Why "devoted" thought? A page or two before, we had "heroic, pure, devoted mind;" and there are sundry other "devoted" things in the course of the volume. All epithets that do not express some distinctive quality of the object to which they are applied, become mere expletives which denote the poverty of a writer's thoughts, who having nothing to say in reality, and yet obliged to provide his ten syllables, every other word becomes a pleonasm. Mr. Montgomery, like all such writers, abounds in these redundancies, as well as all the other vices of a gaudy and inane phraseology. We shall exhibit a rare assortment of them before we have done.

Are we to be told, for example, that such jingling trash as the following, is either poetry or common sense?

Yet not in vain the world hath aye ador'd
The treasur'd wisdom ages gone afford:
Or lov'd the freshness of that youthful time
When nature thrill'd, as man became sublime.
For then, the elements of life were new,
And fancy from *their unworn magic drew*;
Creation's self was one unrifled theme
To form a passion or to frame a dream;
As yet *unhaunted by inquiring thought,*
Each track of mind with mental bloom was fraught.—p. 18.

Let any one who can, tell us, in such English as shall be intelligible, what he understands by "nature thrilling as man became sublime," and the "unrifled theme of creation forming a passion or framing a dream," and "tracks of mind unhaunted by inquiring thought being full of mental bloom." Such gibberish is neither more nor less than stark staring lunacy, though we shall see it, and other kindred flights of insanity and idiotism, selected by the *Literary Gazette*, as the outpourings of a fine imagination.

Again: the *Literary Gazette* will "wonder with a foolish face of praise," at the following lunacies:

The soaring mind must *sink into a plan*,
Forget her wings, and crawl where dulness can;
Those bolder traits original and bright,
Fade into dimness when they lose the light
Of open, free, and self-created day,
Where *all the tints of character can play !!!*
While creeping plodders, who have never bred
One single fancy to refresh the head,
But toil'd contented o'er a menial ground
Where Common-place pursues her petty round,
With *smirking valour meet their judgment day*
When talent melts in NERVOUS GLOOM away!!!!!!—p. 28.

We have a few more lunacies to exhibit, taken at random from the thick clusters which enrich every page. Speaking of genius, Mr. Montgomery says,

Fain would her boldness to herself be rule,
And *Energy her own majestic school!*—p. 25.

At page 26, genius is an "earthless nature;" and at page 27, a

Spirit independently sublime,
The *King of nature and the Lord of time.*

At page 29, "Truth is darkness in the depth of time;" and at page 31, we are told, that

Once more the heav'n of studious thought began,
And *Wisdom gloried as she gaz'd on man!*

At page 35, "centuries have again

Their dominion won
As *shadows triumph o'er the failing sun*,
Till college grandeur, veil'd in gloom sublime,
Reigns in the darkness that is due to time!!!!

At page 39, a thunderstorm that takes place during the illuminations in honour of the visit of the Prince Regent, the Emperor of Russia, &c. to Oxford (for this event is regularly versified), is a "pall for chaos," while the said illuminations "tint the darkness with emerging dyes." At length "a rainy deluge rushes from the sky," and puts out all the lamps; or, as Mr. Montgomery says, "a thousand lights in one wild darkness die," and then

Joy melts to gloom—and awe-smote thousands stand
Beneath the shadow of th' Almighty hand !!!

The fact is, the people took to their heels as a matter of course, when the "rainy deluge" began, and got under shelter; but Mr. Montgomery's muse is too sublime to deal with such undignified themes as a crowd running helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, to get out of a shower of rain.

At page 45, Addison and Steele introduced, by their writings,

Those *day-born* graces whose refinement blends
The *smile of manners* with the *soul of friends*.

And at page 46,

Their *morning smiles* satirically *pass'd*,
Till fools turn'd wise, and fops were cur'd at last.

The paroxysm must have been very dreadful, when Mr. Montgomery wrote the following about poor Collins:

Here Collins, too, whose wizard numbers roll
An *earthless* music o'er the dreaming soul,
In melancholy loneliness pin'd and thought,
Amid the darkness *which his genius brought*;
E'en now the curse was breeding in his brain,
A *nerveless spirit* and a *soul insane*.
While MOON-BORN FAIRIES would around him throng,
And genii haunt him in the HUSH OF SONG !!!—p. 47.

At page 49, Mr. Montgomery talks of Johnson musing

At his window, with *far wand'ring eye*,
Feeling the freshness of enchanted sky,

When we all know the Doctor was nearly as blind as a beetle; could see nothing distinctly half a dozen yards off; and preferred Fleet-street to the finest landscape that nature ever spread.

At page 63, Canning's funeral knell is heard by Mr. Montgomery; and oh! he exclaims,

When I heard it moan,
LIKE THE GRAND ECHO OF A NATION'S GROAN !!!

"By the powers!" as our friend Martin, of Galway, would say, "but that must have been an echo worth hearing!"

At page 67, he informs Mr. Bowles ("Romantic Bowles," he calls him, by-the-by) that when his (Mr. Montgomery's) "fancy wanders free," he often turns to "bless a thought with him." Heaven knows what the poor man means.

At page 75 (having, no doubt, a prudent fear of the next number of the *Quarterly* before his eyes) he bedaubs Mr. Southey with fulsome panegyric; at least it appears to be intended for panegyric, as far as we can make any thing out of his words. But that this is not always practicable, let the following specimens testify:

Here Southey, in the radiant morn of youth,
His feeling, conduct, and his fancy, truth!
Beheld, &c.

Again; at Keswick, Mr. Southey "wanders with nature,"

And with her feels,
While earth and sky for poesy unite,
And *hills of glory swell the heart's delight!*—p. 77.

At Keswick, Mr. Southey's "fairly hours *flowingly* depart," and

Ah! blissful lot, which few have liv'd to share,
 Who haunt the world and seek to find it there
 Forgetful that one day of life is fraught
 With years of meaning for inductive thought!

At page 78, we are told that

True fame is feeling in its earthless hour
 Sent from the soul with world subduing power!

At page 105, somebody (we believe Bishop Heber) sees his "child in cradled hush asleep;" and when he is "afar upon the boundless main," the recollection

Might well forbid him roam,
 And softly hue the tenderness of home!

At page 118, happening to think how the "mind of man hath wielded her undaunted power," a "sense sublime comes o'er his spirit"

With unutter'd thought,
 Like melody with years of feeling fraught.

At page 144,

Stillness is eloquently deep,
 And soundless air MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN SLEEP!!!

While the wind, heard "by the billowy murmur of a blazing fire," into which "hail-drops hiss, and melt away,"

Gently ruffles into varied thought
 The calm of feeling blissful night has brought.

At page 61, midnight is called an "intoxicating maid;" but at page 146, "the mind is beautified to fond excess" by midnight; while at page 147, the "intoxicating maid" is thus addressed: "Oh! fatal midnight!" and then we have the following luminous descant upon the ill effects of night studies:

Each breeze comes o'er us with tormenting wing,
 Each pulse of sound an agony can bring!
 As though the glory of neglected light
 Would task our torture to avenge her right!!!

At page 148, the moon is called "a night-enchancing glory," and the stars "are sprinkled o'er the azure tide of lustrous air." Vastly poetical, Mr. Montgomery, and enough to throw our friend, the *Literary Gazette*, into one of those ecstasies of delight which, till you appeared, were produced only by the equally fine effusions (as we shall show, ere long) of L. E. L.

The following is in our author's happiest style of "mingling the alphabet by guess."

City of Fame! when morn's first wings of light
 Have war'd in beauty o'er thy temples bright;
 When noon-tide glows, or darkness hath begun
 To veil a grandeur that withstood the sun,
 Have I beheld thee: but a moon-rise seems
 Like hues that wander from a heav'n of dreams,
 To hallow thee, as there thy temples stand
 Sublimely tender, or serenely grand;
 Spire, tow'r, and pinnacle, a dim array,
 Whose wizard shadows in the moonlight sway!
 The stony muteness of thy massive piles,
 Now silver'd o'er by melancholy smiles,
 With more than language, spirit-like appeals, &c.—p. 148.

What the particular colour is, that "wanders from a heav'n of dreams," we know not; how a stone wall can look "sublimely tender," we know not; and the "stony muteness of a massive pile silvered over with melancholy smiles" we never saw. But this is the poetry of the gifted gentleman whom the *Literary Gazette*, on some occasion or other, compared with Milton! Let us get on.

At page 151, the moonbeams fall in "pallid shyness," on Gothic casements, and at page 152, we have stone walls smiling again

Lo ! phantom clouds come floating by the moon,
Then melt away, like happiness, too soon !
And as they glide, an *overshadowing smile*
Of moving light is mirror'd on each pile.

At page 153 :

Prophetic life a woven mystery seems
Unravell'd oft by consummated dreams.

At page 154, time is thus sublimely apostrophized :

Oh fearful time ! the fathomless of thought
With *what a mystery is thy meaning fraught*.
Thy wings are noiseless in their *rush sublime*
O'er scenes of glory, as o'er years of crime ;
Yet comes a moment when thy speed is felt
Till PAST AND FUTURE THROUGH OUR BEING MELT !!!

This melting of the "past and future" through our being, reminds us of another similarly beautiful introduction of the "past and present," at p. 34, where Mr. Montgomery suddenly exclaims,

But see ! the clouds are born ! they break—expand !
And sun-shine, welcom'd by each ancient pile,
Like *past and present when they meet to smile* !!!

This Irish meeting of two personages who can never by any possibility come in sight of each other, is quite original. "How do you do Past?" quoth Present. "Pretty well, thank you Present," replies Past. "Pray, quoth Present, "how the devil has it chanced that we two have come together?" "Faith," says Past, "I suppose there is an end of the Future, which you know was always running before us, and prevented me from overtaking you, though I have been trying at it ever since the first hour you were born." We flatter ourselves this imaginary dialogue between the parties may be naturally enough supposed to have taken place, when "they met to smile."

At page 155, Mr. Montgomery tells us, that "in the world" there are energies of life which ferment

Through the mighty womb of space
When *time and nature multiply their race*.

At page 159, he describes how, when "school free," he used to "ope his lattice,"

When the moon-shine lay
In sleep-like beauty on the brow of day,
To watch the mystery of moving stars
Through ether *gliding on melodious cars*.
Or musing wander'd, ere the *hectic morn*,
To see HOW BEAUTIFUL THE SUN WAS BORN !

Your true poet never clothes plain ideas in plain words. Hence, Mr. Montgomery, instead of saying he took a walk to see the sun rise, plays the doctor with the morning by giving it a hectic fever, and the midwife with the sun, by watching how beautifully it is born. This is indeed poetry.—(*Vide Literary Gazette passim.*)

It will be sufficient to quote the following passage. What comment could heighten its balderdash ?

I've stood entranc'd beneath as bright a sun
As poets dream hath ever gaz'd upon,
In the warm stillness of that WOOLING HOUR
WHEN SKIES ARE FLOATING WITH SERAPHIC POWER !!
The gales expiring in *melodious death*,
The waters hush'd, the woods without a breath—
And worshipp'd, till dissolving sense, away
Seem'd GENTLY DYING IN THE SOUL OF DAY !!! *

* It is a positive fact, that our printer, who is as shrewd and intelligent a printer as any we know, has put a *query* opposite these lines in the proof now lying before us ! We could not believe we had quoted them correctly, though we pledged our honour that we had ! We are much obliged to Mr. Whiting for his care of our reputation ; but we are right, much as the assertion may make him stare.

But when I look'd, where lay *immingled forms*
Of fairy mountains or refulgent storms
Till whelming glory o'er the ether came
Like spirits wafted on their wings of flame !!!.
 And LINKED CLOUDLETS, delicately bright
 Form'd in the paleness of departing light
 Each fainting into each, a long array,
 Like *lovely echoes when they glide away !!!!!*
 ANOTHER BABBLER IN THAT BEAUTEIOUS HOUR,
 THE STONY MARTYR OF A DEAD'NING POWER.—p. 164.

We pledge our honour that we have correctly quoted the above from the poem—and having done so, we ask the reader what he thinks of the poet? Perhaps, while he is about it, he will also tell us what he thinks of the following :

There is a pleasure in a praise deny'd,
It feeds a folly, or protects a pride.—p. 169.

Wake feeling, passion, and the power sublime,
 That bids eternity o'ershadow time.—p. 172.

Oh ! never has some haunting sense of gloom
 From the dark certainty of coming doom,
 My spirit freed from its enthralling sway ;
By night a presence, and a pow'r by day
 To round each vision with an awful hue,
 Of more than midnight, in her darkest view.—p. 176.

There is a world, to drown a world like this,
In one bright depth of uncreated bliss !
 And dream-like shadows of that world remain,
To awe our nature with majestic pain !!!
 As the pale spirit of departed sun
 Broods on the waters when the day is done !!
 Undying hues of some forgotten world,
 From which primeval nature hath been hurl'd,
 To man's oblivion—*tinge the soul within*
With solemn light, beyond the gloom of sin ! ! !—p. 179

Ye midnight heavens ! magnificently hung,
 In ev'ry age by ev'ry poet sung,
 One parting glance, oh ! let my spirit take,
 Ere dawn-light on your awful beauty break !
 With what intensity the eye reveres
 Yon starry legions, when their pomp appears !
As tho' the glances centuries have giv'n
Since dreams first wander'd o'er the vast of heav'n,
 Had left a MAGIC where a MYST'RY shone,
 Enchanting more, the more 'tis gaz'd upon !—p. 180.

And thus have we conducted the reader through all the varied beauties of "*Oxford, a Poem*, by Robert Montgomery of Linc. Coll. Oxon., author of the '*Omnipresence of the Deity*,' '*Satan*,' &c."—The critic and the poet are fairly at issue. If the passages we have quoted be any thing but what we have described them, the poet triumphs, and the critic falls. If, on the other hand, they are truly described, the critic has succeeded in exposing inflated trash, and the poet must go to the *Literary Gazette* for consolation. Mr. Montgomery cannot complain that we have dealt unjustly with him ; for we have not, like the *Literary Gazette*, and some other publications, denounced his volume in terms of general condemnation, without supporting our censure by what we consider conclusive evidence. This species of criticism we disdain. Any man can say, just what he chooses. He may declare that St. Paul's stands upon Waterloo Bridge, if it be his pleasure to pronounce so many foolish words. But can he take the persons he tells so, into the Strand, and confirm what he says, by pointing to St. Paul's on Waterloo Bridge ? We, too, might say of Milton, or Dryden, or Spenser, or Shakspeare, all we have said of Mr. Robert Montgomery ; but where should we find our proofs ? And were it our object merely to write abuse and call it criticism, we should have done so. But as it has been our object to settle the question of Mr. Montgomery's

poetical pretensions, we felt the only way that object could be accomplished, was by showing the sort of poetry he writes. It is upon this distinction between ourselves and such lumping eulogists as our friend of the *L. G.*, that we rest our claim to the approbation of Mr. Montgomery and his admirers.

Of Mr. Montgomery himself we know nothing—in the fullest sense of the word, nothing—except as a person most ridiculously lauded. We do not now allude to the *Literary Gazette*—because every thing is lauded there; or when not, there are always intelligible motives for its dispraise—motives quite distinct from the merits or demerits of the work censured. Being naturally fond of whatever is excellent, we took up Mr. Montgomery's poems, in the hope of finding all those beauties which the small critics of the day had extolled. We read—and stared! Still, we did not question the honesty of the opinions from which we dissented. We had no doubt—nor have we any now—that the majority of those who pronounced Mr. Montgomery a poet—thought him so; for we have known those who maintained that bottled cider was equal to Champagne, and goose-berry wine much better. Well then; leaving our opponents in the full possession of their undoubted right to drink and enjoy their bottled cider and goose-berry wine, we only claim for ourselves the equal right of insisting that whatever they may *think*, the fact is, neither of those frothy beverages is the celestial juice of the grape. In short, we have analyzed Mr. Montgomery's goose-berry wine, and we have attempted to show that though it bubbles and hisses, and creams, it is but thin, sour, watery stuff, after all. He will, of course, impute this to our not having eaten a dinner at his expense, or some other equally probable cause. Be it so. We cannot quarrel with a man, who when he finds he must tumble, tries to fall as soft as possible. We none of us like to be bumped and bruised, if we can help it. Let Mr. Montgomery, therefore, have all the benefit of his discovery; and go to sleep each night with the bland consciousness, that had he fed his critics with turtle, they would have fed him with praise, and given him his dessert into the bargain.

We have now but one remaining duty to perform, and that is, to show how Mr. Montgomery has enriched our language with poetical words and phrases, to be found only in his own incomparable works. What stronger proof can be required that his thoughts tower above those of Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden, &c., than the simple fact, that the language which was sufficiently copious for them, is all too poor and weak for the gigantic energies, the sublime inspirations, of himself? The following catalogue will show that such is the case.

We had occasion in our article upon "Titled Authors," to notice the formations of negatives by the addition of *less* to the primitive word; and we then observed, that if the persons who were addicted to that figure of speech, wished to say a room was unfurnished, a house stood alone, a lady went to her grave unmarried, or a grate was without its usual accompaniments, they would infallibly say, the room was "*furnitureless*,"—the house, "*neighbourless*,"—the lady, "*husbandless*," and the grate "*pokerless*, *tongsless*, and *shovelless*." Mr. Montgomery revels in these negatives.

Ex. Gr.

Allow that genius wears a *curbless* soul.—p. 24.
 That *earthless* nature which they genius call.—p. 26.
 In *sailless* bark three wild enthusiasts roam.—p. 32.
 Await the wonder of thy *sateless* view.—p. 34.
 An *earthless* music o'er the dreaming soul.—p. 47.
 A *nerveless* spirit and a soul insane.—ib.
 And him in *aidless* fortune high and free.—p. 53.
 And soar'd as high as *wingless* nature can.—p. 55.
 The *fameless* quiet of parochial care.—p. 69.
 And red fires raven'd on the *breezeless* air.—p. 74.
 True fame is feeling in its *earthless* hour.—p. 78.
 And can it be, to such *rewardless* life.—p. 84.
 By merit aw'd, in *forceless* meaning falls.—p. 98.
Companionless to linger in the crowd.—p. 100.
 Where stunted nature in her *soulless* gloom.—p. 106.
 With leaden vision *passionlessly* cold.—p. 125.
 There are who think their *stormless* life must be.—p. 138.
 To *waveless* nothing how it ebbs away!—p. 144.

And *soundless* air more beautiful than sleep.—ib.
 Around prevailing at thine *earthless* hour.—p. 147.
 The vague-like stirrings of each *voiceless* pride.—p. 166.
 Not *echoless* perchance a note hath been.—p. 168.
 Yet should that energy whose *quenchless* ray.—p. 174.
 And fam'd or *fameless* may it dare to soar.—p. 177.

Here are just two dozen *lesses*, and we have excluded from the number sundry *fathomlesses*, *noiselesses*, &c. &c., because we would not captiously object to any word that may plead good authority for its use. Those we have selected, are pure Montgomeryisms.

The next class of words to which our author seems particularly attached, are compounds, formed by the addition of *like*, for the sake of producing what he considers similes. We can exhibit a tolerable assortment of these commodities.

The *star-like* spirits whose enduring light.—p. 16.
 Yet warm of soul, and child-like to a tear.—p. 44.
 In *wave-like* glory burn'd the sun-set sky.—p. 73.
 And hush'd the passions into child-like sleep.—p. 85.
 No cloud meander'd o'er the *sea-like* heav'n.—p. 90.
 And beautiful, the morn-like burst of mind.—p. 85.
 Thou infidel! In tomb-like darkness laid.—p. 120.
 Let winter sway—her dream-like sounds inspire.—p. 144.
 Or *wave-like* swell of some repeated wind.—p. 86.
 Yet seem'd to look so heav'n-like all the while.—p. 93.
 With more than language, spirit-like appeals.—p. 149.
 They vanish, cloud-like, when a smile appears.—p. 158.
 In sleep-like beauty on the brow of day.—p. 159.
 With wing-like thoughts that soar beyond the crowd.—p. 161.
 And waves them phantom-like before our view.—p. 164.
 Lo, as he reads, what dove-like wonder steals.—p. 121.
 The vague-like stirrings of each voiceless pride.—p. 166.
 When fire-like energies of soul begin.—p. 167.
 If eagle-like thy spirit dares to soar.—p. 174.
 When God-like thron'd o'er some majestic scene.—p. 175.
 And dream-like shadows of that world remain.—p. 179.
 Come river-like in one impassion'd roll.—p. 37.
 His clouds and colours vassal-like would see.—p. 74.
 How vision-like will this vast world be thought!—p. 180.
 And bird-like flutter'd, as the breeze pass'd o'er.—p. 71.

Come—this is no bad collection of *likes*: about two dozen of them too, *like* so many plums picked out of a Christmas pudding *like*. The *Literary Gazette* will say it is “snappish”—*like*, to gather them thus together. Mr. Montgomery, perhaps, will think it spiteful-like; and the reader may complain of its being tedious-like; but for our own parts, we consider it curious-like to see how ridiculous-like they all look.

But far exceeding all, in numerical strength, are the *compound words* manufactured by Mr. Montgomery, for no other reason that we can discover, than that he did not know where to find better ones.

Those *day-born* graces whose refinement blends.—p. 45.
 While *moon-born* fairies would around him throng.—p. 47.
 Thy *yew-treed* walk and wilderness of shade.—p. 64.
 By *Denham-haunted* Trinity! revere.—p. 65.
 To chaunt *noon-hymns* where'er a sound career'd.—p. 71.
 Whose *leaf-pomp* glittered to the starting breeze.—p. 73.
 And on thine ear when first the *morn-bells* wake.
 But when the world beneath a *sun-gaze* smil'd.—p. 122.
 Almighty Power! thy *dark-soul'd* Indian see.—p. 123.
 High in the midst, a *dark-dom'd* grandeur see.—p. 141.
 Whirls many a *smoke-wreath* in ascending play.—ib.
 And *heav'n-light* withers in the frown of day.—p. 147.
 The *turf-grass* o'er their tombs, I see it wave.—p. 148.
 Where now the *night-enchanted* glory sails.—ib.
 The groves in *silver-leaf'd* array repose.—p. 151.

That quicken'd all *bright-omen'd* dreams inspire.—p. 160.
 Ere *dawn-light* on your awful beauty break.—p. 180.
 The *wild-grass* quivers o'er their mangled piles.—p. 10.
 Flash from the *spirit-light* of other days.—p. 17.
 Hence o'er his isle, a *soul-born* impulse went.—p. 32.
 Ascend the Radcliffe's *darkly-winding* coil (i. e. go up stairs).—p. 33.
 And nearer still in *many-window'd* pride.—p. 34.
 And every where *time-hallow'd* temples rise.—p. 35.
 And *white-rob'd* choristers in due array.—p. 36.
 There *silver-voic'd*, in many a *heav'n-ward* note.—p. 37.
 And *high-ton'd* cheers that revell'd round his way.—p. 38.
 And *lamp-wreath'd* piles and blazing temples seen.—p. 39.
 While *green-arch'd* groves, in verdant pomp of light.—p. 40.
 Or when the *noon-shine* reign'd in golden power.—p. 49.
 Muse at his window with *far-wand'ring* eye.—ib.
 On him as yet a *verse-enchanted* child.
 In *wood-hung* vales from city murmur free.—p. 68.
 Or *spirit-worn* see rivals mount above.—p. 77.
 Sent from the soul with *world-subduing* power.—p. 78.
 And earth itself a *heav'n-reflecting* sphere.—p. 79.
 And far the flight a *free-wing'd* spirit takes.—p. 81.
 There in thyself a *night-thron'd* idol see.—p. 82.
 A friend renew'd in some *heart-welcom'd* place.—p. 91.
 To all but her, the *ocean-fam'd*, denied.—p. 114.
 Lo! *earth-wide* dreams around the soul expand.—p. 119.
 Begins, and *heav'n-eyed* faith beholds above
 But if there be, as *heav'n-breath'd* words relate.—p. 123.
 Begirt with these, how oft may *heart-warm* youth.—p. 126.
 The *foot-worn* mead, the playmate wood and walk.—p. 137.
 The crusty porter with his *key-worn* hand.—p. 142.
 There is a magic in the *moon-lit* hour.—p. 149.

Four dozen within two!—exclusively of at least a score of others, which, like the *lesses*, have some show of authority for their use. Not that we mean to say, *all* the above are absolutely prohibited, or inadmissible upon principles of good taste. We know too well the force that is sometimes gained by the bold union of expressive words, to convey vigorous thoughts: but we also know, a profusion of such compounds is the unerring sign of a flimsy, vicious, and affected style. We will venture to affirm it would be impossible to collect from the whole works of any one of our classical poets, a third only of the *lesses*, *likes*, and compounds, which we have here assembled from a single poem of Robert Montgomery, after giving him the benefit, in each class, of all that had any good authority to plead in their behalf.

It is the easiest thing in the world to make these compounds; and many there are who, like Mr. Montgomery, fancy, when they make them, they are giving evidence of fine writing. Suppose, for instance, we wanted to say, "Mr. and Mrs. Gubbins went out to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Snooks, and when they came back they found the servant fast asleep, and the parlour fire out." We *could* say it after this fashion:

"Mr. and Mrs. Gubbins, *heart-linked* in the *love-forged* bonds of conjugal felicity, left their *peace-hallowed* abode, to visit the *ever-friendly* hearth of the Snookses. There the *gaily-circling* hours passed in *mind-enlivening* mirth till the *thief-dreading* watchman called the hour of ten; and then, with *mutually-endearing* adieus, they took their leave. Returning home, they found the *sleep-o'erpower'd* servant locked in the *dream-inspiring* arms of Morpheus, and the *once-cheerfully-blazing* fire in the back parlour, black as *guilt-concealing* night."

We know we are exposing ourselves to the imputation of gross vanity by the confession, but we do think that Mr. Montgomery himself has not been more happy in *his* use of the compounds than we have in ours. However, the reader can judge for himself.

Addison, if we remember rightly, enumerates but three words coined by Milton in his *Paradise Lost*; and one of them (*imparadised*) Mr. Montgomery has bor-

rowed, which we are rather surprised at, considering how liberally he makes words for himself when he wants them, by the arbitrary conversion of nouns and adjectives into verbs. Thus, at p. 13, we have a "deep energy which *featured* worlds," at p. 33, the heaven is "*azured* to one dazzling die;" at p. 37, the "smiles of a heaven of blueness" are *mirrored* by a glorious street" (the High-street);" at p. 46, La Bruyere "*mirrored* nature on the glass of life;" at p. 71, the "*green* earth is *yellowed* by a sunny glare;" at p. 105, certain emotions are said "*to hue* the tenderness of home;" at p. 152, "a moving light is *mirrored* on each pile," &c. &c. Sometimes, nouns, instead of being turned into verbs, are made to do the office of adjectives; or are transformed into adjectives by the addition of a syllable; while verbs themselves become adjectives—nouns, adverbs—and interjections, nouns, in all the glory of endless confusion. As for example: "How *reposeful* is the haunted spot" (p. 15); "ancient towers a *musical* calm impart" (ib.); "the *hush* of song" (p. 47); "weary tapers *winkingly* go out" (p. 62); "twilight hues play *rosily*" (p. 65); "heaven and earth *comminglingly* are blent" (p. 67); "viewless streams roll *windingly*" (p. 72); "words and tears *minglingly* adore" (p. 95); "melting traits *blendingly* began" (p. 99); Maudlin tower swells to view "in *steepled* vastness" (p. 114); a parent sends "many a *bosom'd* fear" (ib.); "sunbeams *mellowingly* pass" (p. 115); "purer thoughts *soaringly* despise" (p. 132); "toilful glories" (p. 137); "fever'd ocean" (p. 143); "stony muteness" (p. 149); "mind and nature *blendingly* array" (p. 158); "stony martyr" (p. 166); "save his, who *fawningly* endures" (p. 169), &c. &c. * The verb "to *weave*" is a prodigious favourite with Mr. Montgomery. Among his other labours of the loom, he "*weaves*;" at p. 12, "a dark curse;" at p. 44, Addison "*weaves* the music of his attic lay;" at p. 57, "a minstrel student *weaves* poetic dreams;" and at p. 93, "religion *weaves* a scheme of glory for man." *Vasty* is another of his favourites. At p. 29, we have "*vasty* temple that frowns;" at p. 52, we have Johnson "calling energies from out his *vasty* mind;" at p. 71, we have a "beautiful *vasty* sky;" and at p. 118, we have the *vasty* wonder of the New Clarendon." Occasionally, Mr. Montgomery takes a bolder flight, and talks of the "*first* origin of the University" (Analysis of part I.); of "acquaintances" (Analysis of part II.); of "*future* patrons rearing a *future* pile" (p. 32); of "*an* hoary tower" (p. 34); so like Cheapside, talking of an *orse* and an *ouse*—"annoyments" (p. 104); "unawful" (p. 114); "*detractive* art" (p. 125); "*cloudlets*," for little clouds (p. 165); and many similar philological felicities. At times, too, he becomes playfully elegant in his style, as when he talks of an "affected *bore*" (p. 21); "*pipin* an elegy" † (p. 20); "a cawing, sycophantic *sneak*" (p. 84), &c. &c.—But we think we have said quite enough to show that Mr. Montgomery is a great poet, and a great master of the English language; and what more can he require?

* It is curious to note how the same causes produce the same effects. Ambrose Philips, immortalized in the ridicule of Pope and Swift, was the Montgomery of his day; but, as we have already remarked, with powers capable of writing far better than he has yet done. In his poems, however, we find exactly the same description of verbal imbecility which is so abundant in our author. He, like Mr. Montgomery, has such phrases as the following in his *Pastorals* (the subject of Pope's memorable banter, whose grave irony deceived even Addison). "*Dampy* clay;" "*medly'd* with daisies;" "*brambly* bush;" "*speckly* thrush;" "the blackbird *fluting* through his yellow bill;" "*welly* grots;" "*blney* mists;" "*banky* shore;" "*gemmy* crown;" "*beamy* morning;" "*purply* ray," &c. &c. In his fourth pastoral, too, he exclaims, "Oh! if or music's voice, or beauty's charm could *milden* death," &c.

Mr. Montgomery, therefore, is not without a precedent for his namby-pambyisms; and we hope he will feel grateful to us for showing that he is not.

† With great deference we would suggest the following alteration of the couplet in which this affecting image occurs, when Mr. Montgomery prints a second edition of *Oxford*, which of course he will soon do. Instead of

The musty pedant with an owl's eye
Who *pipes* an elegy o'er days gone by,

We would read,

The musty pedant who o'er days gone by
Weaves fond regrets, and snivelling *pipes* his eye.

THE LEGEND OF SIGURD AND OLOF.*

A SCANDINAVIAN SAGA.

HRODMARR, King of Gothland, was the father of two sons, Sigurd and Siodur. Sigurd was the offspring of wedlock, of the queen, the high-born Aslauga. But Hrodmarr loved not Aslauga; and though Sigurd was distinguished for beauty, strength of limb, and towering stature; though he excelled in all the arts of peace, as in every manly, every warlike exercise; though he bore victory on his helm, Hrodmarr looked on him coldly. Strangers in their distant lands talked of Sigurd: his countrymen gloried in his fame; but his father looked on him coldly. Siodur was the child of the lowly Hada, whose blushing cheek and laughing eye had won the monarch's heart, when, weary with the chase, he had asked a draught of water from the cottage maid. Hada died in giving birth to Siodur; and the love Hrodmarr had borne the mother flowed over upon her son.

Siodur dwelt beneath the low roofed home of Hada's father, until Hrodmarr bade him sit in his hall, to gladden his eyes and his heart. Then Siodur left the herdsman's cottage for the hall of kings; and now, with his father, he pursued the bear and the wolf; he ministered to his father at the festive board, and shared the pleasure that mantled in the brimming wine-cup.

But Sigurd was fostered by Halfdan; Halfdan, who, whilst the joy of youth swelled his veins, was boldest of vikings; Halfdan who had carried desolation to the shores of the south. But Halfdan had left the sea. When last he rode conquering over the ocean waves, the maid of the sword and shield, the wise and beautiful Brynhild became his prisoner: his prisoner became his wife; and Halfdan left the sea, to live at rest with Brynhild in the

mansion of his fathers, amidst his men and his maids, his flocks and his herds. There he trained the king's son to manhood and princely wisdom, together with his own son Olof.

Sigurd and Olof sported together on the floor of Halfdan's hall. Together, as their feet grew swift and their arms strong, Sigurd and Olof tracked the forest, or learned to wield the sword and hurl the spear. Together, they sat at Brynhild's feet, and drank knowledge from her lips: and, when more suns had ripened their thoughts, they swore to each other that brotherhood in arms, which pledges a love surpassing the love of kin.

When the dawn of early manhood budded upon the cheeks of the brothers-in-arms, Halfdan said, "It is time that Sigurd should return to his father's halls. It is time that Sigurd and our son should go forth to war, and earn the name of heroes."

Now Brynhild was the wisest of women. The birds sang amidst the green leaves of the trees, and Brynhild knew the language of their song. The stars shone in the blue sky, and Brynhild read the runes of heaven. Her husband, her son, and her foster-son, observed and followed her words. She answered, "It is time that Sigurd should go to his father's halls. It is time that Sigurd and our son should show that they are men. But the court of Hrodmarr is no abiding place for Sigurd and Olof. Let them not tarry where envy coils her snaky folds around the king's throne. Let Sigurd ask his father for a ship, and let them go forth upon the high-swelling waves, to gather the fame of the viking."

Sigurd and Olof went to Hrodmarr's court. The king looked coldly on his

* The leading incidents of this Tale are taken from an old Icelandic *Saga*, or *Legend*. It may assist readers unversed in Scandinavian lore, to explain, once for all, that *Asa* is the generic, or family name of the gods of Scandinavian Mythology, and that the Slavonians and Finnish races, who worshipped other gods, were held in abhorrence by the Scandinavians, as idolaters and sorcerers; that *Bifrost* is the rainbow, esteemed a bridge joining heaven to earth; that *Viking* is the honourable appellation of the northern pirates; that a dragon-ship is a man of war, and a *Scald*, a bard; that *rune* is the Scandinavian word for an alphabetical character—a magic power being, however, frequently ascribed to such characters; and that the names of countries which occur, are those given in old Scandinavian *Sagas* to different provinces of Sweden, Norway, Russia, or Finland.

son; and Siodur turned away, scowling a sidelong envious glance on the heir of his father's crown. But when Sigurd asked for a dragon-ship, that he might seek glory on the tempest-tossed waves, then Siodur's eye brightened—his brow was smoothed. He said, "My father will not deny the first request of his heir:" and Hrodmar gave Sigurd the dragon-ship.

Year after year Sigurd and Olof sailed upon the foam-crested billows. They sought the far-distant shores of sunny climes; and the fair and laughing land which their feet had trodden lay desolate. Victory sat at their helm. Their vessel was laden with the spoils of war. Their names were on every tongue; their deeds awoke the song of the Scald; and they returned with their glory and their treasure to Hrodmar's halls.

But still Hrodmar looked coldly on his son; and Siodur's breast swelled with envy and hate, when he heard the praises of Sigurd resounded from the harp of the Scald—when he saw the treasures that filled the dragon-ship of the brothers-in-arms. But Sigurinn, the daughter of Hrodmar's brother, Hakon, smiled upon the heroes; and then the envenomed anger boiled over in Siodur's heart; for Sigurinn had scorned the love of the cottage-maiden's son.

Sigurinn brought wine, and ministered to the king at the banquet. But Sigurd poured brighter wine into a golden cup, embossed and gemmed by the skilful hand of a Greek, and said, "I pray thee, Sigurinn, suffer me to minister to my father." And he offered the gold cup with the sparkling wine to his father; and the king took it from his son's hand.

Then said Siodur to Olof, "Did thy witch-mother frame such potent spells, that foemen must fly from the sight of Sigurd and Olof? Or are the Romans become women, that two such feeble warriors as Sigurd and Olof should rifle their treasure-chambers, and bear away their booty unharmed?"

Then Olof's wrath was kindled, and sternly he said, "Does the son of his mother's shame dare to speak of the noble Brynhild? Can he who tended the swine with his mother's father understand the deeds of the warriors of the ocean?"

Sigurinn smiled as Olof spoke, and Siodur's rage blazed higher. "Warriors!" he exclaimed, "Ye are but robbers, who plunder the defenceless merchant. Your swords may have drank blood, but never were your shields and your helmets dented by a foeman's blow."

Then was Olof no longer master of his wrath. He smote the insulter; and Siodur, who was wont, in the strength of his father's power, to lord it over all, drew his sword, and struck at Olof. That instant Olof's sword clove Siodur's head. The banquet-hall was red with blood, and Siodur lay without life on the pavement.

"Fly!" Sigurinn whispered to Olof. "Fly from the father's grief and vengeance!"

"Slay the murderer! Avenge my son!" shouted King Hrodmar.

Sigurd sprang to his brother-in-arms, stood before him, and answeringly shouted, "Through my breast only can ye pierce Olof's! We live or die together!"

"Cut them down together!" said Hrodmar. "Avenge my son!"

Then Sigurd's viking followers gathered around the brothers-in-arms. Hrodmar's warriors started from their seats at the banquet. They laid their hands on their swords, and murmured, "The cottage maiden's son provoked his fate. Sigurd shall not die for Siodur." And Hakon, and Gothland's sagest counsellors, pressed around Hrodmar, and spoke: "Touch not Sigurd; rob not Gothland of her hero, of her promised king. Let Olof pay the price of blood, and Siodur's death be atoned."

Sigurd heard the words of age, and said, "Let the treasures in the bosom of my dragon-ship be the price of Siodur's blood."

Then Hrodmar said, "Be it as ye will. Let Sigurd's treasures be the price of blood: but be Olof henceforth a stranger to Gothland for ever."

"Take my treasures," Sigurd answered; "but if Olof be banished for ever, so is Sigurd."

"Be Sigurd then banished with Olof," said the king. "Never let Hrodmar's eye behold the face of Olof or of Sigurd again! Never!"

Then Egill the Scald struck his harp;

and the voice of anger was silent whilst he sang:

"That fate-teeming never
Oh monarch unsay!
Let adventure of peril
The blood-ransom pay.

"Let the rarest of prizes
Atone for the blow;
The egg shelled with silver
Where golden runes glow."

Who may withstand the voice of music? The storm was hushed. Hrod-marr, who believed the world held no such wondrous egg, said, "Be it as Egill has sung.—Bring me 'The egg shelled with silver, Where golden runes glow,' or never look upon Gothland more."

The warriors, glad to see the brothers-in-arms saved from present death, struck their goblets on the board, in sign of approbation. The counsellors said, "It is well." Only Sigurliun sighed, as she murmured, "It is but another word for *never*. There is no such egg."

Then Sigurd said, "Fear not, Sigurliun. The riddle shall be read, the mystic egg found, and we will see thee again." And Olof softly whispered, "The dangers and difficulties of which the Bifrost bridge to Sigurliun is formed, have more of joy than the banquet and the wine-cup."

The brothers-in-arms stood together without the hall of Hrod-marr. Olof gave no thanks to Sigurd that for his sake he had forfeited Gothland's crown. He knew that choice there was not; that had he been Hrod-marr's son he had done the same for him; that the lives and deaths of brothers-in-arms were one. He pressed Sigurd's hand, and asked, "Where shall we seek this mystic egg?"

"We must go to thy mother," Sigurd answered. "If there be an 'egg shelled with silver, Where golden runes glow,' the wise Brynhild will declare the place of its concealment."

They visited Halfdan and Brynhild, who questioned them of their adventures. When they spake of their battles and their victories on the ocean's storm-tossed billows, Halfdan and Brynhild smiled upon their sons. But when they told of the death-quarrel in Hrod-marr's banquet-hall, Brynhild shook her head, and Halfdan said, "Were ye not fore-

warned? Why slighted ye your mother's words?"

But Brynhild answered, "What is done, is done. It boots not to speak of what may not be recalled. The riddle now to be read is of 'The egg shelled with silver, Where golden runes glow.'"

When midnight threw her veil over the earth, Brynhild the wise went forth, and gazed upon the glittering stars, upon the dancing northern-lights. When the rosy morn brightened the eastern sky, she went forth, and listened to the song of the birds. Then she came slowly into the hall, sat down beside the blazing hearth, and spoke—

"In Biarmaland, in the temple of the loathsome idol Jumala, is 'The egg shelled with silver, Where golden runes glow.' It is guarded day and night by a mighty bull, the hugest and fellest of the forest; by a mighty vulture, the hugest and fellest of the air. They are the bull and the vulture of Jumala, fed upon the flesh of men slain upon his altar. From the blood of men they drink strength and fierceness, and they thirst for more. The egg is further guarded by twelve armed priests, and by all the unholy sorceries of Kolfrasta, the chief priestess of the temple. In the vault underneath, pines, in chains and in sorrow, the fairest of mortal maids, the doomed Alfildur, daughter to Jonakur, King of Biarmaland. Amidst pangs and horrors that may not be told, she awaits the fatal moment when the mystic egg shall hatch. Then, whilst hideous rites are done, whilst words more hideous are yelled, must she become the chief priestess of the grisly idol, by plunging the knife of sacrifice into the heart of the grey-haired sorceress, who now stands at his foot."

"And how may we gain the egg and free the maiden?" Olof asked.

"Ye must take counsel of your courage," answered his mother.

But Sigurd asked only, "Where is the temple?"

Brynhild laid her hand with motherly benediction upon Sigurd's head, as she answered, "Steer your bark for Biarmaland; where ye shall find an egg-shaped cove, embosomed in tall rocks, on whose topmost peak an eagle sits in his pride, there station your bark in secret, and land. A cottage maiden shall guide your further course."

Sigurd and Olof steered for Biarmaland; they found the egg-shaped cove embosomed in tall rocks, and an eagle sat in his pride on the topmost peak. They placed their vessel within the shelter of the rocks. They bade their viking crew await them there a month and a day; then, if they came not again, the dragon-ship should be their own, to sail whithersoever they would. The brothers-in-arms leaped ashore, and strode swiftly towards a thick forest that lay outspread in darkness before them. Upon the edge of the forest stood a hut. At the door a maiden milked her cow.

Sigurd spoke to the maiden. She looked upon his comely form, and offered him milk from her pail. Courteously he took it, and said, "I thank thee, maiden; but it is knowledge, not refreshment, we seek from thee."

She cast down her eyes, and asked, "What knowledge should noble warriors seek from a lowly maid?"

"The knowledge of the way to the temple of Jumala," Sigurd answered.

The maiden looked at the foreign garb of the strangers, and doubtfully asked, "Are ye then worshippers of Jumala?"

"No, maiden, no," were the words of Sigurd. "We are worshippers of the Asa gods, of the mighty Odin, and loathe the foul idol Jumala."

The maiden shuddered as she said, "Speak not unreverently, I pray you, of the all-powerful, the terrible Jumala! But above all," she continued more fervently, as she gazed on the stately form of Sigurd, "venture not near the temple! No one ever set foot within its gates, who offered not sacrifice at the altar of the god, or laid not down his life in atonement."

"We may not turn back," said Olof. "We must see our native land no more, unless we bear to King Hrodmar 'The egg shelled with silver, Where golden runes glow,' which is guarded, as we are told, in this temple."

"Ye are lost! Ye are lost!" cried the maiden, wringing her hands. "Many have sought that fatal egg. None have ever returned."

"We are pledged," said the brothers-in-arms.

The maiden knew there could be no further question. For a moment she

bowed down her head in sorrow. Then she showed them their way to the temple, and told them that the mystic egg was shrouded in the mantle of the god.

The brothers-in-arms thanked her, and Olof would have hurried onward; but Sigurd still lingered. "Maiden," he said, "I have further heard that a noble lady lies chained in the vaults under the temple."

Eagerly the maiden answered, "The best and kindest lady. My heart has been sad since the Princess Alfildur was to stand in the place of the dreadful Kolfrosta."

"How may we free Alfildur?" Sigurd asked.

"Her prison," said the maiden, "is underneath the altar of the god; but the way of entrance is unknown to all, save the high-priest."

The brothers-in-arms winded through the forest as the maiden had pointed their path. They reached the dreaded temple, passed through the great gates, that instantly closed behind them; then crossing the court, entered the temple, and stood before the idol.

On each side of the altar stood six mail-clad priests. Upon the altar was placed a massive gold cup; six ponderous battle-axes lay to the right-hand of the cup, and six to the left. Behind the altar, and at the feet of the jewel-laden idol, stood the high-priest, by his side the priestess Kolfrosta, holding her wand of sorcery.

The high-priest addressed the brothers-in-arms. "Strangers, what sacrifice bring ye to the altar of the all-powerful, the terrible God?"

Sigurd answered: "We come not to worship your false gods. We seek 'The egg shelled with silver, Where golden runes glow,' which we are pledged to deliver to King Hrodmar."

A cry of resentment rang in answer to these words. The twelve priests seized their ponderous battle-axes. The priestess lifted her potent wand. The high-priest, in sternly solemn accents, pronounced, "Let the blood of the blasphemers allay the wrath of the offended God."

The twelve priests rushed with uplifted axes upon the brothers-in-arms. Back to back they stood confronting their assailants. Six battle axes struck at once upon each warrior. The wea-

pons of the priests glanced harmlessly from well-tempered helm, or mail, or shield. But not harmlessly fell the blows of Sigurd and Olof. Each, with his keen-edged sword, clove one priest to the girdle.

Then the high-priest cried, "Woe! Woe! Weak are the servants of Jumala against the blasphemers! But Jumala shall aid his servants. Be the bull and the vulture of the god—the savage bull that man never mastered, the fierce vulture whose beak and talons are sharp swords—let loose upon the blasphemers! They shall rend the blasphemers piece-meal, and gorge them, as they are wont, upon their blood."

He spoke. The priestess pointed her wand towards the right-hand of the court, and towards the left. On each side a door flew open; and the bull of Jumala looked out from the door on the right, and the vulture of Jumala from the door on the left, snuffing their prey. They saw the brothers-in-arms. With a roar that shook the temple, the bull burst forth against Sigurd; the vulture rose high in the air, and with stormy flight swooped down upon Olof.

No mortal bull was in strength or size like the bull of Jumala. He tore up the pavement with his hoof, he lashed his sides with his tail, bent down his head, aimed his mighty horns, which armour had never withstood, at Sigurd's heart, and rushed upon him with another deafening roar. But Sigurd's strength surpassed the strength of man. He grasped the mighty horns with his hands. The monstrous beast threw back his head, and bellowed, and wrestled with Sigurd, whilst the battleaxes of the priests fell thick and heavy upon his unwarded sides. But Sigurd let not go his hold. He roused the strength of his heart and his arm. He flung Jumala's blood-nurtured bull upon the ground, and planted his right foot upon his throat. Convulsively the blood-nurtured bull struggled to get free; but Sigurd held him firmly down with his foot, whilst with his sharp sword he smote off the head of the priest whose blows fell hardest, then plunged it into the bull's throat.

The vulture of Jumala was striking with his iron beak and talons at Olof, buffeting and blinding him with his enormous wings, whilst the battleaxes of the priests fell thick and heavy on his unwarded

sides. No mortal vulture was in strength and size like the vulture of Jumala; but the strength of Olof was greater. He seized the horribly-screaming bird, that had fed on the flesh of men, by the throat, swung the monstrous body high in air, and dashing it with the full force of his arm against the nearest priest, laid him lifeless on the pavement, with the strangled vulture by his side.

Again the high-priest cried, "Woe! woe! Are the arms of the God himself weak against the blasphemers? Kol-frosta, holy woman, it is thou must avenge our God."

Then the priestess waved her hand, and muttered a spell; and an army started out of the walls of the temple. Unnumbered warriors, with burnished mail, poised spears, brandished maces, and flashing swords, surrounded Sigurd and Olof. Still they stood back to back; raised their moon-like shields to meet the bristling weapons, and cut fiercely at the battle-throng. Their swords found no resistance, passing freely through and through the mailed combatants. No blood followed the death-wounds; the armour closed again, the combatants stood unharmed and threatening as before. Sigurd and Olof gazed with wonder at their unearthly foes, but fought on undismayed. Ponderous battleaxes rained incessant blows upon their sides. The blood of Sigurd and Olof gushed from many a wound. Each swung his sword in the direction whence the blows came. Surrounded, sheltered, covered, amidst the portentous army, no priest could be seen. But the keen edge, when it had passed through many a burnished breastplate, was felt to cleave substantial, unseen bodies; and again a priest lay dead at the feet of Sigurd—a priest lay dead at the feet of Olof.

The phantom army turned to fly. The priest called wrathfully upon the priestess to avenge the God, called upon the God to help his servants. The priestess tore the fillet from her brow, shook her white hair as it streamed adown her withered form, and whirled her magic wand in rapid circles around her head, whilst in louder accents she muttered the fearful words of sorcery.

Then thick mist and darkness filled the temple. The brothers-in-arms could see neither priests nor altar. But through the murky gloom the wildering

vapour-torch of night gleamed fitfully, now on this side, now on that, to mislead and part them. As the meteors flashed, they might see their flying foes; they might see grim giants and scaly dragons, that appeared threateningly in the sudden glare, and were lost again, whilst unseen battleaxes rattled heavily upon their sides. Firmly the brothers-in-arms stood back to back. They heeded not the wildering lights, nor the distant foes; but whence they felt the blows, there they aimed their own. Again a priest lay dead at the feet of Sigurd—a priest lay dead at the feet of Olof.

The high-priest flung himself prostrate before the idol, and passionately implored his God to save his own. The cheek of the priestess became as the cheek of the dead, and her rolling eyeballs glared as in frenzy. She rent her gray locks in handfuls from her head, and tossed them in the air, and caught them with her wand as she whirled it faster and faster; and she shivered at the sound of the horrible words that burst from her lips.

As the mist and darkness dispersed, a fire rose upon the altar, and flared upwards to the roof. Then the eddying flames swept over to Sigurd and Olof, wreathed serpent-like about their limbs, curled over their crested helmets, and spreading their volume wider, encircled and severed them, with a blazing wall, from the rest of the temple. Their helmets burnt their brows; and the blood gushing from their wounds, was parched. They saw the four remaining priests standing afar off, safely fenced by the wall of fire, and mocking at their pangs as the scorching heat consumed them. Darting through the flames, Sigurd and Olof sprang upon their confronting foes; and again a priest lay dead at the feet of Sigurd—a priest lay dead at the feet of Olof.

The high-priest frantically dashed his head against the ground. The priestess shrieked the dreadful words of unhalloved power, and striking the knife of sacrifice into her own flesh, wrote them with her wand, in her streaming blood, upon the pavement.

The brothers-in-arms were now severed; and as Sigurd turned against the priest who still fought with him, he saw Olof rush between them, ready to do battle for the priest. But Sigurd

knew the heart of Olof. "By Thor's hammer," he exclaimed, "'tis a delusion of foulest sorcery. Never could Olof come as a foe against Sigurd!" He drove his sword through the breast of the seeming Olof; the form vanished, and the point was buried in the eleventh priest's heart.

Olof was otherwise encountered. Between him and the twelfth priest Sigurlinn stood in her beauty, with open arms, as though courting his embrace. For an instant Olof gazed with uncertain soul on the face he loved; and the priest swung his axe on high, and aimed a deadly wound, and deemed the victory his own. But ere the weapon fell, Olof shouted, "The chaste daughter of Hakon comes not to proffer wanton caresses amidst the lewd priests of an accursed idol!" He struck the seeming Sigurlinn with his shield, to remove her from his path, and his sword drank the life of the twelfth priest.

Once more darkness fell upon the temple. A fearful storm arose. The thunder pealed hoarsely over head: the lightning flashed quick and appalling, and struck the stone pillars around. An earthquake shook the temple. The pavement yawned; and as Sigurd and Olof turned towards the altar, behold a bottomless abyss of tremendous width, from which lightnings flashed in answer to the lightnings of the tempest, divided them from the altar, the idol, the high-priest, and the sorceress. A flash showed them Kolfrøsta. The foam whitened on her livid lips: her gray hair stood upright on her brow: her wizard wand was turned into a serpent, that hissed and writhed, as she tossed it round her head, and ever and anon fixed its poison-fangs in the quivering flesh of its mistress.

By the earth-born lightnings' glare the brothers-in-arms measured the width of the abyss. Sigurd said, "Choice there is none. It must be passed." Then they strained every nerve for the leap that threatened to intomb them in eternal night; and the hissing serpent darted forward his head and his forked tongue, to meet whichever should reach the further brink.

Sigurd and Olof sprang together. They stood on the further side: the foot of Olof spurned the prostrate high-priest, and he rolled into the abyss of

fire. The sword of Sigurd cut the serpent in two; the head fell into the abyss, and its sepulchral jaws closed upon the priest; whilst the sorceress, slain in the death of her living wand, sank, a corpse, upon the pavement.

Olof unfolded the pearl-wrought mantle clothing the idol, and spread it upon the altar. From amidst its inmost folds gleamed the 'egg shelled with silver, Where golden runes glow.' Eagerly he snatched the prize, and cried, "Away to Gothland, to Sigurlinn!"

But Sigurd said, "Shall we leave the forlorn Alfildur to a fate, worse, perhaps, than that from which we have even now delivered her?"

Then the brothers-in-arms sought how they might enter the vault. Carefully they sought through the temple. No living creature remained therein save themselves; and no sign could they discover of an opening. Again they stood between the altar and the idol. Gloomily Sigurd mused; and Olof said, "It is vain to search further; Sigurlinn mourns in our absence; and the lost Alfildur must perish, even whilst we seek her prison."

"If the search be indeed hopeless," Sigurd answered; "if the doomed maiden must indeed be left to perish, the abhorred Jumala shall not remain to triumph over his victim."

He spoke; he seized the idol, and putting forth the strength of his arm, he hurled Jumala from his high station. With a loud crash the idol fell forward upon the altar. The altar shook under its weight; the stones were loosened; the sides gave way; a hidden door opened, and an abrupt descent was disclosed.

Sigurd shouted, "The path to Alfildur's prison!" and bounded down the steep and narrow way. More cautiously Olof followed; for in his hand he bore the mystic egg, from which he would not part. At the foot of the descent, chained to a pillar, stood a beautiful maiden, weeping bitterly. She shuddered as she heard approaching steps, and murmured, "What new horror threatens the doomed Alfildur?"

"None, none!" Sigurd answered, "We bring you liberty."

"Liberty!" Alfildur replied; "and the fearful high-priest?"

Sigurd answered, "His power is

over, and you are free. Whither will the beautiful Alfildur that we guard her?"

Alfildur shook her head in sadness, and said, "Whither, indeed? If I return to my father, King Jonakur, again will he give me up to the priests of Jumala. My doom is spoken; and to Alfildur liberty is a thankless boon. Go, strangers, and leave me to die in my prison."

"That we will not!" Sigurd answered. "We will bear the beautiful Alfildur to King Hrodmar's halls, where the priests of Jumala are powerless."

"And where," Olof added, "the beautiful Sigurlinn will be her sister."

The bark danced on the soft-swelling waves, and bore them to Gothland. Sigurd and Olof stood before Hrodmar. Olof presented to the king 'the egg shelled with silver, Where golden runes glow;' and Sigurd offered him the massive golden cup of Jumala, filled with the rare jewels that had decked the idol.

Hrodmar had felt that he was alone, and had grieved for the absence of Sigurd. Hring, King of Rogheim, had poured the torrent of war over Gothland, and the people murmured and asked, "Why are not the eagles of war, Sigurd and Olof, here, to do battle with the foe?" Hrodmar called his warriors together, and was about to lead them against the invaders: but the warriors murmured, and said, "The snows of age are on thy head, and thy strength is withered. Why are not the thunderbolts of war, Sigurd and Olof, here, to lead us to battle?"

Hrodmar rejoiced when he saw the good dragon-ship sailing into the haven. He took 'the egg shelled with silver, Where golden runes glow,' from the hand of Olof, and forgave him the blood of Siodur. He took the gold cup and jewels of Jumala from the hand of Sigurd, and held him to his heart, and blessed him.

Sigurd said, "My father, I have brought the fairest of mortal maids, Alfildur, the daughter of King Jonakur of Biarmaland, to be my wife."

Hrodmar answered, "The maiden is fair and high-born; it is meet she should be thy wife. And my brother's daughter Sigurlinn shall be the wife of Olof. But ere ye wed the maidens, ye must go forth against Hring, King of Rogheim,

who ravages the land, and drive him home with defeat and shame."

Then Sigurd and Olof led the Gothlanders against Hring, and the warriors of Rogheim, and fought with them, and watered the fields of Gothland with the blood of Rogheim; and drove King Hring home with defeat and shame. But when Sigurd and Olof returned home in triumph and in joy, to wed with the maidens of their love, lo! Sorrow sat awaiting them on the place where the halls of King Hrodmar had stood.

The King of Biarmaland had called upon the worshippers of Jumala to avenge their God, and redeem his daughter, the doomed priestess of Jumala, from the bondage of the followers of Odin. He sent his own son Rorek with the men of Biarmaland; and the powerful King Gudmund of Glasiswall brought his men; and they pursued the brothers-in-arms, and their prize, the beautiful Alfildur.

When the ships of Gudmund and Rorek touched the shores of Gothland, Sigurd and Olof were far distant, fighting the King of Rogheim. Gudmund and Rorek demanded that the beautiful Alfildur, and the mystic egg, and the treasures torn from the temple of Jumala, should be delivered up to them; and they demanded King Hrodmar's own treasures in atonement for the outrage done to the God.

But Hrodmar gathered together those warriors who were not gone with Sigurd and Olof against Hring, and said, "I will not deliver up the tokens of my son's prowess, won with his blood. I will not deliver up the maiden my son loves; the maiden who shall be his wife when he comes home with conquest and joy, leaving the slain of Rogheim to feast the raven and the wolf."

Then Gudmund and Rorek, and their people, fell upon Hrodmar and his people. The weight of many winters had weakened Hrodmar's arm, and his Gothlanders were few. The strength of youth was in Gudmund and Rorek, and their warriors were many, and stout. They slew Hrodmar and his followers. They set fire to his halls, and laid hand upon Alfildur, and upon Sigurlinn, and bore them to their ships.

As their keels cut the waves towards Biarmaland, Gudmund asked of Rorek, "When we restore Alfildur the beau-

tiful to King Jonakur, what shall be her fate? Will he give me the rescued maiden for my wife?"

But Rorek answered, "No. The doom of Alfildur may not be changed. Jumala has chosen my beautiful sister for his priestess. It is for the God we have regained her."

Then Gudmund said, "Have I torn the beautiful maiden from the arms of Sigurd, from the throne of Gothland, to make her the witch-thrall of Jumala's priests? I will not restore her to King Jonakur. My ships shall bear her to Glasiswall, where she shall be the joy of my heart. Take thou Sigurlinn for thy wife, and come home with me. Or let the flashing sword decide the lot of Alfildur."

Then Rorek looked upon the beauty of Sigurlinn, and upon the strength of Gudmund. He thought that he might not stand against the king, and he answered, "Be it as thou hast said. Upon thy head be the sin against Jumala. The beautiful Sigurlinn shall be mine, and I will go with thee to Glasiswall."

The ships sailed into the haven of Glasiswall; and the king took Alfildur's hand, to lead her to his halls. But the maiden stood still, and said, "I see not the garb of Biarmaland; I hear not my native speech. This is not the house of my father, nor the temple of my father's God."

"No, beautiful Alfildur," Gudmund answered, "this is not the temple of Jumala, where bondage and sorrow await thee. This is the dwelling of Gudmund, where thou shalt live his wife, and Queen of Glasiswall."

Alfildur drew away her hand, folded her white arms over her bosom, and said, "I may not be the Queen of Gudmund. I am the wife of Sigurd, or the doomed priestess of Jumala. Thou hast torn me from Sigurd's home; then give me back to the priests of the God. Rorek, my brother, wilt thou suffer this sacrilege? Give the priests of Jumala their thrall!"

Gudmund said, "I will not give thee back to the priests, nor will thy brother heed thy prayer. Thou shalt be my wife, and Sigurlinn shall be the wife of Rorek."

But Alfildur said, "I will be the wife of no man living, save my betrothed Sigurd." And Sigurlinn said, "I will

be the wife of no man living, save my betrothed Olof."

But Gudmund heeded not their words. He made Alfildur and Sigurlinn go into his halls; and he bade the priests prepare the temple for the wedding; and he set the day for the wedding feast.

Alfildur and Sigurlinn grieved; and still they said they would be the wives of no men living, save their betrothed bridegrooms, Sigurd and Olof. But Gudmund and Rorek looked on their beauty, and heeded not their words. Then Sigurlinn said to Alfildur—"Surely Sigurd and Olof will hear that their brides are torn from Hrodmar's ruined halls; and will seek us, and bear us away from Glasiswall, ere the day appointed for our marriage dawns."

But the sun rose upon the day appointed for the marriage, and Sigurd and Olof came not. Then Sigurlinn said, "I have loved Olof all the days of my life, and it is better to die than forsake him, and wed with one who worships not the Asa gods." And Alfildur said, "I will speak aloud to the priests. They shall know me for the doomed priestess of Jumala, and shall take me from King Gudmund, and chain me under the altar."

The wedding-feast was spread; the wine mantled in the bowl. The guests sat at the banquet; they quaffed the wine and mead, and merry jests circled with the brimming goblet. Gudmund and Rorek were high in mirth. But Alfildur and Sigurlinn sat silent apart. They looked for the coming of Sigurd and Olof to save them; and they communed in secret with their own hearts. They sat silent, pale, and sad, but their hearts were resolved. Sigurlinn's hand grasped the dagger, that, when other hope should be gone, she would strike into her own bosom; and Alfildur thought of the words that must force the priests to reclaim the doomed of Jumala.

When lo! the voice of music was heard! A Scald stood in the hall of feasting. Boldly he swept the strings of his harp, and sang—

The sun-gazing eagle soared high in might,
He sought, for his nestlings, prey;
The mousing owl marked the air-king's flight,
And crept where his eyry lay.

The nest he destroyed, the nestlings stole,
And bore them away to his sullen hole.

The eagle on loud rushing pinion came,
His desolate eyry viewed;
Then blazed his wrath, a devouring flame;
He, storm-like, the owl pursued;
His nestlings, unharmed, from the robber tore
And home to his eyry triumphantly bore.

All eyes and ears were bent upon the Scald. The guests sought the meaning of the riddling song. But Sigurlinn knew the voice of Olof, and Alfildur read in her brightening eye, that those they looked for were come. The maidens listened heedfully to the song; they knew that they were the nestlings the eagle sought, and they watched for Olof's look that should be their signal. Whilst Olof sang, they saw where Sigurd, wrapped in a harper's cloak, entered the hall, unmarked by the listening guests. They saw him draw near the king's seat, and grasp his sword.

Then did the eye of Olof call the maidens to flight. They sprang like startled fawns from their seats to the door of the hall. Olof dropped his harp, caught the hand of Sigurlinn and the hand of Alfildur, and hurried them away from the hall of the wedding-feast, whilst the sword of Sigurd flashed, as he swung it on high. The head of Gudmund rolled on the pavement, the wedding-feast was red with his blood, and a cry arose from without, "The ships of Glasiswall are on fire!" Olof fled with the maidens to where their good ship lay hidden behind an out-jutting rock; none hindered or marked their flight. All without the hall thought upon the burning ships of Glasiswall, and ran, and jostled one another as they thronged to the haven, to quench the flames. All within the hall pressed upon Sigurd, to avenge the death of Gudmund; foremost came Rorek with uplifted sword.

But Sigurd said to Rorek, "Away with thee! I would not shed the blood of Alfildur."

Rorek had feared the arm of Gudmund, and should he tempt the might of Sigurd? He stood aloof, and looked towards the place where his bride had sat. Then he saw that the maidens had fled with the Scald, and he would have followed; but Sigurd stood as a rock before the hall-door, that none might

pass out. He fought with them all, and many were those who fell beneath his blows. Then fear came upon the banquet guests: they gathered them to the further end of the hall, and consulted together, and looked upon Sigurd. Still Sigurd stood before the door, held his blood-streaming sword aloft, and watched the movements of his foes.

Then Rorek came towards Sigurd, and said, "Be peace betwixt us. Give me thy beautiful kinswoman, Sigurlinn, to wife, and take thou my sister Alf-hildur."

But Sigurd answered, "Not so. Sigurlinn is the betrothed of my brother-in-arms, and I may not wrong my brother."

Then Sigurd heard the blast of the horn that told him Olof and the maidens were on board his dragon-ship, and he went forth from the hall. Then Rorek and his friends thought to have him at advantage; they rushed forth, and encircled him with their swords. But death sat on Sigurd's sword, and many

sons of Glasiwall lay around him, a feast for the wolf and the raven. His own blood streamed, but Sigurd knew it not.

They were amazed when they saw the numbers of them that fell before one man. They said, one to another, "This is no mortal man: this is that Asa Thor whom the Gothlanders worship." And all said, "It is Asa Thor: Asa Thor is mightier than Jumala!" Then they turned and fled.

Then, when none fought against him, Sigurd turned towards the shore, and put his foot to its speed. He sprang into the white-edged waves, and swam to his ship. There Alf-hildur bound up his wounds, and Olof and Sigurlinn stood before them rejoicing. The good dragon-ship skimmed lightly over the dancing waves, and bore them in joy to Gothland. And Sigurd wedded Alf-hildur, and Olof wedded Sigurlinn; and Sigurd and Alf-hildur reigned over Gothland.

M. M.

"THE FORSAKEN,"

TO HER LOVER'S PICTURE.

What now does it avail, that here
I read thy beauty? we are parted—
Thou, to breathe vows to one more dear,
And I, to wither broken-hearted!
How polish'd is that lofty brow,
Wreath'd by the richly-clustering hair!
Scarce can I image, even now,
The falschood that's engraven there.
Those dark blue eyes! I own their spell,
Ay, even in semblance—even here—
I feel once more my spirit swell,
And pride is weak, and thou art dear.
But this is vain: I'll gaze no more
Upon thy shadow, faithless one;
The charm of beauty should be o'er
For woman, when its soul is gone!
No, I will never gaze again—
'Tis my last look, and we must part—
Thy sight, poor toy of love is pain,
And I will hide thee—in my heart!
I dare not yield to memory's spell,
And thus then we for aye must sever;
Relic of him I've loved—farewell,
For ever, and for ever!

S. S.

THE PARTING PRECEPT.

"Good madam, for your health's sake clear those clouds up,
That feed upon your beauties like diseases;
Time's hand will turn again, and what he ruins
Gently restore, and wipe off all your sorrows.
Believe you are to blame, much to blame, lady,
You tempt his loving care."

Massinger.

"AND thus, Eveleen," said Mrs. Penvensey, severely, "you are going to do the very thing against which I have cautioned you, ever since you have been old enough to comprehend my meaning—to marry for love! or, to speak more rationally, to put yourself wholly in the power of a man, who knows that he can make you miserable by a look, and annihilate you by an unkind remark: you will, I fear, live to repent this—trust me, my child, a woman acts more wisely in marrying a man who loves *her*, than the man *she* loves; for the one has pride in creating an interest in her heart, and the other in destroying it."

"But I have avoided this peril, madam," replied Miss Penvensey; "for Augustus Orville guesses not that I should have selected him amid an assembled empire: I have told him that I yield only to my father's wishes."

"You have acted wisely in this at least," said the mother; "and cease not throughout your wedded life, Eveleen, to remember my first and darling lesson—that no woman should ever suffer her husband to know the extent of her affection."

And with this parting precept, Mrs. Penvensey gave her daughter to Mr. Orville. Eveleen was young and beautiful, talented, and fascinating; and she valued her accomplishments and her fascinations only as they rivetted the chains of Augustus; but Orville knew not that it was so; he dreamed not of concealing the ardour of his own passion; and when a few weeks had glided over him as a husband, his heart sank at the coldness of his bride. Eveleen, indeed, did justice to her mother's lesson; she repaid the tenderness of Orville with chilling smiles, and his attentions with studied courtesy: she assumed indifference when he was beside her, unconsciousness when he quitted her presence, and calmness when he returned to it; but Eveleen's heart prompted her far

differently, and sore was the struggle between affection and worldly prudence: how often, when Augustus fondly addressed her, did she long to throw herself on his bosom, and to pour out her whole soul to him; but she remembered her mother, and she forbore. Gradually Orville's tenderness diminished, and his politeness increased; but there were yet moments when his softer feelings overcame his assumed manner, and he was still all the lover; and as those moments became gradually less frequent, they were only the more valued by the misguided Eveleen. "Should he indeed grow careless towards me," would she murmur in her solitude, "I shall not seek to live!"

Orville entered his wife's boudoir one morning, after an absence of some hours, and all his gentler feelings awoke, as he surprised her in tears; they were not the tears of passing emotion, but of deep feeling, tears, shed by Eveleen over the decline of that affection which her own ill-advised reserve was rapidly freezing into indifference. "Tears, Eveleen!" exclaimed Augustus, as he threw himself on the ottoman beside his wife, and drew her fondly towards him, "what has caused this melancholy? it is a libel on your bridegroom, gentle one."

"I have no cause for sorrow," said Eveleen, coldly, and as she spoke, she forced a smile; "but I have been much alone of late, and solitude engenders sadness." Augustus started: "Alone, Eveleen? surely not much alone? and oh! could I have hoped that you were wishing for my return?"—he paused a moment, and turned his delighted eyes upon his bride—"had I known!"

"Do not mistake me, Orville," hastily interposed his wife; "I did not wish for your return; while you were happy elsewhere, why should I wish it?"—Augustus shrank again into silence.

"I have spent the interval of your last absence most pleasantly," resumed

Eveleen, with what she conceived to be the heroic firmness of a martyr. "I have been writing to my mother."

"But you were weeping," remarked Augustus, more coldly than he had last spoken.

"It is mere constitutional melancholy," said his wife, "I have no reason to weep."

"But I find, on looking at my watch, that I have indeed been absent four hours;" and Augustus really felt and looked distressed. "I ought to have been more considerate, Eveleen, and to have remembered your solitude."

Eveleen could have wept tears of joy while she listened to the gentle accents of her husband; she could have replied to his tenderness in words as fond and as sincere, but she would not prostrate her happiness at his feet: she would not tell him that the tears which he had witnessed, were shed in anxiety, and in terror, lest his waning affection should totally expire. "If I would not tell him this in the zenith of his tenderness," she murmured to herself, "still less would I do so, when it is, alas! so palpably on the decline;" and acting on this mistaken principle, Eveleen accordingly assured her husband that she could not have passed those four hours more delightfully. Augustus roused himself from his self-accusing reverie, as she gave him the assurance; his heart-pulse subsided into composure, his brow into serenity; and ringing for his horse, he left the room with a polite smile, and a cold, but graceful salutation. Eveleen stole to the shelter of the window-curtain, and fixed a long heart-breaking look on him as he sprang into the saddle and galloped off; and then, sinking on her knees before a sofa, she wept—wept silently, and bitterly—as few weep twice in this world! "Even now I am neglected," she murmured amid her tears; "how then should I have suffered, had he known all his power!"

Orville, meanwhile, sought to drown disappointed feeling, and blighted affection amid the world's scenes: he had youth, high-breeding, beauty of person, and affluence; and there needed no other passport to the world of fashion, even had that world not been his proper sphere of action. Orville had thwarted many a matron's hopes, and many a fair one's wishes, by his marriage with Miss

Penvensey: he was known to be naturally domesticated in his habits, and retired in his tastes, jealous of affection, and ardent in its requital; and from the hour in which he became a husband, it was considered that the once gay Augustus Orville was for ever lost to the world's pleasures. Great then was the surprise of the votaries of fashion, when they beheld him gradually reapproach the shrine of the fickle goddess: at first his hours were sparingly dealt out to the world's use, but by degrees he became more lavish of them; and he would bestow an entire morning on some heartless and vain pursuit, partaken of merely for its fashion; then he would yield up an evening to a passing folly, and ultimately he required but a slight incentive to pleasure, to give up without regret, the long, long day. There was a time—but Augustus shunned the retrospect—for that way lay disappointment and blighted hope. Yet many and bitter were the struggles of Orville, ere he again wore the fetters of the world's thralldom; eagerly did he seize every glimmering of affection which escaped Eveleen in her unguarded moments, but all was vain; his expressions of gratified feeling for some delicate attention on her part, only extorted a placid assurance of her conviction that such actions were the duty of a wife; she shrank from encouraging in him the idea that they were heart-offerings, and she succeeded but too well in blinding him to the fact.

Orville had been a few months married, when he accidentally met one of his oldest friends and most esteemed associates. Burgoyne Clarenham had been abroad for a couple of years, and the meeting was one of pleasurable emotion. Questions were asked, and replies uttered with all the rapidity of unabated interest; and Clarenham shook the hand of Augustus with genuine warmth, as he poured forth his bridal congratulations. "And now, Orville," he exclaimed ardently, "take me to see your wife. I should love her, positively love her for your sake, even had I not heard of the many graces and excellencies of Miss Penvensey. You are a happy man, Augustus, to have won thirty thousand pounds, a beauty, and a woman talented to a miracle!"

"Most happy," replied the husband;

but the sigh with which he uttered it, was at the least as audible as the words.

"Orville—forgive me"—said Clarenham, somewhat embarrassed, and still more hurt, "had I suspected for a moment that your domestic horizon was overcast?"

"You are strangely in error, Burgoyne," said Augustus, with a faint smile; "I am very, very happy; how can I be otherwise? Eveleen approves of every thing which is agreeable to me—never interferes with my pleasures!"

"Interferes with your pleasures!" echoed Clarenham "you are strangely altered from what you once were, if you have any pleasures in which your wife would not rather be an acquisition than an interference: you have surely imbibed some prejudice; or judge perhaps too severely of some female failing, as extravagance, or"—

"Still in error, Burgoyne; Eveleen's expenditure is ridiculously trifling—a man in difficulty would be safe with such a wife."

"A little thoughtless levity, incidental to youth and high spirits, perhaps; for which, as a husband, you do not make sufficient allowance."

"Clarenham, my wife is as steady as a matron, as prudent as a diplomatist, and as retired in her habits as a recluse; she shuns gaiety, detests frivolity, and is always to be found in her own house: she is accomplished enough for a pre-cessress, and has temper enough for a stepmother."

"Then, in the name of all the heathen divinities, Augustus, how can you wish her to be other than she is?" "Surely I did not say that I wished it"—and Orville looked distressed—"did I not tell you that I was happy, very happy?"

"You attempted, indeed, to impose on me with the assurance," replied Clarenham, gravely, "but friendship is lynx-eyed, and for the first time it proves you to be disingenuous."

"You wrong me, Clarenham, indeed you do. Come to my house, and you shall see that Eveleen is all, and more than I have told you; but do not, Burgoyne"—and Augustus scarcely knew how to terminate the sentence—"do not think her repelling, ungracious, cold—do not, in fine, consider yourself unwelcome, even although her greeting may

be more chilling than, as my friend, you are entitled to expect."

"Orville!" exclaimed his companion, indignantly, "is it, can it be possible, that your once proud, your once generous spirit, has stooped to the littleness of jealousy? Had another told me this—" "How do you persist in misconceiving my meaning, Clarenham?" said Augustus; "no, no; were the misery, for it is vain to deny to you, that there exists one—were it of my own creation, how gladly would I cast it from me, and be happy! No; I am striving to become a fashionable husband—to make my own enjoyments—to constitute my own happiness—to find a home in every house, except my own—and a companion in every woman but her whom I have made my wife—for—I have married an icicle!"

"A little tenderness will suffice to thaw it, my good fellow," said Clarenham; "*nil desperandum*: if it be but coldness, you are yet above pity." Orville replied only by an incredulous and hopeless shake of the head, and in silence led the way to his house. Clarenham found Eveleen even more beautiful than he had anticipated; he beheld her, polished, elegant, and talented; he hung enchanted over her exquisite drawings: listened enraptured to her skilful harping, and her melodious voice; threaded with her the graceful dance; and heard with satisfaction and approval her feminine and blameless sentiments;—but he sighed as he gave a mental acquiescence to the assertion of his friend—she was, indeed, towards Orville a very icicle!

There were not wanting many in the world to avail themselves of Mrs. Orville's coldness towards her husband; and all the blandishments of beauty soon wooed him once more to gaiety and dissipation. Augustus loved Eveleen ardently; but repelled by her coldness and composure, even while his heart retained its inmate, his fancy was unoccupied; and how often is a man's better nature led astray by that *ignis fatuus*, imagination! How greedily do mankind imbibe that lure to the marvellous, domestic romance! and how much more ardently do they enter upon the scene as actors! and thus was it with Augustus; he loved Eveleen, but

he had yet felt his matrimonial fancy-sketch to be unfulfilled. He had a friend—who that is the world's favourite is without one?—a fair and gentle friend. Mrs. Auberton was a widow in her three-and-twentieth year: radiant as the mother of the Graces: born for splendour and effect: every glance told, every tone carried with it its own peculiar impression: her eye was dark and soft, the very shrine of tenderness and passion; her voice, music; and her form, perfection—and beyond all this, Mrs. Auberton was vowed against a second bridal! Orville looked on her at first but as on a proud model of feminine beauty. Mrs. Auberton beheld in Augustus a mere married man—married, the world averred, unhappily. Here was romance at once. Orville, young, rich, fascinating, married to an heiress, and unhappy! Mrs. Auberton found a spell in that heart-sorrow; and to Augustus the halo of romance was as brilliant; the once-volatile Selina Derville, glowing in brighter beauty than in her youth; the child of fortune, the favourite of fashion, the handmaid of all the Graces and of all the loves, vowed to a life of widowhood, an existence of spent affection—vowed to it by her own free agency.—“Admirable woman!” murmured Augustus; “how blessed must have been the days of Auberton—to have been the object of such a love—one, which even the grave has failed to chill—one, which I would have bought with my inheritance, and have worn like a jewel at my heart! How is *she*, by her pure and beautiful affection, exalted above her changeful and soulless sex!” Orville’s imagination supplied every void in the portraiture of perfection, and ere very long, the gentle widow and the unhappy husband became the very geniuses of friendship. “I love my wife,” would Augustus say to himself; “but in Mrs. Auberton I cherish a kindred spirit; one which disdains not to betray an interest in me—which weeps over my sorrows, and has a smile ready to bestow on my less frequent joys.”

Eveleen learned the ardour of this friendship, exaggerated by report, which, like the sirocco, thickens as it flies, and she wept long and bitter tears over the rumour: she beheld the brow of Au-

gustus freed from the cloud which had so long obscured it, and his eye rekindled into fire; but a sickness of the soul came over her, as she remembered that the voice of Mrs. Auberton had been the talisman of joy, and her smile its impulse. She met the syren in one of the world’s rose-strown labyrinths—a cloud had gathered on her own beauty, and she felt that the sun of Mrs. Auberton’s radiance glowed brighter from the contrast: her own voice was low, tremulous, and timid; but her rival’s tones swelled into deep volumes of melody, like ocean-music. Eveleen turned aside in agony! “She is beautiful—she is resistless,” murmured the heart-stricken wife, as they parted; “but she does not, cannot love him as I have done!”

Augustus was like one wiled within the circle of a magician; his absences became more frequent from his home; his tenderness towards Eveleen more equivocal. “Did she even upbraid me, I were content,” would he exclaim; “but I cannot endure indifference.” And he did not endure it: reckless of all which told of a home, where he believed heartlessness to be the reigning deity; and his wife—her whom he had chosen among many!—the very priestess of the chilling orgies, he felt no apprehension for the results of any step which he might take, and on entering the breakfast-room one morning, Eveleen found a note addressed to her—thus it ran:

“Farewell, Eveleen—and for ever! Scarcely can I force my pen to trace such a sentence. Wife of my heart—mistress of my first, my deepest passion—farewell! While I yet retained a hope that tenderness and affection would at length overcome an aversion, which was unguessed at by me before our union, I clung to you as the drowning man clings to the only fragment which upholds him from destruction; but you have taught me that it was in vain. I turned to my home, but my only greeting was indifference and obedience: the one chilled me as a husband, the other revolted me as a lover. I sought excitement in the world, and I found it—hearts which sympathized with me, and disclaimed not to avow their sympathy. I was formed for fellowship and affection—they are my existence. I do not reproach you, Eveleen, that you withheld

both—yet why consent to marry one whom you never loved? Alas! alas! when I recal my spirit's triumph, my hopes, my visions—but they are past! Eveleen, farewell!—I have accepted an embassy to a foreign court—I have left England.—Can I do more towards the restoration of that liberty, of which my ill-omened love has deprived you?—Could I hope that you would bestow one anxious thought on my welfare, I would tell you that I am not altogether solitary in my unhappiness; friendship

and sympathy have replaced hope and passion—other ties now bind the heart, from which you have yourself rent the loveliest bond; and though the lesson was a bitter one which taught me to forget that I am a husband, I have found peace in studying that which instructed me how I might yet approve myself a friend. You are free, Eveleen; free from the presence of one who was displeasing to you—free—and for ever!

AUGUSTUS ORVILLE."

S. S.

SONNET.

! Oh for the sky that gladden'd the home of my infancy.

My mother's eyes!—when shall I see
Again those dear eyes turn'd on me?
My mother's voice!—when shall I hear
That more than music to mine ear?
My mother's hands!—when shall I press
Those gentle hands in sweet caress?
My mother's lip!—when shall I prove
How sweet the kiss of mother's love?
My mother's faithful bosom too,
The only one for ever true:
When shall my fever'd head repose
Upon that kind that tender breast;
And there in balmy stillness rest
Oblivious of life's blighting woes?

Naples, 1830.

VELATA.

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF SULLY.

PART IV.

It is truth, when Sully sat down to examine into the financial condition of the country, with a view to curtailing the public expenditure, and of rescuing the people at large from the grievous exactions under which they groaned, he found the abuses so intricately interwoven, and so heaped one upon another, that his great difficulty was to know how and where to begin. The extensive provinces of Dauphiny, Provence, Languedoc, and Guienne, had been so long the theatres of war and outrage, that the funds of their industry were absolutely dried up. So far from being able to contribute to the exigences of the state, they had not wherewithal to supply their own necessities. Throughout

the whole of France, the people had given bonds to the receivers of the taxes for arrears which they were unable to pay up. Sully began by granting, all over the kingdom, a remission of the subsidies of 1596, that by striking off thus much from the weight of their fetters, the poorer classes might breathe with more freedom. The arrears thus relinquished amounted to thirty millions of livres. It could not but occur, however, to this sagacious and intelligent minister, that although this was by no means an inconsiderable sum, it still could not be the raising this amount of thirty millions annually, that could create so much distress in a kingdom so populous and extensive as France. He

suspected there must be something of fraud and speculation at the bottom, and he resolved to get at the truth. "I took up my pen," he tells us, "and began to calculate, and I found, with a horror that augmented my zeal, that for these thirty millions which reached the king's coffers, there were drawn from the pockets of the people—I am almost ashamed to say it—one hundred and fifty millions. After this, I was no longer perplexed to account for the sad situation of the people, when at a time that industry was either persecuted or at a stand; farms neglected, because yielding no profit, and every other description of property fallen in proportion, they had been constrained to furnish annually a sum so much beyond their means, and which had been forced from them by every species of violence."*

To deal effectually with these oppressions, it was necessary to begin with those in whose rapacity they originated. These were, the governors and other officers in the army, the civil magistrates, and the officers of the revenue. All, from the highest to the lowest, turned their public employments as much as possible to their own emolument. He caused an *arrêt* of council to be issued, which prohibited, under heavy penalties, the levying any sums of money upon the people under any pretence, without a warrant duly granted for the purpose, and all treasurers were enjoined to give information of any instance in which this edict was infringed, under pain of being themselves responsible. This order produced a sweeping curtailment of profit, and of course a most indignant dissatisfaction to all those in high office, whose magnificent establishments were fed from the illicit gains which had been thus suddenly put an end to. It was very far from palatable, even to the other members of the council; Sully's ascendancy had, indeed, prevailed to obtain it, but it went sore against their will to assent. They had hoped, through the efforts of the Duke d'Epemon, to defeat it. To increase the comfort of the people by subtracting any thing from the splendour and enjoyments of men of rank, was a sort of policy of

which this noble peer could neither see the utility nor the justice. It was exactly that sort of reform against which, in his opinion, all the lovers of order ought to make a stand. It was one of those dangerous innovations, which, when once begun, no one could tell where it might end. He therefore resolved to put his foot upon it in the outset. His quarrel with Sully on this occasion is worthy to be recorded in all history. It was adjusted by the royal interference in a manner that deserves to go down to the honour of Henry IV. to the end of time. It would detract from its interest to give it in any other than Sully's own words:

"The Duke d'Epemon, who had been informed by the other members of the council of the day on which the *arrêt* was to be passed, flattered himself he should be able to prevent it. Accordingly, he came and took his seat at the council, and addressing himself to me, he made a comparison, with great arrogance and contempt, of the manner in which he sustained his name with that in which I had disgraced mine, by the new profession I had taken up.† I instantly replied to this piece of insolence, by telling him that I considered myself at least his equal in every way. At this plain language d'Epemon reddened with anger, and instead of the insulting coolness which he had at first affected, he proceeded to menaces, which I did not bear with less patience. I replied with quickness—he rejoined in like manner—and, in an instant, the hand of each was on his sword-hilt. If those present had not thrown themselves between us, and compelled us to leave the council-chamber at opposite doors, a new scene would have been exhibited in the place where the debate happened. Our quarrel being reported to the king, who was then at Fontainebleau, his majesty was so well pleased with the zeal which I had shown on this occasion for the ends of justice, that he wrote to me that same hour, with his own hand, and praising my conduct, offering to be my second against d'Epemon—"to whom," said he, "I will speak in such a manner, that he shall not again feel inclined to offer you any inconsiderate

* Memoires, vol. ii. p. 418.

† Alluding to the reform he was introducing

insult of that kind.' D'Epemon perceiving the king so highly offended by his proceeding, asked my pardon in the presence of his majesty, who obliged us to embrace each other, and be reunited."*

Sully found every day fresh enemies to encounter, and fresh difficulties to grapple with. The creatures and dependants of the court were perpetually caballing and intriguing against him. Among the nobility the most unprincipled were found in the highest ranks, the most corrupt were consequently the most difficult to reach. The princes of the blood, even the king's sister herself, and the highest officers of the crown, had all quartered themselves more or less on the public, either by pensions, by privileges, by monopolies, or by special grants made payable out of particular branches of the royal revenue; and the grantees—such was the laxity and utter want of system that prevailed—instead of applying for their stipends to the treasury, were accustomed to pay themselves out of the receipt of the tax burdened with their payment; some out of the poll-tax, others out of the salt-duty, the crown-lands, escheats, tolls of rivers, and the various other heads of revenue. His majesty had moreover no other means of paying off the debts he had contracted with the King of England, the Duke of Wirtemberg, and other foreign princes, than by making them chargeable on these funds; and these foreign creditors had, of their own authority, set up certain demesne land to farm for their own profit, established their own agents and accountants among the farms and farm-ers-general of his majesty, and were not a whit behindhand with them in pillaging the people. Sully, notwithstanding the high rank of the personages with whom he had to deal, bestirred himself to put an end to this licensed extortion. He issued a second *arrêt*, by which all foreigners and natives, princes of the blood, or other officers, were strictly forbidden under any claim of creditorship, or by virtue of any pretended right, title, or grant, of any kind or nature soever, to levy money upon any farms, or royal demesnes, or by means of any tally or impost under which the revenues of the state were

raised and levied. No sooner was this edict sent forth, than the potentates of office were in arms. Any one would have concluded from their prodigious clamour, that their claims were no longer recognised, and that they were reduced to utter ruin, instead of merely having those claims made payable through the proper and legitimate channels. The outcry against this innovation was loud and bitter: it was a meddling with vested interests that was not to be borne. Sully heard their representations with temper; he reasoned with them; he showed that their complainings were without the least foundation; but they were deaf to all he urged; and finding that he might as well argue with a whirlwind, he became deaf in his turn, and gave himself no more trouble about them.

The king in the mean time was besieged with complaints against his minister: representations flowed in showing his utter disregard of justice; the discontent which his conduct engendered amongst the best and most devoted of his majesty's servants; the consequences which sooner or later must infallibly ensue to the state from the great deviation from established order which he exhibited in every department of his administration. Persons in office could rely nothing on the receipt of the monies attached to it; the profits which they had enjoyed till to-day, might to-morrow be cut down and made worth nothing. Uncertainty and confusion reigned every where; and his majesty was entreated to put an end, by his most gracious interference, to a state of things so perilous and so deplorable.

The king, who knew well the character of Sully, and that his measures would infallibly produce all those remonstrances, thought only of upholding him in the arduous task of redressing the public grievances, instead of lending an ear to his calumniators.

It happened that at this time (1599), not less than three of Sully's colleagues were removed by death from the council of finance, within a short time of each other. The Chancellor de Chiveney, Schomberg, and D Incarville. The king took this opportunity of taking the affairs of the revenue out of the hands of a

council, and intrusting the whole administration of the finances to Sully alone. France obtained at length the enjoyment of a permanent and steady government, and Sully from this time began not only to appear publicly at the head of affairs, but to take the avowed management of their administration. The royal domains became much more productive, at the same time that the peasantry were relieved from those oppressive exactions which they had so long been doomed to suffer. The king, by embracing the Catholic faith, had cut asunder the ties of the league, and with it all the links by which that confederacy united itself with the desperate and disaffected of both religions, and kept up a perpetual scene of plunder and devastation. The edict of Nantes had secured to the Protestants the quiet enjoyment of their opinions, given them the free exercise of their public worship, and made them admissible to public employments. This course, though pointed out not less by expediency than by the principles of justice and common sense, created throughout the Catholic established church a very strong sensation of jealousy and discontent. The orthodox contended then, as on the opposite side we have contended since, that to make the Protestants eligible to public offices, was to lay the Catholic establishment at their feet; that unless the wall of partition was kept up, there was no security for the doctrine, discipline, and rights of the Apostolical church; that those who set their faces against exclusion, the *Liberals*, as we should at the present day call them, had no other object at bottom than to overturn both religion and the throne. But neither the king nor his minister were to be alarmed out of the measure. The edict was duly signed; the Protestants, relieved from political oppression, were put on a level with other subjects, and the Gallican church is still safe!

Sully, while begirt with the perplexities of office, had but too often to counterplot the ambition of the king's mistresses. Henry's passion for the fair Gabrielle, whom he had created Duchess of Beaufort, had made him yield to all her wishes, even to that of becoming the partner of his throne. It was at this juncture that his marriage with his queen, Margaret de Valois, was about to

be dissolved, by the sanction of the court of Rome. Henry had become extremely popular; and the wishes of his people that he should leave an heir to the kingdom, had led to the divorce which was now in progress, and which Sully, who had advised the measure, had been mainly instrumental in negotiating. The queen had consented; but when she learned that the Duchess of Beaufort had prevailed upon the king to suffer the infant which she had just borne to him to be baptized with the ceremonial magnificence which had been hitherto confined to the baptism of royal children; and that she was secretly employing agents with the pope, to get her two sons legitimated, she peremptorily refused to accede to the dissolution of her marriage, but upon a solemn stipulation that the royal mistress was not to succeed to the rights she had resigned.

Sully had already remonstrated with the king, and had declared his sentiments most unreservedly as to the pernicious consequences that would follow from encouraging the hopes of the duchess in the elevation to which she aspired. He had predicted that it would revolt the pride of the queen, as proved to be the case. When Henry was informed of the unalterable resolution which the queen had taken, he saw at once that the desire which he had secretly cherished of making the fair Gabrielle the legitimate partner of the royal bed, was destroyed. There was no alternative—he must yield to necessity. He accordingly sent for Sully, and after conferring with him, requested that he would repair forthwith to the residence of the Duchess of Beaufort, that he would make her acquainted with the unalterable determination which the queen had expressed, and counsel her as to the course of conduct which circumstances rendered imperative.

Sully was well aware that the communication that he was thus intrusted to make, was one on which all the arts of rhetoric and persuasion would be thrown away. He sought an interview with the duchess, and was heard for a short time without interruption; but when he proceeded to state, emphatically, the declaration of the queen as to the terms upon which alone she would adhere to her consent regarding the divorce, the offended favourite, relying on her

power over the heart of the monarch, treated his minister with the most indignant rudeness. Her licence of expression was such, that Sully, abruptly rising, said, "Madam, since you think fit to talk thus, it is time that I should take my leave; but I shall not, however, neglect to do my duty."

When Sully reported to his majesty the result of the interview, the king both felt and acted on such an occasion as a king ought to do. "Come along with me," said he, "and I will show you that women do not wholly possess me." He got immediately into Sully's carriage, being too impatient to wait for his own, and drove straight to the apartments of the duchess. He began, on entering, to remonstrate with her, and to entreat that she would get the better of her dislike to Sully, upon whose fidelity he expatiated. He took her hand, holding at the same time that of his minister; but the angry lady showed no disposition to relent. The king then said, with a reserve of manners that she had never before seen him assume, "I became attached to you, madam, from the gentleness of your manner, and from the kindness of disposition which I had conceived you to possess; but your conduct, of late, has convinced me that I am mistaken; you have listened to pernicious counsels, instead of governing yourself by the advice of the minister whom you knew to possess my entire confidence, and from which no effort on your part could alienate me." The fair favourite, who had expected that the sudden departure of Sully would be speedily succeeded by a visit from the king, and had employed the interval in setting off her person to the greatest advantage, and in heightening her charms to the utmost, now began to appeal to his affection with the most engaging softness, and to exercise all her arts of fascination; but she abated nothing of her declared hatred for Sully, against whom she expressed herself most offensively, and, at length, feigning to sink under the agony of her feelings, she

threw herself on a couch which was near her, and protested that she would rather die at once, than survive the affront that had been passed upon her. The king was moved, but was careful to conceal his emotion. He observed with coolness, that "the occasion was not worth the artifice that was employed upon it." Piqued at this reproof, and mortified that Sully should witness this ineffectual appeal to the passions of the monarch, she told the king, in a tone of mingled pride and resentment, that "she perceived she had lost his affection, and that it was only to degrade her the more that he had thus humbled her in the presence of his minister, by such treatment as no woman had ever, till then, been made to endure."—"Pardieu, madame," exclaimed the monarch, "this is too much; I perceive that you have been wrought up to this, to induce me to banish a servant, whose aid I cannot dispense with. But I will do no such thing; and to put an end to any such hope, and that you may cease all fruitless opposition to my wishes, I here declare to you, that were I reduced to the alternative of losing the one or the other, I would rather part with ten mistresses such as you, than with one minister like him." The tone and manner of Henry in this last sentence was decisive. It was obvious that all further artifice was vain; and seeing him about to depart, she threw herself at his feet, and vowed, for the future, an entire compliance with his will. But the obedience of the fair Gabrielle was put but to a short trial. She died soon afterwards, not without well-founded suspicions of poison; and thus relieved her enemies of all fear as to her future influence. Henry, who loved her passionately, was deeply afflicted at her death. The fears of the court being quieted, the affair of the divorce was renewed, and a new alliance was sought out, which might give an heir to the throne.

S.

WHERE AM I GAUN?

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Where am I gaun?—I darena tell ;
 Alas! I hardly ken mysel'.
 There's something burning in my brain
 That leads me out this gate my lane.
 It's no' to be where I hae been,
 It's no' to see wha I hae seen.
 Ah no! 'tis to the cauld kirkyard,
 To greet aboon the lonely sward.

O my Matilda! when with pain,
 I left thy side to cross the main,
 I left all dearest to my life,
 A new made mother and a wife.
 I see thee still—thou sobb'd and wept
 Above our baby as he slept :
 That look of sorrow, and that tear,
 My very soul, till death, will sear.

I kiss'd thee—left thee—where art thou ?
 I have no wife nor baby now ;
 I look around me in despair,
 And then to heaven, for they are there.
 I did not see my baby die ;
 I did not close his mother's eye ;
 Nor hear a blessing from her tongue,
 When the last sigh upon it hung.

When death had reft her baby sweet,
 She wound him in his winding sheet ;
 An' followed to his grave, resigned,
 But ah ! she could not stay behind.
 Where am I gaun?—I know it now ;
 To a dear grave—aye, there are two ;
 A very low and little one
 Lies 'twixt the other and the sun.

There I must wend, though all alone ;
 An inward anguish drags me on,
 O'er these new graves, beneath the yew,
 My tears to mingle with the dew.
 For all that to my soul endear'd,
 I lov'd, I cherish'd, and rever'd,
 Lie there within a lowly shrine ;
 Can there be earthly wo like mine ?

The sweetest bud that ever grew
 Has faded like the morning dew ;
 The parent stem that gave it birth,
 Has sunk into her native earth.
 My wife—my baby—O how sweet !
 But there's a home where we shall meet,
 Beyond yon blue and diamond dome
 We'll find an everlasting home.

A SKETCH OF MY AUNT.

THAT to enjoy perfect felicity is not the lot of mortals here below, is one of those every-day truths which we suffer to pass without contradiction. That we are not, all of us, happier than we are, is for the most part our own fault. We have an old proverb which tells us, that "A contented mind is a continual feast." How often, when a school-boy, has my copy-book recorded this important axiom in all the various diversities of text, round-hand, running-hand, and every other hand, good and bad, in which my penmanship could send it down to posterity. But never have my labours been rewarded with a participation of this "continual feast;" nor, in my life, have I ever seen a guest that was a constant partaker of it. Now and then days of bliss—here and there hours of sunshine—but almost always a lowering atmosphere in the distance, which seemed to say, in the prophetic language of our Almanacs, "Expect bad weather about this time." "Temperature cold and changeable." Often in my moments of meditation have I pondered on the unthankfulness of human kind, and have asked myself how it happens, that living in a world, over which the creative beneficence of the Giver of all good has spread such endless and unutterable blessings, we are, every mother's son—and I might almost add, every mother's daughter—an ungrateful, captious, and dissatisfied race. That the unenlightened savage, doomed to struggle against want, and to scuffle with the elements—that bound to his destiny by links of iron, he should go through the world with depressed and rueful countenance, is nothing wonderful. What I marvel at is, that in this our island, strewed with the gifts of Providence from end to end, every thing like that heartfelt cheerfulness which fills the face with sunshine seems departing fast from us. The mystery is to me the greater, when I reflect, that we are *par excellence* a most religious people; a communion of saints, sojourning in a land which, though it does not flow with milk and honey, is pregnant with Ebenezer chapels, and has a Tabernacle at every turn of the corner. In upper life, and

among the wealthy, I admit their reverence for the Sunday is unvarnished. But out of this privileged circle, the veneer of sanctity is over every thing. Even our very high-roads and public-houses present a very sanctified surface. We will suffer no tired traveller to quench his thirst during divine service. True it is, that in the abundance of our devotion, we offer up prayers for all who travel by land and by water; but we levy double toll upon them at every turnpike, by way of drawback upon whatever benefit they may derive from our petitions in their favour; and our good metropolitan bishop hides his mitred front in the folds of his lawn sleeves, that he may not look upon the iniquity of a water excursion to Richmond, or track the unholy light that follows in the wake of a steamer. I do not quarrel with all this, nor do I concern myself to inquire how much of the wisdom of the serpent we mix up with the harmlessness of the dove. What surprises me is, that amidst all our religious zeal we do not appear to have advanced a single step towards that truly Christian disposition, which is the corner-stone of all felicity. As for disinterestedness, integrity, fair-dealing, and all the higher class of virtues, our faith seems to have long since outgrown them. Burke complained, twenty years ago, that the age of chivalry was gone, and judging from appearance, the age of honesty seems to have gone after it; and this, too, in spite of the addition of fifty new churches, erected as if to put to shame the emptiness of the old ones. That in godliness there is *great gain* we know; but its professors who are in the secret can best tell us who it is that pays the cost. In truth, the calling is so profitable, that the preachers of methodism bid fair to shoulder out the establishment. As labourers in the Lord's vineyard, as they are pleased to style themselves, they handle their reaping-hook with great dexterity; but they take special care to turn the harvest to good account, and to put the ample ingatherings into their own pockets.

Such was the complexion of the thoughts which passed through my mind

while preparing to pay a visit to my aunt, Mrs. Bethell, who ranks very high among that class which assume the appellation of *serious* Christians. Now, a visit to a serious Christian I know from experience to be a serious evil. No one can admire more ardently, or can estimate more highly than myself, that religion of the heart which displays itself in doing good; and which, always busied in contributing to the happiness of others, wears always that cheerfulness of countenance which is reflected from the many happy faces which its benevolence has lighted up with smiles. As for the physiognomy of my aunt, it is of the true pharisaic cast. Its features, which were not naturally very pleasing, have been so long strangers to that loveliness and good humour which would have kept them pliable, that they have, at length, stiffened into an inflexible rigidity. She calls herself "a miserable sinner," and "a worm of the earth;" but should I, or any one else, venture to asperse her in this way, she would presently resent the epithets with all the rage of offended piety. In her youth, her disposition had been any thing but mild, and her manners every thing but exemplary: but while fretting in secret under the curb of moral restraint, she had enough of worldly wisdom to guard herself from open reproach. She floated willingly along the stream of dissipation, but she always kept her virtue above water. In the fulness of time she had the good fortune to bind in the fetters of matrimony one of those easy-tempered, sedate, manageable, good sort of men, so common in the world, who are at the mercy of any woman who will take the pains to set the trap for them. For six years, her worthy husband led the life of a toad under a harrow: at the end of that period, death closed his ears for ever to the clamour of her tongue, and the grave-digger consigned him to a home of peace and quietness. Within a fortnight of his interment, a stone appeared over his grave, with the following inscription:

Underneath this stone lies the body of Jonathan Bethell, who departed this mortal life the 26th of August, 1822. He was the best of husbands, and has left behind him an afflicted widow to bewail his irreparable loss.

--

Oh! reader, stop, and drop a tear;
The best of men lies buried here.
The angels of the Lord protect
All those that are his own elect.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.

This epitaph was not my aunt's own composition. It was furnished by one of her favourite preachers, the flower of Zion Chapel. Passengers did sometimes stop to read it; but many of them, instead of dropping a tear, dropped a remark upon the inconsistency of making this "best of men" declare himself the "chief of sinners." But the dead have one advantage, they are secure from the criticism of the living. The readers walked on without attempting to reconcile the contradiction.

It was not till after her husband's death, that my aunt became a constant hearer of the word. My uncle had been brought up from infancy in the Established Church. He had no head for mysteries, but without perplexing himself with the niceties of its doctrine, he was a most inoffensive, social, and praiseworthy member of it. It always went sore against his grain to go to a meeting-house: he did so sometimes of an evening in compliance with my aunt's urgent entreaty, and to avoid the bickering which always followed his disobedience. But he never could be brought wholly to forsake the national form of worship: having been nursed in the bosom of his mother-church, his love for her was like his love for his mother-country, and to take his seat in a conventicle, seemed to him like disloyalty; but, loving beyond all things a quiet fireside, and being, withal, a man of fair common-sense, he thought it wise to purchase peace by an occasional sacrifice to his wife's evangelical yearnings; he accordingly did so, and his conscience gradually concurred in the prudence of his decision. But no sooner were his remains safely deposited than "his afflicted widow," now sole-empress of her inclination, joined at once, and without reserve, that holy alliance known by the name, style, and title of the *religious public*.

Of that pure benevolence which springs from an innate goodness of heart, my pious aunt, I grieve to say it, had not a spark. But my uncle, by his will, had

left her well provided for ; and the creatures of the conventicle, who, like carrion-crows, scent their prey from afar, contrived from time to time to screw out of her very considerable sums in the shape of subscriptions for what they called *gospel purposes*. A week never passed, but a collection was set on foot under some pretext or other ; and they never failed calling upon her to assist in *the Lord's work*. Various were the committees of the faithful engaged in forwarding the salvation of the citizens of Zion. The British and Foreign Bible Society—the Religious Tract Society—the Society for Missions to Africa and the East, and divers other societies which start up “from year to year continually,” each in its turn levied a contribution upon her purse for the purpose of building up the Redeemer's kingdom. That this godly task is profitable, is a truth to which the saints of modern days can bear ample testimony. There are impostors in religion, quite as numerous as in any other field of gainful speculation ; and backsliders in the path Zionwards, have their operative St. John Longs, whose miraculous cures never fail to generate a host of true believers. My aunt did not at all like parting with her money. She grudged in her heart every pound that was pumped out of her ; but the persuasive powers first of one parson, then of another, were not to

be resisted. Their doctrines dropped as the rain, and their speech distilled as the dew. She was earnestly reminded of St. Paul's injunction : “For this cause pay ye tribute also ; for they are God's ministers, attending continually upon this very thing.” She was made to believe—and she had no difficulty in believing it, that she “was raised up to seek the welfare of the children of Israel ;” that her “labours of love were blessed to the good of many souls ;” and that she had “the promise of all things pertaining to life and godliness,” and that in her the Lord was glorified. It was impossible but that my aunt's charity must blossom under such a shower of scriptural texts as the piety of the brethren always poured upon its roots. She was lifted up in the eyes of the congregation ; she was pointed out as one having the breastplate of righteousness. This gratified her self-love ; for with all her pretensions to humility, she had her full share of pride at bottom. In this respect she was a genuine sample of the class to which she belonged. If they take the lowest seat in the synagogue, it is always with the full conviction that they have a right to the highest.

You may form a pretty correct judgment of the character of my decidedly pious aunt from the present sketch. If I have leisure, I will give you her portrait more at length in a future paper.

S.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

*Deutsches Handbuch. The German Manual for Self-Tuition. By Wilhelm Klauer Klattowsky, Professor of the German and Northern Languages and Literature. 2 vols.**

IN our last number we noticed two works of very considerable merit (the *Prose and Poetical Anthologies of M. Bernays*), intended as helps to the English student, in his acquisition of the German language. We have now to deal with another publication, belonging to the same class, but taking a much higher range, and in every respect entitled to superior consideration. M. Klattowsky has rendered a signal service to both English and French students (for his information is conveyed in both languages) by his *German Manual* ; and we state thus much after having very carefully examined not only the original, but the selected matter of his volumes. He is evidently a skilful grammarian and acute philologist, and thoroughly acquainted with all the peculiarities of the noble and expressive language he teaches.

M. Klattowsky commences with an *Introduction*, in which there is much

* Simpkin and Marshall.

curious matter, explanatory of the pure and primitive character of the German language and its formative power, by creating new words, almost *ad infinitum*, from its inflections, derivative syllables, and faculty of endless combination.* In speaking of the origin of the German language, he seems to think Leibnitz may have gone too far, when he says, a German can at once understand whole phrases of the Persian language; though he admits there is so great a resemblance between the two, that "of the twelve thousand Persian primitive words, more than four thousand are pure German." Leibnitz, however, is not the only scholar whose authority may be quoted in support of this affinity, for Justus Lipsius (Epist. ad Belg. cent. 3, epist. 44) has collected several instances; and the learned Huet has endeavoured to account for it, by reasoning somewhat too erudite, we fear, for the pages of our work. We pass, therefore, to another portion of M. Klattowsky's *Introduction*, in which the professor addresses himself to the ladies; and we shall leave the ladies to decide whether he speaks sober or ironical truths, with regard to their ordinary avocations.

Ladies of high rank, in particular, with whom the German language is deservedly becoming more and more a favourite, and whose stay in town is generally only for that short period which in fashionable life is denominated "the season," have not, during that small portion of time, much leisure for the study of the German, being so much occupied by the serious duties imposed upon them by their station; viz., paying and receiving visits, writing and reading notes, attending balls, routs, concerts, the opera, &c. &c.; to say nothing of that most important and time-engrossing occupation, dress. They are, moreover, upon their return to the country, frequently obliged to forego the study of a language in which they cannot meet with a work that smoothes the road to its acquisition. Finding the general complaint of the want of a guide to the German but too well-founded, I expressed to several persons of distinction my willingness to attempt such a work, and found myself not only encouraged by the approbation my plan met with, but also liberally patronized, as may be concluded from the annexed (prefixed) list of subscribers.

We can conscientiously add the weight of our testimony, not only to the ladies, but to all persons engaged in studying the German language, in favour of our author's plan. We are glad to see, from the list of subscribers to which he refers, that he was sufficiently encouraged to go on with his labours; and we are sure he will not have to complain of any want of remunerating encouragement hereafter, in proportion as his *Manual* becomes known. It contains every thing which can facilitate the progress of the student, whether he be desirous merely of a superficial acquaintance with German, or is animated by a wish to master all its rich treasures. In these two volumes he will find an excellent grammar, a clear exposition of the principles of prosody, as applicable to the German language, five well-engraved plates of German calligraphy, a lucid treatise on German orthoepy, a series of useful dialogues, and a valuable selection from the works of the best German authors, many of them entire pieces; (as for example, *Das dankbare Gespenst* of Musäus, Goethe's *Römische Carnival*, La Motte Fouqué's *Undine*, Kotzebue's best comedy, *Die Deutschen Kleintändler*, and Werner's tragedy of *Der Vierundzwanzigste Februar*), with literal and analytical translations, which almost supersede the use of *viva voce* teaching.

We bestow our approbation upon works like the present, with the more cordiality, because we would fain see the principles of rational tuition supersede the mountebank impositions of those impudent systems, by which it is pretended that

* Take, as an amusing specimen of this faculty of combination, the following Austrian title, which we beg leave to assure the mere English reader is only *one* word, whatever he may think from its length:

"Oberkriegsversammlungs Rathsverhandlungspapieraufbehergehülfe."

The nearest approximation which it occurs to us we can make to this gigantic word in English, is the following:

"President of the board of control and one of the commissioners for the affairs of India."

i. e. President of the Board of Control, and one of the Commissioners for the affairs of India.

languages are thoroughly taught in some twenty or thirty lessons of an hour each. The fools, indeed, who go to learn Spanish, Italian, French, German, Greek, and Latin, in this way, are commonly such wisecracks as are incapable of acquiring languages any way; but the imposition is not therefore the less gross, or the less deserving of exposure. M. Klattowsky, who speaks more indulgently of these systems, in his *Introduction*, than we should have expected from one who is evidently competent to penetrate their fraudulent pretensions, relates a beautiful instance of the proficiency exhibited by one of the Hamiltonian pupils; and we shall conclude our notice of the *German Manual* with extracting it.

Of the effect of Mr. H's teaching (says he) I had an instance afforded me by meeting one day a captain of an East Indiaman at dinner, who extolled the Hamiltonian system exceedingly, and maintained that he had acquired a *perfect* knowledge of the French language in *forty* days, at the trifling expense of 20*l.* for the forty lessons. "Well, Captain," he was asked, "can you say in French, *Will you take some wine?*" "I think I can," he answered, "*Will* is *voulons*, you is *vous*, take is *prenez*, some is *quelquechose*, and wine is *vin* (*ris.*) *Voulons vous prenez quelquechose vent?*" "Mightily well," said a gentleman present, "you will make your way through France." "All this," exclaimed the worthy captain exultingly, "I learned without ever being *bothered* with one word of grammar." This assertion, of course, was at once admitted *nem. con.*

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

AMONG the numerous and curious letters which overwhelm us almost, in this our little *sanctum sanctorum*, is one which will amuse our readers; and indeed, if we mistake not, greatly interest the literary world. It is written on a sheet of foolscap, sealed with an impression of a thistle. It may be altogether a hoax; but as it is too good to be lost, and we have no time to inquire, we give it to the world as we received it.

Sir, or Madam,

It may seem strange to you that in my paper of the 19th, I condemned Mr. Colburn's new work, *The Premier*, which you (having no cause to do otherwise) call a deeply interesting production. But I call your attention to two passages in that book, and then put it to you if I was not justified, first, in suspecting them to be written for myself, and secondly, in revenging myself on the author.

A hasty, but vigorous and correct outline of Mr. McSwinn, was given by Louisa in her gallery of portraits at Deddington Park. To that sketch, it will be enough to add, that Mr. McSwinn was a dispenser of fame to poets, novelists, historians, travellers, biographers, artists, musicians, actors, and, in short, the whole tribe of candidates for renown in every gradation of celebrity, from the writer of epics to the scribbler of sonnets, from the historical painter to the caricaturist, and from the composer of operas to the conqueror of Jews'-harps. He was the most benevolent, the most bland, the most gentle of critics, in addition to being the most felicitous of authors. Under the touch of Midas, every thing became gold; under the pen of McSwinn, every man, woman, and child became a genius. The turnpike-road to posterity was crowded with persons whom he had despatched on their journey thither, provided with certificates from himself of their undoubted right to proceed to their destination. And it seemed as if all whom he thus despatched had lost no time in setting out; for they were seldom heard of afterwards. Mr. McSwinn was a general favourite, which is not surprising, considering that every body was *his* favourite; and that, as the "delicate monster" in the *Tempest* would have "peopled the isle with Calibans," so McSwinn *did* people this our isle with a race of his own Shakespeares, Miltons, Drydens, and other persons of that sort.

In the next passage, the personality seems to be still more pointed.

"I am a fellow-countryman of Sir Ronald's," said McSwinn (dashing at once into his subject, with a pure Caledonian accent, which was better than a hundred certificates in settling the land of his nativity), "and honour him for the honour he has reflected upon Scotland. But I *flatter no man*, though I know I am accused of flattering every man—ay—and every woman too—in the 'Asylum for Authors.' And why? Because I make it a rule to review only works of *superlative merit*, so, of course my opinions, to be

honest, must be laudatory, which bad writers, whom I never notice, call buttering—be-larneying—be-flumnering, and such like. I despise flattery, however; and when, therefore, I say that Sir Ronald McFarintosh has reflected honour on my country, I can feel that I am as little influenced by a spirit of adulation as by one of nationality. Yet, it is too commonly believed Scotchmen are prone to both. And why? Simply from the same cause that I am suspected of scratching the backs of all my literary friends and acquaintances; for it is a curious fact, that Scotland produces more great men, in every department of human excellence, than all the other countries of Europe put together. Go where you will, you find Scotchmen; and wherever you find a Scotchman, depend upon it you will find a man distinguished either by intellectual superiority, or personal bravery—or shrewd knowledge of the world, or a prudent regard for the good things of the world; or, in short, by some distinguishing quality which marks him out for a superior character. Is it to be wondered at, then, that Scotchmen, *who know this*, should speak of *each other* in the way they do? Or can we be surprised, when we remember what *poor envious creatures we are by nature*, that the *rest of the world* say so little about us that is to our credit, but leave us to say it for ourselves?

If these were not written *at me*, and *for me*, are they not most pointedly applicable to what an envious world says of me? and is it not probable, therefore, that the author “had me in his eye?” I confess I had prepared a review in my usual way—about six lines and three-quarters of general praise, to be followed by six-and-thirty columns of extracts; but on discovering the above passages, I cut up the work. I explain this to you out of respect for the *Royal Lady's Magazine*, and am,

Sir, or Madam, your most obedient and very humble servant,
The Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

To the Editor of the
ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE.

Now, without giving an opinion on the accuracy of the supposed portraits of our friend of the *Literary Gazette*, we certainly have great doubt if he were justified in condemning *The Premier* on that account; but even this depends so much upon the plan which he has laid down for the government of his independence, that we hesitate to decide. We have, however, inserted his letter, which is as much as can fairly be expected of us, considering our grave misgivings on so delicate a matter.

- 1.—*The Family Classical Library*. Nos. XV. and XVI.
- 2.—*Divines of the Church of England*. No. X.
- 3.—*Standard Novels*. Colburn and Bentley.
- 4.—*Noble's Orientalist*. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.
- 5.—*The Pious Minstrel*. Charles Tilt.
- 6.—*The Pensée, by a Young Lady*. Hatchard and Son.
- 7.—*The Force of Beauty, and other Poems*. By Thomas M'Bean, Esq. Cowell.

1.—NUMBER fifteen of this most valuable of all the libraries now in course of publication, finishes the works of Tacitus, of the earlier volumes of which we have already spoken. We unhesitatingly pronounce the *Family Classical Library* to be the most valuable of all the libraries, not merely because it presents us with admirable translations of the mighty masters of Greece and Rome, but because it places the works of those noble historians, poets, and philosophers, within the reach of the many; that many, to whom are denied the advantages of classical education, though with minds and tastes every way adequate to understand and enjoy the writings of a Livy, a Virgil, a Xenophon, and a Homer.

The sixteenth number presents us with the *Characters of Theophrastus*. This is neither the place nor the time to discourse critically of productions which come before us in their present shape, laden with the applause of centuries; but we are called upon to notice one feature in the *Theophrastus* which is a novelty. The volume contains fifty engravings, by eminent artists, and produced at a great expense, illustrative of the characters. The names of the artists do not appear; but they are singularly spirited etchings, and in our opinion worth more, of themselves, than the price charged for the volume. When we add, that many of them

remind us of the prodigious force and character which are to be found in Retsch's outlines to *Faust*, we consider we have said enough to convey a just notion of their excellence. They are, in fact, as much studies of human nature as the *Characters of Theophrastus* themselves.

2.—This work classes, in our estimation, with the *Family Classical Library*, viewed in reference to the sterling materials of which it is composed. What, indeed, beyond a mere announcement of its existence, need be said in favour of a series of volumes by which we are put in possession of the works of Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, Tillotson, Hall, Atterbury, South, Paley, Samuel Clarke, &c.? We shall, therefore, content ourselves with stating, that the present number is the fifth volume of the writings of Barrow, of which there are two more to follow, and which will contain, as we are informed, five additional sermons of that nervous writer, now first published from a MS. in the public library at Cambridge.

3.—We can scarcely imagine a work likely to be more attractive than this promised series. It has begun well: it is only necessary to keep it up to its title, and few will be willing to miss an opportunity of possessing, at a moderate price, and in a most inviting form, a branch of literature which is, more than any other, encouraged in this country.

4.—A most delightful volume, rich in specimens of eastern lore, translations of the most popular fables and stories, and judicious observations on the character of oriental literature, collected from all available sources, and handled with great discrimination. The contents of this work are instructive, as well as highly entertaining; nor do we quarrel with the author for giving us various editions of very common tales, even snatches from *Zadig*; for we have seldom taken up a book which amused us more.

5.—A very neatly bound, and neatly printed little volume, of select sacred poetry, comprising pieces from almost all the best authors, and containing nearly four hundred poems: an admirable present for young folks.

6.—A small volume of unequal merit, but of considerable promise.

7.—Mr. M'Bean attempts nothing more than to put a certain quantity of syllables into each line, and goes grubbing on, through we know not how many pages, without once arriving at any thing above the style of *Warren's Blacking Puffs*. As he poetically observes, page 4, line 11:

And thus the ass, the humblest of the brutes,
Will rather brouse upon the coarsest roots,
Than be invited out to dine at six,
Exempt from labour and from wanton kicks.

Why had not Mr. M'Bean chosen these lines for his titlepage? nothing could be more appropriate.

We had written reviews of Mr. Bennet's dramatic poem of *The Albanians*, *Crotchett Hall*, *Bourrienne's Memoirs*, second and concluding notice of *The Premier*, &c. but were obliged to omit them for want of room.

MUSIC.

- 1.—*Sacred Songs*, No. 2. *The Weary Traveller*, by John Goss. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.
- 2.—*Spanish Maidens*, graceful move, a *Ritornello*, sung by Madame Vestris. Poetry by J. J. Leathwick, Esq. Music by Robert Guylott. R. Guylott.
- 3.—*A Thousand a-year*, by Mrs. P. Millard. Inscribed by permission to the Duke of Sussex. A. Pettet.
- 4.—*Lovely May*. A *Ballad*, sung by Mrs. Knyvett. The words by Wm. Ball, Esq. Music by Mrs. P. Millard. A. Pettet.
- 5.—*O! Love is like the Sunny Ray*, by Mrs. P. Millard. A. Pettet.
- 6.—*The Woodland Cot*, sung by Mrs. Waylett. The words by Mrs. Butterworth. The music by Alexander Lee. A. Pettet.
- 7.—*Aria Graziosa and Rondo Pastorale for the Pianoforte*, by J. F. Danneley. Paine and Hopkins.
- 8.—*To the Spirit of My Mother*, a *Canzonet*, by J. Macdonald. Harris.

9.—*I will come.* The Poetry by Miss Pardoe. Music by George Lindley. Willis and Co.

10.—*Listen, sweet Lady, listen.* Serenade, written and composed by John Bird, Esq. J. Green.

1.—Mr. Goss's song is distinguished by its flowing and graceful melody, which has a plaintive cast in it, and the purity of the style. The accompaniments are simple and easy, and the harmonies bespeak the consummate musician.

2.—If Spanish maidens always moved to such pretty sprightly tunes as Mr. Guylott's *Ritornello*, they would indeed be happy creatures.

3. and 4.—The music of these two songs (in E flat major) is essentially the same, though the symphonies are varied. The style of the melody is of the same pleasing kind as that of the well known *Alice Gray*, which is the composition of the same lady. The accompaniments might undergo a little alteration for the better: there are some chords of the seventh which are allowed to make strange revolutions.

5.—This is a lively air in G major 2-4 time, which we confidently recommend, for it truly "beams with morning's brightness." Mrs. Millard is an indefatigable composer, and our songsters are greatly in her debt.

6.—An agreeable melody, well adapted to the words, and which any young lady may sing, as it is contained within a narrow compass. The effect might have been improved, if Mr. Lee had introduced the minor key here and there; for instance, at the words, "The flower is dead, the glance is lost." Some variety ought to have been made in accompanying the second and third verses: it is too bad to have the same twing-twang throughout three verses.

7.—Of the pianoforte pieces we have lately met with, this is the best. Mr. Danneley has not sacrificed expression to mere mechanical execution. The *Allegretto Pastorale* is full of feeling, and reminded us of some of Haydn's charming strains.

8.—This air is manifestly produced under the impulse of feelings which do honour to the character of the composer; it is well calculated to display the voice to advantage, being rich in harmony, without being too elaborate. The *Canzonet* before us has passages full of that expression which makes its way at once to the heart.

9.—A ballad, with all the characteristics of that national—and, in our opinion, too much neglected—class of music; it possesses sweetness, simplicity, and melody. The poetry presents a great contrast to the stuff usually set to music: it will stand alone. Upon the whole, it is a happy composition.

10.—A pretty tripping air, with a simple accompaniment, manageable even by a novice, and not without claims, on account of both melody and poetry.

THE RUSSIAN HORN BAND, one of the most extraordinary novelties that we have witnessed in the musical world, gave two concerts last week at the King's Theatre. The singularity of the performance is in there being twenty-five performers, each having a horn, which plays but one note, and yet concerted pieces are managed with a precision perfectly astonishing.

Drama.

ITALIAN OPERA.—Mrs. Wood has made her appearance at this theatre as *prima donna*. The mere fact of an Englishwoman's filling this station speaks much in her favour; for it cannot be denied that there exists a strong prejudice in favour of every thing that is foreign. Nothing can be more homely, more unsentimental, more anti-operatic, than the name of Wood. The young gentlemen in the pit were at first abso-

lutely afraid to applaud the lady, apprehending loss of *caste*, as the consequence. They seemed to say to themselves, "Tis true she is singing divinely, but what will A and B say if we appear to think so?" At the conclusion of the last act of the *Cenerentola*, however, Mrs. Wood contrived to smother the *non piu mesta*, with all sorts of ornament according to the fashionable modern Italian style, and she completely carried the audience

with her—the whole house from top to the bottom was in an uproar of delight, notwithstanding the vulgarity of esteeming the singing of one who had been so well known on the English boards. And yet this finale was by no means a specimen of really good singing: it was more a display of rapid execution of scales and divisions, assisted by great power of lungs; but it had the merit of being intelligible to the meanest capacity, and hence its success. In other parts of the opera Mrs. Wood gave evidence of her refined taste, and was rewarded by the plaudits of the *cognoscenti*. Were she to study Italian, we think she might successfully compete with her foreign rivals. As far as music is concerned she does so now with most of them. Her voice is of a beautiful quality, sweet, brilliant, powerful, and of most extensive compass: her intonation is remarkably correct, and there is no music too difficult for her.

The best opera as a whole, which has been performed, is Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*: the other nights have been divided between Rossini's *Ricciardo* and the *Cenerentola*. We thought Lablache's acting in *Il Matrimonio*, even more perfect than during last season. Young Seguin made his *début* in *Il Conte Robinson*, and acquitted himself very respectably: there is a fulness and roundness in his tones, which are not often met with in bass voices. Nothing could be finer than the manner in which he and Lablache sang *Se fiuto in avete*. Mr. Seguin wants a little more *corpo* of the Italian *smorfie*, though he acted with more vivacity than we had expected. His predecessor in the part, Santini, rather erred in the opposite extreme.

Pacini's opera *L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei* was brought out for David's benefit, and has been twice performed since. The music possesses no distinctive character, unless, indeed, it be the almost total absence of melody, and in this respect we were rather disappointed: commonplace *remplissage* in the scoring we were fully prepared for. In comparing this opera with any of Rossini's we should say it was a bad imitation of their worst parts. The latter composer covers a multitude of sins by his sparkling melodies, and every now and then a good orchestral effect; but

Pacini is from beginning to end as heavy and lugubrious as can be conceived. We doubt whether any of the audience could remember two successive bars. The overture, if such it may be called, is the most contemptible thing we ever heard; its only redeeming quality is its shortness, and the tinkle of the manager's bell for the rising of the curtain comes like a reprieve from a painful infliction on the auricular nerves. Lablache's singing would make any opera go down, and luckily for the composer, he has plenty to do in the *Ultimo Giorno*. He gave an air in the bravura style, *Se i numi fausti*, with such spirit as produced quite an electric effect on the house. Mrs. Wood sang better than ever, and without that seeming effort which was perceptible on the first two or three nights of her appearance. Having now fully established her title to be *prima donna*, by her musical skill, she was loudly applauded during the course of the opera. We could not help regretting to see her waste her energies on such trashy nonsense. David's earnestness is just the same in whatever part he undertakes; but his own enthusiasm is a poor compensation to his auditors, for the contortions they have to witness, and the screams they have to listen to. One of his admirers is in an ecstasy at his going up to G: but the beauty of a tone by no means consists in its altitude; for, were this the case, we have heard many of the feline species who would be accounted the finest singers in the world. The best chorus in the *Ultimo Giorno*, or we should rather say the least bad, is sung by the women in the first act, and is in a minor key.

All praise is due to the scene-painter and mechanist for the manner in which the catastrophe is brought about in the last scene: it is a splendid representation of the awful and overwhelming eruption of the volcano, and far surpasses any thing of a similar description we ever witnessed at this or any other theatre.

Among the disagreeables here, we must mention the appearance of a Madame Vespermann (not the Vespermann) in a first woman's part, without possessing a single qualification for it, except that of bearing a foreign name. She was deservedly hissed, and would

have been so served even at the Coburg. Madame Castelli is still suffered to haunt the stage in company with Signor de Angeli. The chorus-singers are as ill-disciplined as ever, and are a disgrace to the place: the first chorus in the *Cenerentola*, which they must have repeated hundreds of times, is so infamously sung, that a stranger would think they had never before rehearsed it. It is in vain poor Spagnoletti shakes his fiddlestick at them.

The Ballet of *Kenilworth* is a splendid pageant, and is well got up in all its parts. Costa's music has the merit of being well suited to its object: many of

the melodies are pleasing, and some of them original, particularly the war-dance, and the mock-heroic dance of the deities. The overture reminded us every now and then of that to *Guillaume Tell*: some of the noise might be beneficially curtailed. Paul's dancing is all that could be desired; and his sister, for the velocity and neatness of her steps, is unrivalled. Brocard makes a graceful and interesting representative of Amy Robsart, but the catastrophe ought certainly to be altered: at present it sends the ladies home in the horrors. Leicester should be made to rescue Amy, and punish her would-be destroyer.

Fashions.

ALTHOUGH the month of April is never very fertile in new fashions, yet luckily there are always some *élégantes* to be found, who, tired of furs, velvet, and satin, seize the first days of sunshine to appear in spring *toilettes*. We have selected a few articles of out-door dress now in preparation for some of those ladies, which our fair readers will find not less remarkable for novelty than elegance.

The first we shall describe is a morning carriage-bonnet, of white *gros d'orient*; the brim, without being larger than those worn last month, is something deeper in front, but slopes off more at the sides, and is equally short and close at the ears: the lining, of very pale rose-coloured satin, is partially covered on one side by white blonde lace, arranged in three festoons, which are formed by very small white roses: the crown is of a melon shape, the material laid plain on one side, and in full folds on the other; these folds are gathered on the right side in front under a full knot of riband, from the base of which issues a *bouquet* composed of long light sprigs of white roses, with their foliage—they incline towards the left side. A knot, similar to that in which the *bouquet* is placed, but without flowers, confines the folds near the left ear behind. The *brides* are trimmed with narrow blonde lace; and, instead of tying in bows and ends, fasten in a *rosette* under the chin.

A carriage hat, of blue *gros de Naples*

glacé, has caught our fancy, by the mingled grace and lightness of its form and ornaments. The crown, higher before than at the back, was trimmed with a long white ostrich feather, placed near the top, and which drooped in a serpentine direction round it. A wreath of white gauze riband, resembling oak leaves, crossed the brim on the inside, and, turning a little over it, terminated in a very light *rosette* of cut ribands.

A *pelisse*, intended to be worn with the white bonnet that we have described above, is composed of emerald-green *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* comes up to the throat behind, and turns over in the shawl style: the lappel differs from any that has yet been seen, by being quite square behind; it is of moderate and equal breadth from the shoulder to the waist, leaving the bust partially exposed. The upper part of the sleeve is arranged in two *bouffans*, shallow in front of the arm, but falling nearly to the elbow, and of the usual extraordinary and ungraceful width: the rest of the sleeve sits nearly, but not quite close to the arm; it is ornamented at the hand by three vine-leaves; they are satin, of a darker shade, placed in an oblique direction. The *pelisse* is open in front, and the *corsage* and fronts are trimmed round the border with vine-leaves, also of satin; those at the lower part of the border are larger than those on the *corsage*.

Boa tippets are expected to be worn during the whole of the month, but they will be of swansdown, or of *marabouts*.

We have seen some *chemisettes*, for morning dress, composed of cambric, plaited in *bias* compartments, and embroidered between each compartment. The collar is made *en pélerine*, very deep, cut round in large *dents*, each embroidered in the centre. These *chemisettes* fasten up the front by small dead gold buttons.

A few morning dresses, composed of *jaconot* muslin, are principally remarkable for the richness of their embroidery; though there is also some novelty in the *corsages*, made nearly but not quite up to the throat; the upper part sits close to the shape, both before and behind; the lower part has a slight degree of fullness: a very rich embroidery, in detached *bouquets*, one in the centre, one on each shoulder, and one behind, adorns the upper part of the *corsage*. The sleeves are arranged from the shoulder to the elbow in two *bouffans*, the first very large, the other much smaller; the remainder of the sleeve is of a very moderate and graceful width; it terminates by a broad band of rich embroidery. The skirt is worked round the border in detached *bouquets*; they are placed a little below the knee, at some distance from each other, and, though rich, are of a very light description. It is expected that muslin dresses will only be partially adopted during this month, except in half-dress, for which muslin under-dresses, embroidered round the border, are likely to be very generally worn with open dresses of *gros d'orient* or *gros de Naples camélion*; these last will be made in the *demi-redingote* form; the trimmings of two struck us as very novel; one, which was upon a dress of blue *gros d'orient*, consisted of eight rouleaux, so small, that they did not all together form above two inches in breadth; they were alternately blue and white, and arranged in a kind of zigzag round the *corsage*, and down the fronts of the dress. The other trimming was a wreath of cockscombs of the material of the dress, *gros de Naples camélion*; these ornaments were bordered with narrow white blonde lace.

Satin d'Algar has taken place of velvet in evening dress; the rest of the materials we mentioned last month continue in favour; white blonde lace dresses, white crape, and *gaze Donna Maria*; the two latter, embroidered in

gold or silver, are considered most *distingué*. Silver, emerald, green, blue *Adeluide*, violet, various shades of rose-colour, and citron, are the most fashionable colours.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Longchamps approaches to force our fair Parisians to abandon state affairs for those of the *toilette*, or rather to blend them together. "Yes," cries a pretty *merveilleuse*, energetically, "we must have war; it is necessary to rouse France from the lethargy in which she is plunged. Our tricoloured flag shall wave *à propos*, tricoloured scarfs will certainly be worn at Longchamps; I must see whether Delisle has got some new ones, and order Herbant to mingle the colours in the *nœuds* of my *chapeau*. Yes, war is inevitable, one cannot help giving a sigh, though, to the charming English muslins; *mais c'est égal*, I have already bought mine for Longchamps, you have no idea how pretty it is; *ma toilette sera délicieuse*."

And *en attendant* out-door costume affords no novelty, it consists of a *redingote* of satin, or of *gros de Naples*, with a *boa* tippet thrown carelessly round the shoulders. Or if the day is cool, a *gros de Naples* dress with a cachemire shawl; it is only the *capotes*, and *chapeaux* of our fair promenaders, that offer any thing worthy of description or remark.

The first are composed of *gros de Naples*, or *gros des Indes*, with large drawn brims, longer than those of last season, and low round crowns which are also drawn, and some of them are higher on one side than the other; the trimming is composed of two light rosettes of gauze riband, one placed on the right side near the top of the crown, the other very far back at the left upon the brim close to the crown. A large rosette is placed inside the brim exactly in the centre, the ends of which fall over the curls or band of hair upon the forehead.

Hats are smaller and altogether of a more becoming shape than those worn in the winter. The crowns are low, some of a round, others of a melon form. The brims open on the forehead, but close and modestly deep at the ears, are just of a right length to display to advantage the shape of the throat. Watered silk, *gros d'orient*, and plain *gros de Naples*, are the materials for hats; they are trimmed with gauze ribands and

flowers. Some have two *bouquets* of *violottes de Parma*, placed end to end on the front of the crown in such a manner as to form a *V*. A long sprig of lilac with its foliage, is also a favourite ornament, it bends in an arched direction over the brim.

Easter daisies, primroses, and Spanish jessamine, are also employed. The *bouquet* is placed at the bottom of the crown, but its stalks are so long that the flowers rise above it. Some *bouquets* are attached to the hat by an ornament of the same material, it consists of three *dents* trimmed with blonde lace. Others bend down upon the brim, where they are arranged in the form of a fan by *coques* of riband.

ST. JAMES'S COURT DRESS.

A dress of *tulle* over a rich white satin slip; the skirt is trimmed with *rouleaux* of white satin, and *bouquets* of blue flowers with silver foliage. Train of rich blue watered silk; the edge embroidered with a rich deep pattern of embossed silver. Head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers, and a tiara of diamonds and sapphires, with necklace, earrings, clasp, &c. to match; white satin gloves; shoes of silver tissue; blonde lappets.

DITTO DINNER DRESS.

A dress of rich crimson satin, the *corsage* à la *Sévigné*, long *gigot* sleeves of *tulle*, with a double ruffle of blonde, and terminating with a gold bracelet, cut à *jour*. Hat of white crape; the ornament within the brim is composed of white gauze riband with straw-coloured edges, and a fan-like ornament of blonde; the crown is decorated with similar ornaments, and three *oiseaux de paradis*.

1.

PARISIAN DINNER DRESS.

A GOWN of lilac satin d'*Alger*, *corsage* of the *demi-redingote* form, the pelerine part shallow in front, but deeper behind, is trimmed with blonde lace; sleeves à l'*Imbecillé* of gaze de *Paris*, over a short satin sleeve. The border is ornamented with blonde lace, headed by a *rouleau* of lilac satin; the trimming is raised about as high as the knee in the centre of the skirt, by a pearl ornament. The head-dress is a white crape *chapeau à la Bonaparte*; it has a low crown, and a large turned-up brim, ornamented on the left of the inside with a *naud* of lilac riband, and a white ostrich feather placed perpendi-

cularly; two feathers, which droop to the right side, adorn the crown. The jewellery worn with this dress should be gold and pearls.

2.

FULL DRESS.

A pale lemon-coloured crape dress over satin to correspond. The *corsage* is arranged *en demi-cœur* by horizontal folds before and behind: it is cut very low, quite square, and trimmed round the top with a blonde net *niche*, which also encircles the *demi-cœur*. *Béret* sleeve surmounted by a double fall of blonde lace, arranged in the form of a scallop-shell. The border is trimmed with white ostrich feathers disposed in creases. The hair is dressed in large curls at the sides, and in two large bows on the summit of the head; it is ornamented with diamond pins, and a bouquet of ostrich feathers. Necklace and earrings diamonds.

3.

EVENING DRESS.

A gown of rose-coloured *gros de Varna*, the *corsage* half-high, and sitting close to the shape, is trimmed with light *rouleaux* of swansdown arranged *en brais* at regular distances. Short sleeve forming a single *bouffant*, and trimmed to correspond. The skirt is bordered above the hem by three *rouleaux* placed rather further asunder than those on the body and sleeves. The hair is dressed low, and in full curls at the sides, and in a single round bow on the crown of the head. A bouquet of wild flowers surmounts the bow. Necklace and earrings pearls.

4.

OPERA DRESS.

A dress of emerald-green gaze de *Sire*, over satin of the same shade; the *corsage*, cut low and square, is arranged in perpendicular folds, and trimmed with two rows of blonde lace disposed in the form of a round pelerine, and headed by a blonde net *niche*. *Béret* sleeve. The front of the dress is trimmed from the waist to the edge of the border, with bands of riband arranged in the form of a broken cone, they are each looped in the centre by pearls, and finished at each end by a *naud en tulippe*; the ribands are a shade darker than the dress. The *béret* is composed of blonde lace and ornamented with pearls, and an *esprit* necklace and earrings pearls.



COURT DRESS.

DINNER DRESS.

ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S,

AND FASHIONABLE NOTICES.

WINDSOR.

On Saturday, the 26th of February, their Majesties arrived at Windsor. The road and streets leading to the castle were lined with people, who received the royal party with every demonstration of loyalty. In the evening, the town was brilliantly illuminated.

On Sunday, the 27th, their Majesties attended the Chapel Royal accompanied by Prince George of Cambridge.

On Monday, the 28th, the King inspected the lodge which is erecting in the Home Park for her Majesty, and the various farming establishments. There was a small dinner-party at the Castle, in addition to the Royal suite; the visitors included Sir John Gore, and Lady and Miss Gore.

On Tuesday, the 1st of March, the King proceeded to Cumberland Lodge, where many alterations and improvements are going on, under the direction of Sir Jeffrey Watville; that gentleman and Sir William Freemantle attended his Majesty. His Majesty also inspected the alterations in the stables at the upper and lower mews.

On Wednesday, the 2d, rather before noon, their Majesties left Windsor for London, his Majesty having to hold a Court and Levee at St. James's Palace: their Majesties were escorted by a party of Lancers. At half-past eight in the evening their Majesties returned to the Castle, attended in the same manner as on their departure in the morning. Lord Byron arrived in the course of the day at the Castle, as Lord in Waiting to the King.

On Thursday, the 3d, Colonel George Fitzclarence arrived at the Castle on a visit to their Majesties.

THE KING'S COURT AND LEVEE.

On Wednesday, shortly after two o'clock, his Majesty held a Court at his Palace of St. James's, and afterwards a Levee.

The Court commenced with an investiture of the Order of the Bath. The Knights Grand Crosses, who assembled in the *entrée* room, were, their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Cumberland, Gloucester, Prince Leopold, the Prince of Orange (Honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Order), the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Gordon, General Viscount Beresford, General the Earl of Rosslyn, General Lord Hill, General Sir William Clinton, Lieut.-General Sir James Kempt, General Sir Alexander Hope, General Sir J. Doyle, Admiral Sir James Saumarez, Field Marshal Sir A. Clarke, Lord Stuart de Rothsay, Civil Knight Grand Cross. The officers of the

Order present were the Dean, the Genealogist, S. George Naylor (Garter); Algernon Greville, Esq., Bath King of Arms; Capt. M. Seymour, Registrar; William Woods, Esq., Deputy Registrar; G. F. Beltz, Esq., Gentleman Usher of the Red Rod, and Brunswick Herald. The members of the Order were attired in their splendid robes. When all were assembled, and their names had been duly called over, G. F. Beltz, Esq., the Gentleman Usher, had an audience of the King, who commanded the investiture; whereupon the members of the Order, attended by their officers, approached his Majesty in the Throne-room, making their obeisances. The King was attired in the robes of the Order, which are similar to those of the other members, excepting that the train is much longer. The two junior Knights present withdrew, attended by the Gentleman Usher, and introduced Count Munster, for the purpose of his being invested with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross. His Excellency, who is a member of several foreign Orders, had the honour of Knighthood conferred on him by his Majesty with the sword of state. The usual ceremony was gone through, and his Excellency was invested by the King with the star and riband of the Order. The Gentleman Usher then introduced Lieut.-General Sir William Houstoun, accompanied by the two junior members of the Order, when the Sovereign invested him also with the star and riband of a Knight of the Grand Cross.

His Majesty then held a Levee, which was attended by Prince Leopold, the Prince of Orange, the French, Russian, Austrian, and Brazilian Ambassadors; the Prussian, Swedish, Danish, Sardinian, Neapolitan, and Wirttemberg Ministers, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Secretaries of State for the Home and Colonial Departments, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Lord Chamberlain, the Groom of the Stole, the Master of the Horse, the Captain of the Yeoman Guard, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Master-General of the Ordnance, Lord Hill (Gold Stick in Waiting), Colonel Cavendish (Silver Stick in Waiting), the Treasurer of the Household, the Clerk Marshal, the Deputy Adjutant-General, the Master of the Ceremonies.

The following persons were also present:—A^c Court, col.; A^c Court, capt. R.N.; Ashmore, capt. 36th regt., by Col. O'Mal-

ley, 88th regt.; Barton, lieut. R.N. his Majesty's ship *Belvidera*, on appointment, by Vice-Admiral Sir R. King, bart.; Bathurst, hon. W.; Belfast, earl; Beltz, Mr.; Beresford, vis.; Betham, sir W.; Bevan, lieut. E., R.N., by Sir M. Maxwell; Brande, Mr.; Brymer, capt. J. 5th drag. gds., on promotion, by H. R. H. Prince Leopold; Buckingham, duke of; Campbell, hon. capt. G., R.N., on being appointed Groom of the Bedchamber, by the Marquis of Winchester; Carlisle, earl; Carpenter, commander E. T., R.N., by Sir T. Hardy; Charlemont, earl of; Chetwynd, sir G.; Chetwynd, Mr., on going abroad, by his father, Sir G. Chetwynd; Chichester, dean of; Clanricarde, marquis of; Clements, lieut.-col. M.P. for the County of Leitrim, by Vis. Beresford; Clements, col.; Cockburn, major-gen. sir J. bart., on his promotion and appointment, by Gen. Lord Hill; Colegrave, Mr. by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk; Crampton, Mr. P. C.; Curteis, Mr. H., M.P. for Sussex, by the Duke of Richmond; Curtis, sir W.; Curzon, hon. F., by the Duke of Devonshire; Cust, col.; Damer, col. D.; D'Epinay, Mr. A., delegate of the inhabitants of Mauritius, by Vis. Goderich, sec. of state for the colonies; De Veulle, Mr. J., on his appointment to the office of bailiff of the Island of Jersey, by Lord Vis. Melbourne; Douglas, col.; Downes, lord; Doyle, gen. sir J.; D'Urban, capt., by Sir W. Gordon; Fanshawe, col.; Fitzclarence, col.; Fox, Mr. H., by the Duke of Devonshire; Gardiner, major-gen., on being appointed deputy assistant-general to the forces, by Lord Hill; Gordon, duke of; Grant, col.; Greene, commander C., by Vice-Adm. the Hon. Sir H. Blackwood, bart.; Gregory, capt. 98th regt., by Sir G. Scovell; Hall, Mr. by Col. Wood; Hamilton, capt.; Hamilton, capt. 81st regt. on his return from Canada, by his father, Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. Hamilton; Hamilton, gen. sir J. bart.; Hamilton, rev. F., by Vis. Melbourne; Hart, sir A., by the Lord Chancellor; Hereford, the dean of, by Earl Grey; Higgins, col.; Howard, Mr.; Howard, Mr. P. H.; Houstoun, lieut.-gen. sir W., on his appointment to the grand cross of the bath, by Lord Hill; Jelf, capt., by Sir H. Taylor; Kellet, lieut. A., R.N., by Sir J. Graham; King, adm. sir R.; Knight, adm. sir J., K.C.B.; Leitrim, earl of, by the Earl of Charlemont; Lennox, lord W.; M'Kenzie, gen. H.; Mountcharles, lord; Murray, lieut. D. 7th royal Fusiliers, by Lord Mansfield; Nayler, sir G.; Nicolls, lieut.-col. commandant and superintendent of Fernando Po, on his return to England; Northesk, earl; O'Neill, major-gen. M.P. for the county of Antrim,

by the Earl of Belfast; Perkins, rev. F. D., on his reappointment as chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, by the Bishop of Winchester; Petre, lieut. H. 18th lt. drags., by the Duke of Norfolk; Philips, sir G., by the Duke of Norfolk; Ramsden, capt. H., queen's royal lancers, by the Marquis of Winchester; Richmond, duke of; Robinson, lieut. C. G., R.N., by Sir T. Hardy; Rosslyn, earl; Russell, lord, by the Earl of Albemarle; Ryan, major; Seymour, capt. M., R.N.; Seymour, Mr. F.; Stanley, sir E.; Stanley, Mr. E., by Lord Durham; Stapylton, gen. C.; Stuart de Rothsay, lord; Sutherland, col.; Sydney, vis., by Earl Howe; Sydney, sir W.; Talbot, Mr. J., by Sir H. Taylor; Tavistock, the marquis of, by the Earl of Albemarle; Tennyson, Mr.; Thomas, rev. Dr., late senior chaplain to the hon. East India Company at Madras, by Sir Edmond Stanley, late chief justice of his Majesty's supreme court at Madras; Thornton, col. sir C. W., on receiving the honour of knighthood, and on being made military commander of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order; Turnour, hon. —; Vincent, lieut.-gen., by Lord Hill; Vizard, Mr., secretary of bankrupts to the Lord Chancellor, by the Lord Chancellor; Wellington, duke of; Winchester, alderman; Wynn, sir W. W.

Immediately after the Levee his Majesty held a Privy Council, to prick for an amendment in the list of Sheriffs, when the name of E. F. Maitland, Esq., was inserted as Sheriff for Brecknockshire. At the conclusion of the Privy Council the Recorder made his report of convictions at the December and January Sessions.

The King gave audience to Earl Grey, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Viscount Melbourne, Viscount Althorp, the Marquis of Winchester, Lord Hill, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Clanricarde, Sir Geo. Nayler, and Sir L. Meller.

The Earl of Roden was the Lord in Waiting, and at the close of the Court the Noble Earl had an audience of his Majesty, and resigned his office as a Lord of the Bedchamber.

About six o'clock their Majesties left the Palace, in a travelling chariot, on their return to Windsor, escorted by a party of Lancers.

On Saturday, the 26th of February, the Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, and the Duchess of Gloucester, visited their Majesties, at St. James's Palace. Prince Leopold was present at the King's Theatre. The Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and a select party, dined with the Princess Augusta.

On Sunday, the 27th, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria heard divine service

performed at Kensington Palace by the Dean of Chester. The Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, heard divine service at their apartments in St. James's Palace. The Duke of Sussex, Duchess of Gloucester, and Princess Sophia, visited the Princess Augusta.

On Monday, the 28th, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg and the Duke of Sussex, dined with the Princess Augusta, at her apartments in St. James's Palace. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria visited the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at Gloucester House. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, and Prince Leopold were present at the French Theatre.

On Tuesday, the 1st of March, the Prince of Orange, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Sophia, the Princess Sophia Matilda, and the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, visited the Princess Augusta, at her apartments in St. James's Palace, and were entertained with a *déjeuné*. Prince George of Cumberland coursed in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Earl of Errol and Sir George Quintin.

On Wednesday, the 2d, being the anniversary of the birthday of the Duchess of Cumberland, her Royal Highness received the congratulations of an immense number of the royal family and nobility and gentry, at her residence in St. James's Palace. The Queen called on her Royal Highness shortly after two o'clock, accompanied by the Duchess of Gloucester, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and the Princess Augusta. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria had arrived previously; and the Duke of Sussex, Duke of Gloucester, and Prince Leopold arrived shortly after, when the whole royal party partook of a splendid *déjeuné*. The Duke of Cumberland gave a dinner, at his apartments in the Palace, to the Directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music, his Royal Highness being the Director of the evening—which was the opening one of the season. The Princess Augusta entertained a select dinner-party at her Royal Highness's apartments in St. James's Palace. The Landgravine of Hesse Homburg was present.

On Thursday, the 3d, the Duchess of Cumberland and the Princess Sophia visited the Princess Augusta.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

Viscount Falkland is appointed a Lord of his Majesty's Bedchamber in Ordinary, in the room of the Earl of Beverly, who has resigned. The King has nominated the following Knights Commanders of the Bath, to be Knights Grand Crosses:—Lieut. Gen. Sir William Houston, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Ed-

ward Barnes, Lieut.-Gen. Rt. Hon. Sir John Byng. The King has been pleased to appoint the following gentlemen Grooms of his Majesty's Bedchamber in ordinary:—Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Blackwood, Bart., K.C.B., in the room of Henry Hope, Esq., resigned; Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Otway, K.C.B., in the room of the Hon. Sir Robert Spencer, deceased; the Hon. Capt. Campbell, R.N., in the room of the Hon. Cecil Forester, resigned. John de Veulle, jun., Esq., has been appointed Bailiff of the island of Jersey, in the room of Sir Thomas le Breton, resigned.

WINDSOR.

On Saturday, 5th of March, his Majesty drove out in his pony phaeton, attended by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, and visited various parts of the Royal domain. About two o'clock the Queen rode on horseback. Her Majesty was attended by the Earl and Countess Howe, Lord Byron, Sir Augustus D'Este, Sir Andrew Barnard, Miss D'Este, and Miss Bagot. The Prince of Orange arrived at the Castle on a visit to their Majesties. The Duchess of Cumberland, Prince George of Cumberland, attended by the Baron de Linsingen and Lady Sophia Lennox, attended the King's Theatre. The Princess Augusta received a select party to dinner, at her apartments in St. James's Palace. The Landgravine of Hesse Homburg was present.

On Sunday, the 6th, their Majesties attended divine service at St. George's Chapel, accompanied by the Prince of Orange and Prince George of Cambridge, Earl and Countess Howe, Miss Bagot, Miss D'Este, Miss Wilson, Lord Byron, Sir Aug. D'Este, and Sir Fred. Watson. There was a small dinner-party at the Castle. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria heard divine service performed by the Rev. Mr. Pitman, in their apartments in Kensington Palace.

On Monday, the 7th, shortly after the breakfast hour, their Majesties left Windsor Castle accompanied by Prince George of Cambridge, escorted by a party of Lancers, and arrived at St. James's palace about one o'clock. Shortly after their arrival, the Queen visited the Princess Augusta, and at five o'clock (on account of an intended visit to Covent Garden Theatre) their Majesties dined, and entertained such of their suite as were appointed to attend them to the theatre. The two young Princes, George of Cumberland and George of Cambridge, dined with their Majesties. The Royal party arrived at the Theatre at seven o'clock: a guard of honour, under the command of Lord Henry Paulet, having previously taken possession of the avenues leading to the theatre. The entrance-hall was lined by the Grenadiers, and the staircase by the Yeoman of the Guard, and two Life-Guardsmen were stationed at the door of the

Saloon, dressed as Cuirassiers. The various parts connected with the royal box, were fitted up in a rich and suitable manner. The two young Princes sat in front of the royal box, one on the left side of the Queen, and the other on the right side of the King. His Majesty was attended by the Lord Chamberlain, the Groom of the Stole, the Master of the Horse, the Captain of the Yeoman Guard, the Vice-Chamberlain, Lord Byron, as Lord in Waiting; the Hon. Capt. Campbell, Groom in Waiting; the Treasurer of the Household; Mr. Mash and Mr. Martin, the Gentlemen Ushers in Waiting; and Mr. Gardner, the Groom of the Great Chamber in Waiting. Earl Howe attended the Queen as Chamberlain, and the Earl of Errol as Master of the Horse. The Countess of Mayo, Mrs. Paget, Misses Boyle, Bagot, Johnson, Hope, Eden, and Wilson, were in attendance on the Queen. Her Majesty was dressed in rose-coloured silk, and wore a splendid plume of feathers, and many diamonds. The King was in Admiral's uniform. The Duchess of Gloucester visited the Duchess of Cumberland at her apartments in St. James's Palace. The Princess Augusta entertained a select party at dinner, including the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg.

On Tuesday, the 8th, Her Majesty paid a visit to Lady Sidney, at her residence in Bolton-street. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince of Orange, and Prince George of Cambridge, and attended by the Countess of Mayo, Miss D'Este, Earl Howe, and the Earl of Errol, went to the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, where the Royal party remained nearly two hours, visiting all the various exhibitions. In the evening the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Duchess of Kent, and Lady Catherine Jenkinson, dined with their Majesties at St. James's Palace. His Majesty gave audiences to the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, the Hon. Sir Henry Blackwood, and Sir Thomas Hardy.

THE KING'S LEVEE.

On Wednesday, the 9th, the King held a Court and Levee at St. James's Palace. Shortly after two o'clock his Majesty took his seat on the throne, surrounded by the Great Officers of State, &c., and received the Lord Mayor and the corporation, who came to present an address on the Reform Bill. The Lord Mayor, and the other city officers, and 128 of the Common Council were introduced to his Majesty, by the Deputy Chamberlain, and Gentlemen Ushers in Waiting; and the address was read by the Recorder, and replied to in the most gracious terms by the King. His Majesty then descended from his throne, and received the company who attended the Levee—which included the Duke of Sussex, Prince Leopold, the Prince

of Orange, all the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers, the Archbishops, the Great Officers of the Household, several of the Cabinet Ministers, &c. After the Levee the King held a Privy Council, to prick for a Sheriff for Radnorshire, in the room of the late Mr. Duppa, when his Majesty pricked Thomas Duppa, Esq., the brother of the deceased. His Majesty gave audiences to the Duke of Devonshire, Viscount Bolingbroke, the Marquis of Clanricarde, Earl Grey, the Marquis of Winchester, Viscount Melbourne, Viscount Goderich, Viscount Althorp, the Prince of Orange, Lord Hill, Viscount Palmerston, the Earl of Albermarle, Sir James Graham, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Mr. E. Wynn. The King also gave an audience to Prince Talleyrand, the French Ambassador, who delivered several letters to his Majesty.

The following are the special presentations:

Anderson, Mr. D. by the marquis of Bute; Anson, lieutenant-gen. Sir W. by vis. Anson; Archdall, gen. by the earl of Rosslyn; Archibald, Mr. attorney-gen. for Nova Scotia, by vis. Goderich; Armstrong, lieutenant-gen. by the earl of Roden.

Balfour, Mr. C. by sir J. Harrington; Baynes, Mr. C. by lieutenant-gen. sir J. Kempt; Beadon, Mr. by lord J. Thynne; Beauclerk, capt. J. by the hon. H. Paget; Bernard, capt. by gen. sir H. Warde, K. C. B.; Boileau, capt. by major-gen. Gilmour; Bowles, lieutenant-col. by the earl of Macclesfield; Brabazon, lord, by the earl of Clanwilliam; Briggs, Mr. J. on appointment to the Victualling Board, by sir J. Graham; Browne, lieutenant-col. by lord Hill; Brüdges, Rev. E. by lord Tenterden; Buckley, ens. on his return from India, by major-general Manby; Bullock, Mr. J. by lord Maynard; Burrow, rev. Dr. by the right hon. and right rev. the lord bishop of London.

Campbell, maj.-gen. J. on being appointed a knight commander of the Royal Guelphic Order, by lieutenant-gen. sir H. Taylor; Chaplin, Mr. M. P. by the earl of Westmorland; Cholmondeley, hon. H. by sir W. Wynn; Collins, commander, E., R. N. by lord De Dunstanville; Conway, Mr. S. 3d lt. drgs. by sir W. Wynn; Cooper, rev. A. by the dean of Carlisle; Cooper, capt. M. on rejoining his regiment, by major-gen. sir A. Bryce; Copeland, Mr. alderman, with an address from the Ward of Bishopsgate; Corry, Mr. C. O'Neil, by the lord in waiting; Coulson, Mr. on his marriage, by lord Saltoun; Cowan, alderman, by the Lord Mayor.

Dering, rev. C. by sir E. C. Dering; Dixon, capt. on promotion, by col. Woodford; Dobree, lieutenant. R. N. by rear-admiral Dundas; Drake, sir F. by the Lord Chancellor; Drax, Mr. S. E. by the marquis Camden; Drummond, lieutenant by the inspector-

gen. of fortifications; Dunstanville, lord De, by the earl of Hardwicke.

Egerton, Mr. T. on his marriage, by lord Ely; Ellerman, Mr. K. Y. O. his Majesty's consul-general for Hanover, on returning to Antwerp, by viscount Palmerston; Forbes, Mr. J. by the marq. of Winchester; Framp-ton, lieutenant J. N. by major-general Gilmour; Freemantle, sir F. bart. M. P. by the right hon. sir W. Freemantle; Fuller, Mr. by lord Rendlesham.

Gould, capt. by lieutenant-gen. sir C. Imhoff; Graydon, Mr. by gen. sir J. Doyle, bart.; Greenwood, rev. T. head master of Christ's Hospital, by the bishop of London; Grey, earl, with an address from the inhabitants of the town of Birmingham; Grey, hon. capt. on appointment to his Majesty's ship Acteon, by earl Grey; Guise, major-gen. by lord E. Somerset; Gulston, Mr. by the duke of Norfolk.

Hallam, Mr. by the marquis of Lansdowne; Halliburton, Mr. Justice, of Nova Scotia, by lord Goderich; Hancock, Mr. C. on being appointed Exon of the Yeomen of the Guard, (vice Mr. R. Whyting, resigned,) by the marquis Clanricarde; Handfield, commander, by sir J. B. Peckell; Hodson, Mr. by sir E. Kerrison; Hodgson, lieutenant E. Tucker, on his appointment to the grenadier guards, by the very rev. the dean of Carlisle; Howard, Mr. mayor of Portsmouth, accompanied by Mr. Bonham Carter and Mr. F. Baring, the members for the borough, with an address from the corporation in favour of the measure of reform proposed by his Majesty's government; Hussey, Mr. by marquis Camden; Huskisson, major-gen. by the right hon. lord Hill.

Jekyll, capt. on his promotion, by colonel Woodford; Jervis, sir H. bart. on his coming to his title, by lieutenant-col. Carmichael; Jones, hon. A. by sir J. Graham.

Knight, Mr. G. by lord St. Helens.

Laprimaudaye, rev. C. by the bishop of London; Lascelles, Mr. by lord J. Thynne; Lee Lee, Mr. M. P. by sir T. Acland; Lister, Mr. on his marriage, by the earl of Clarendon; Lord Mayor, the, aldermen, and livery of London, with an address.

Mackie, rev. C. by the rev. Augustus Fitz-clarence; Mallock, lieutenant T., R. N. by lieutenant-col. Fox; McDonough, Mr. by gen. King; McFarlane, gen. sir R. on his promotion; Meyrick, Dr. LL. D. by his royal highness the duke of Sussex; Mills, Mr. by the earl of Errol; Moorsom, lieutenant by hon. gen. E. Phipps; Marrant, Mr. G. by lord Saltoun; Moore, Mr. E. by the hon. Berkeley Paget.

Neave, Mr. by sir T. Neave; Nepean, rev. domestic chaplain to H. R. H. the duke of Gloucester, by col. Higgins; Nova Scotia, bishop of, on his arrival in England, by his grace the archbishop of Canterbury.

Paul, Mr. by the earl of Verulam; Philips, commander, J. G. by earl Cawdor; Phipps, Mr. E. by gen. Phipps; Praed, Mr. Winthrop, by the earl of Mayo.

Rayley, commander, R. N. by the right hon. sir J. Graham; Ridgway, capt. J. A. by major-gen. Gilmour; Riley, Mr. by major-gen. sir Howard Douglas; Robe, capt. by the master-gen. of the ordnance; Roberts, lieutenant-col. by gen. sir R. M'Farlane; Robinson, lieutenant E., R. N. by sir T. Hardy; Rose, capt. by sir J. H. Rose.

Sawbridge, col. by the marquis Camden; Scott, lieutenant-col. by major-gen. sir C. Dalbiac, K.C.H.; Simond, col. by gen. Wetherall; Skinner, capt. by lord Hill; Smith, Mr. J. A. by sir C. Jervoise; Somerset, lieutenant-col. by major-gen. lord F. Somerset; Somerville, lord, by the earl of Errol; Somerville, capt. R. N. by lord Byron; Stanhope, ensign C. W. by the marquis of Tavistock.

Taylor, lieutenant B. by sir H. Taylor; Thornton, capt. on promotion, by col. Woodford.

Ussher, commissioner, on his appointment, by sir J. Graham.

Wale, lieutenant-gen. sir C. on his promotion as colonel of the 33d regiment, by lord Hill; Webb, lieutenant-col. M. P. by lord E. Somerset; Wilmot, capt. by the duke of Devonshire.

LIST OF THE GENERAL COMPANY.

Dukes.—Devonshire and Richmond.

Marquises.—Camden, Downshire, Ely, and Thomond.

Earls.—Carlisle, Cowper, Darlington, Delawarr, Grey, Ilchester, Jersey, Newburgh, and Rosslyn.

Viscounts.—Bolingbroke, Kirkwall, and Maynard.

Lords.—Bexley, Brabazon, Byron, De Dunstanville, Encombe, G. Hill, M. Hill, Kinnoul, O'Bryen, James, Rendlesham, Saltoun, J. Somerset, Somerville, Thynne, Villiers, Waterpark, Count St. Paul, and Baron de Nyevel de Zuglar.

Honourables.—H. Cholmondeley, and capt. Grey.

Sirs.—T. Dyke Acland, R. Bateson, R. Bulkeley, W. Carr, C. Cockerill, C. H. Coote, E. Derring, D'Este, F. Drake, J. L. Forbes, bart., T. Freemantle, M. P., R. Gardner, D. Hill, H. Jervis, bart., M. P., C. Lemon, A. Malet, G. Naylor (Garter), T. Neave, G. Ousley, G. Pocock, W. Pym, M. Ridley, G. Rose, W. Rowley, J. Sewell, and W. W. Wynn.

Bishops.—Chichester, London, Nova Scotia, Dean of Carlisle, and Archdeacon Magee.

Reverends.—Mr. C. Brydges, Dr. Burrow, Mr. A. Cooper, Mr. C. Laprimaudaye, Mr. C. Mackie, Mr. E. Nepean, and Dr. Sleath.

Generals.—Sir A. Bryce, J. Campbell, sir W. P. Carrol, Clitherow, De Butts, sir H. Douglas, Eden, sir W. K. Grant, sir C.

Greville, Cosmo Guido, Guise, lord Howden, G. C. B., Huskinson, sir R. D. Jackson, sir E. Kerrison, K. Mackenzie, sir F. Maclean, sir R. M'Farlane, F. Maitland, Mawley, Milner, Moore, Need, Phipps, Sewell, and sir C. Wale.

Admirals.—sir H. Blackwood, Fellowes, C. B. Hardyman, E. D. King, sir R. Otway, sir J. R. Rowley, and sir T. Williams.

Colonels.—Afflick, Bell, Bowles, Browne, Carmichael, Chaplin, M. P., sir A. Dalrymple, Elphinstone, Fitzclarence, Goldfinch, Gorrquer, Hughes, Jones, M'Kinnon, O. Malley, Roberts, Sawbridge, Scott, Simond, Somerset, sir C. Thornton, Walpole, and Webb, M. P.

Commanders.—Booth, Brennan, E. Collins, G. Evans, Fitzroy, hon. J. F. Gordon, Hanfield, J. Y. Philips, Rayley, sir T. Thompson, and S. Vassal.

Captains.—Baynes, R. N., G. Beauclerk, Boileau, T. Brown, R. N., M. Cooper, Dalling, R. N., Dixon, Douglas, hon. H. Duncan, Gould, Hurst, Jekyll, hon. A. Jones, R. N., Kemphorne, R. N., Lambert, R. N., E. Lloyd, R. N., J. F. C. Maiuwareing, R. N., Morier, R. N., Randon, J. Reynolds, R. N., J. A. Ridgway, Robe, Rose, Skinner, Skipsey, R. N., Somerville, R. N., Thornton, Wilmot, and Ussher, R. N.

Lieutenants.—Dobree, R. N., Drummond, J. N. Frampton, E. T. Hodgson, T. Mallock, R. N., Moorsom, E. Robinson, R. N., and B. Taylor.

Ensigns. Buckley, and C. W. Stanhope.

Messrs.—W. Bagot, C. Balfour, F. Baring, C. Baynes, Beadon, J. Bullock, B. Carter, M. P., Chaplin, M. P., R. Colborne, S. Conway, C. O. N. Corry, Coulson, S. E. Drax, S. Egerton, Ellerman, J. Forbes, Frost, Fuller, Graydon, Gulston, Hallam, C. Hancock, Hodson, Howard, Orby Hunter, Hussey, G. Knight, Lascelles, Lee Lee, M. P., M'Donough, Mills, Moore, G. Morant, Neave, Paul, Philips, E. Phipps, W. Præd, Pulman, A. Smith, Tisdall, Riley, Western, M. P., T. P. Williams, and C. Wynn.

Her Majesty took an airing in the Parks, and called on the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Sophia at Kensington Palace, and the Duchess of Gloucester at Gloucester House. The King dined with the Princess Augusta.

Royal Court Fête at Holderness House.

The preparations for this unique and splendid entertainment were completed on Wednesday morning; and a brilliant illumination which was displayed in front of the Drawing-room suite of windows, was lighted by 6 o'clock. It consisted of the Shield of England, surmounted by a Royal Crown, with the word "ADELAIDE" be-

neath, and enclosed by an immense wreath of laurel; every part being in the exact colours of the object sought to be represented; and on each side was a star, with the letters W. A. A Guard of Honour of a hundred men, commanded by Captains Hulse and Clinton, was stationed outside the mansion in readiness to receive the Royal visitors on their arrival. Considerably before six o'clock the whole of the select company invited to be present at the Christening and the Banquet had arrived, and were assembled in the grand yellow Drawing-room, where the ceremony was to take place. Before the above hour the Royal Family had also arrived, with the exception of the King and Queen.

At length, shortly after six o'clock, her Majesty arrived. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and attended by a numerous suite, and escorted by a guard of honour.

On her Majesty's carriage drawing up at the door of Holderness House, the noble host, Lord Londonderry, advanced and assisted her Majesty to alight. The Queen then took the arm of Lord Londonderry. The Marchioness of Londonderry was waiting to receive her Majesty at the foot of the grand staircase, which her Majesty ascended leaning on the arm of Lord Londonderry, and was by him conducted to the Grand Drawing-room, where the company were assembled, and the Ceremony of the Baptism was to be performed. Her Majesty and the noble host were preceded to the drawing-room by Lord Castlereagh, the eldest son of Lord Londonderry, bearing wax-lights; and they were immediately followed, first by the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg and the Marchioness, and then by the ladies and gentlemen of her Majesty's immediate suite. During this period the vestibule and all the mansion resounded with the national anthem, which was played by the band of the 3d foot guards, stationed at the foot of the grand staircase.

Immediately on the arrival of the Queen and her suite, the ceremony of the christening was performed, by his Grace the Archbishop of York, who was assisted by the Rev. W. R. Wynt, Lord Londonderry's chaplain. The infant is fifteen months old, and was named ADELAIDE EMMELINA CAROLINE; the male sponsor to the ceremony being the Duke of Rutland; and the two female sponsors, the Queen and Lady Caroline Wood, sister to the Marchioness of Londonderry. After the ceremony was concluded, her Majesty presented to the infant a gift of a superbly-chased silver-gilt cup and stand.

Immediately after the ceremony of the Baptism was concluded, [the band in the

vestibule struck up the national anthem, and the Queen was conducted by the Marquis of Londonderry into the Statue Gallery, where a splendid banquet was prepared. The banquet table was placed in the centre of the saloon, at the right hand of the noble host, in the centre of the table, on the side opposite the door,—not at either extremity. On the left of the Marquis was the Margravine of Hesse Homburg; and opposite to him the Marchioness of Londonderry was seated. The other guests were placed in the order of their precedence.

The Dresses of some of the distinguished guests were splendid.

Her Majesty was attired in a rich white blonde dress over a satin slip; beautiful lace lappets. Head-dress of diamonds, and white ostrich plume; brilliant necklace and ear-drops.

The Landgravine of Hesse Homburg.—A plain white crape dress, full lappets of white blonde, and bandeau and bouquet of brilliants.

The Duchess of Cumberland.—A white blonde and satin dress, richly embroidered with gold, a beautiful crimson cashmere beret, with an embroidery in front, composed of brilliants, and necklace also of brilliants.

The Duchess of Gloucester.—A white crape dress over satin slip. Head-dress of beautiful pearls.

The Princess Lieven.—A pink crape dress, richly embroidered in silver lama, and the body very handsomely ornamented with diamonds. Head-dress, a pink terry velvet beret, with feathers and brilliants.

The Marchioness of Londonderry.—A beautiful white blonde-lace dress over a white satin slip; a zone entirely composed of brilliants. Head-dress, brilliant garland of diamonds, with a comb ornamented with large pearls; an *esclavage* necklace, composed of immense pear-shaped pearls and diamonds. Her Ladyship also wore a bouquet of costly brilliants at her left breast, and three rows of pearls suspended from the left epaulette by a *lozenge* of brilliants, terminating on the right side towards the waist. Head-dress, an immense tiara of diamonds, surmounted by moveable pieces, with a plume of fifteen rich ostrich feathers. The most conspicuous part of this attire was the zone or cincture of brilliants, full two inches in width, and consisting of one entire mass of brilliants, divided only by the invisible setting of each.

The Duchess de Dino.—A blue "Arabesque" gauze and gold robe, elegantly trimmed with feathers and gold vine-leaves; plume of ostrich feathers, with brilliants.

The Marchioness of Salisbury.—A very rich white satin dress, trimmed with oriental

gold. Corsage trimmed with rich blonde lace; enamels and diamonds. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Countess of Jersey.—A grenat and white gauze dress, "crochetée," with gold, trimmed with gold ribbon and aiguillettes, feathers.

Lady Robert Peel.—A tulle blonde dress, elegantly trimmed with white and gold gauze ribbon. A white crape hat and feathers, ornamented with costly diamonds.

Lady Ann Beckett.—Rich white satin dress embroidered with gold; a profusion of beautiful diamonds, and a splendid plume of ostrich feathers.

Lady Sophia Lennox.—A white satin dress, neatly and tastefully trimmed with silver lama; a rich and delicate plume of white ostrich feathers, with diamonds.

The Duke of Gloucester.—A military full uniform.

The Duke of Sussex.—The full Windsor uniform, with several orders.

Prince Leopold.—In the uniform of a British Field Marshal.

The Prince of Orange.—The same.

Prince Talleyrand.—A richly embroidered Court Dress, with several orders.

Prince Esterhazy.—A splendid Austrian Hussar Uniform.

The Duke of Devonshire.—A richly embroidered Court Dress, of the most costly description, with the ribbon of the Order of the Garter, and a garter embroidered with beautiful brilliants; and several diamond stars of different orders; diamond epaulettes, and diamond knee and shoe buckles. As Lord Chamberlain, his Grace wore the gold key.

The Marquis of Londonderry.—The dress uniform of the 10th Hussars.

THE EVENING PARTY AND BALL.

The guests who were invited to the evening party began to arrive about nine o'clock, and before the dinner guests had left the table.

The King did not arrive till ten o'clock. His Majesty was received at the door of entrance by Lord and Lady Londonderry; and on ascending the great staircase, took the arm of the Marchioness. The King wore a military uniform. By ten o'clock the greater part of the evening company had arrived; and at that hour dancing commenced in the statue gallery.

Shortly after twelve o'clock their Majesties retired; the Queen being conducted by Lord Londonderry, and the Marchioness taking the arm of the King. They were almost immediately followed by all the members of the royal family. On her Majesty getting into the carriage which first drew up, it was found to be the wrong one.

The King observed the fact, but it was not thought worth while to rectify the error.

After the departure of their Majesties, a splendid supper was served in the dining-room, on the ground floor; and the party did not break up till a late hour in the morning.

In the evening the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, attended by Lady C. St. Maur, Baroness Lehzen, and Sir John Conroy, visited Drury-lane Theatre, and witnessed the performance of the "Brigand."

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

About one o'clock on Thursday, and previously to the repairing to the state-rooms, her Majesty, attended by her suite, received the Ministers of the German Protestant Churches in London, in the drawing-room of her private residence. The deputation was headed by the Rev. Dr. Kuper, the Rev. Mr. Schwabe, Mr. J. G. Tiarks, and Mr. Busse. The Rev. Dr. Kuper presented and read an address to her Majesty; to which her Majesty was pleased to return a most gracious answer.

At the same hour his Majesty was engaged in receiving, in the royal closet adjoining the throne-room, the Duke of Sussex, President of the Royal Society, and the following Officers and Members of the Council:—Colonel Fitzclarence, Sir Astley Cooper, Mr. Barrow, Mr. G. Rennie, Dr. Philip, Mr. Davies Gilbert, Mr. Professor Barlow, Mr. Pocock, Mr. Pond, Dr. Roget, Mr. Childern, Mr. Lubbock, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Vigors, Mr. König and Mr. Geo. Rennie. The Duke of Sussex addressed the King on the importance of the Institution, to which his Majesty replied, promising his support to the establishment; and his Majesty enrolled his name in the book of Records of the Institution, as Patron.

The same Members and Officers of the Royal Society then went to the Queen's residence, and presented an address to her Majesty on her accession. Her Majesty returned a gracious answer to the address.

Her Majesty proceeded to the state-rooms, to hold a Drawing-room, accompanied by the King, and attended by the Officers of State, and other official persons. Her Majesty took her station in front of the throne. The King stood to the right of her Majesty, attended by Lord Byron, as Lord in Waiting, and the hon. Sir H. Blackwood, as Groom in Waiting.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Catherine Jenkinson, and Sir John Conroy, arrived in state in two carriages, escorted by a party of Life Guards.

Their Majesties first received those personages who have the privilege of the *entrée*—viz., the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland,

the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Augusta, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and Prince Leopold; the Russian Ambassador and Princess Lieven, the Netherlands Ambassador and Madame Falck; the Austrian, French, and Brazilian Ambassadors; Madame Bermudez, the Lady of the Spanish Minister; the Swedish Minister and Countess Bjornstjerna; the Neapolitan Minister and Countess Ludolf; the Prussian, Danish, Sardinian, and Bavarian Ministers; the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; the Lord Chancellor; the first Lord of the Treasury; the Secretaries of State for the Home and Foreign Departments; the Chancellor of the Exchequer; the President of the Board of Control; the Lord Chamberlain; the Groom of the Stole; the Master of the Horse; the Marquis of Clanricarde, Captain of the Yeoman Guard; Lord Foley, Captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners; the Lord Chief Justice of England; the Paymaster of the Forces; the Judge Advocate General; the Attorney-General; the Vice-Chamberlain; the Treasurer of the Household; Lord Hill, Gold Stick in Waiting; Colonel Cavendish, Silver Stick in Waiting; Sir Robert Chester, Master of the Ceremonies; and Mr. Monk, the Exon in Waiting.

The following persons attended the Drawing-room.

LADIES.

Aberdeen, countess of; Addington, hon. Miss, by the countess dow. of Morton; Addington, hon. Miss C. by ditto; Addington, hon. Miss H. by ditto; Aldis, lady, by lady S. Ingestre; Amherst, countess of; Amherst, lady S.; Annesley, Lady J. by the countess of Mount Morris; Arundell, dowager lady.

Baring, lady A.; Baring, Mrs. by the marchioness of Lansdowne; Baring, Miss, by Mrs. Baring; Basil Hall, Mrs; Bateson, lady, by the marchioness of Downshire; Bateson, Miss, by ditto; Bathurst, countess of; Bathurst, lady C. by the dow. countess of Ilchester; Bathurst, lady G.; Beaumont, Mrs. by countess Amherst; Beaumont, Mrs. W. by Mrs. Beaumont; Beaumont, Miss; Beaumont, Miss M. by Mrs. Beaumont; Bell, Mrs. by the duchess of Northumberland; Bertie, Mrs. Matthew, by the countess of Errol; Bertie, Miss M.; Blachford, lady I. by the countess of Haddington; Blachford, Miss, by the countess of Haddington; Bouverie, lady B.; Bouverie, hon. Mrs. P. P. by lady B. Bouverie; Bullock, Mrs. J. by lady Imhoff.

Calcraft, Miss E.; Carlisle, countess of; Cavan, countess of, by the countess of Errol; Cavendish, hon. Miss, by the marchioness of Westmeath; Cavendish, hon. Miss C. by the marchioness of Westmeath; Cavendish-Mrs.; Chambers, Mrs.; Charlemont, coun-

tess of, by the countess of Carlisle; Clements, lady E. by the countess of Charlemont; Clive, Mrs. by the duchess of Northumberland; Cockerell, hon. lady; Cockerell, Miss; Combermere, viscountess, by the marchioness of Westmeath; Coote, lady, by the countess of Charlemont; Corry, Miss, by Mrs. Beaumont; Coulson, Mrs. on her marriage, by lady Graham; Cowell, Mrs. S. by lady C. Dundas; Cremorne, lady; Cuff, Mrs. by the dowager lady Kilmaine; Currey, Mrs. E. by lady I. Thynne.

Dalrymple, lady; Damer, Mrs. D.; Davies, Mrs. by her mother, Mrs. Whatley; De Dino, duchess; De la Warr, the countess, by the countess of Plymouth; Denman, lady, by the marchioness of Lansdowne; De Salis, countess of; De Salis, Miss N. by countess de Salis; Digby, Mrs. G. by the dowager countess of Ilchester; Douglas, lady, by viscountess Hampden; Douglas, lady H. by the dowager countess of Morton; Douglas, lady I. by her mother, countess Selkirk; Douglas, Miss, by the dowager countess of Moreton; Douglas, Miss Harcourt, by the dowager countess of Moreton; Douglas, Miss Helen, by the dowager countess of Moreton; Downshire, marchioness of; Dundas, lady C.; Dyer, Mrs. H. M. by the dowager lady Arundel.

Edwards Vaughan, Miss, by Mrs. Edwards Vaughan; Elliot, hon. Mrs.; Elliot, Miss, by the marchioness of Lansdowne; Errol, countess of.

Fanshawe, Mrs. by lady Dalrymple; Fanshawe, Miss, by Mrs. Fanshawe; Farnborough, lady; Fitzclarence, Mrs.; Fuller, Mrs. by lady Rendlesham; Franklin, lady, by the dowager countess of Moreton.

Gardiner, Mrs. by the countess of Haddington; Gardiner, Miss, by the countess of Haddington; Gardiner, Miss L. by the countess of Haddington; Gifford, Miss, by the dowager marchioness of Lansdowne; Grant, hon. Mrs. by lady G. Murray; Greenville, lady C.; Glynne, lady, by the countess of Denbigh; Glynne, Miss, by lady Glynne; Glynne, Miss M. by lady Glynne.

Haddington, countess of; Hamilton, lady H. by the countess of Aberdeen; Hill, lady, by the countess of Albemarle; Hope, hon. lady, by viscountess Hampden; Hope, Miss, by viscountess Hampden; Howard Douglas, lady; Howard, Mrs. by the countess of Surrey; Howden, lady; Hughes, Mrs. by the marchioness of Lansdowne; Hulse, lady, by the countess of Morton; Hulse, Miss, by lady Hulse.

Ilchester, dowager countess of, by the marchioness of Lansdowne; Ilchester, countess of; Imhoff, lady.

Jolliffe, lady, by Mrs. B. Paget.

King, lady, by the marchioness of Lansdowne; King, lady, by the dowager coun-

tess of Moreton; King, Miss, by the marchioness of Lansdowne; King, Miss, by lady King; Kinloch, dow. lady, by the dow. countess of Moreton; Kinloch, Miss, by dowager lady Kinloch; Kinloch, Miss Kilmaine, dowager lady, by the lady in waiting; Knight, Mrs. G. by the countess of Surrey.

Lansdowne, marchioness of; Leigh, Mrs.; Leigh, Mrs. G. by the marchioness of Westmeath; Lister, Mrs. on her marriage, by the hon. Mrs. Villiers; Londonderry, marchioness of; Loughborough, lady; Lowther, lady L. E. by the marchioness of Westmeath.

Macfarlane, lady, by the marchioness of Lansdowne; Mansfield, countess of, by the lady in waiting; Mash, Miss; Mash, Miss H.; Maynard, viscountess, by the countess of Verulam; Maynard, hon. Miss, by viscountess Maynard; Maynard, hon. Miss E. by viscountess Maynard; Mayo, countess of; Mellish, Mrs. by the dowager marchioness Lansdowne; Mellish, Miss M.; Mildmay, lady, by the dowager countess of Ilchester; Mildmay, Miss, by the dowager countess of Ilchester; Montfort, lady, by the viscountess Turnour; Moore, hon. Mrs. E. by lady J. Peel; Moore, Mrs.; Moreton, dowager countess of; Mountcharles, countess of; Mount Norris, countess of; Murray, lady C. by the countess of Mansfield; Murray, lady G. by the countess of Mansfield; Murray, hon. Mrs. by lady G. Murray; Murray, Miss, by lady G. Murray; Murray, Miss M. by lady C. Dundas.

Nicolson, lady, by the hon. Mrs. Elliot; Neave, hon. Mrs. by her mother, the dowager lady Arundel; Nugent, lady, by the marchioness of Lansdowne; Nugent, Mrs. on her marriage, by the marchioness of Ely; Nugent, Miss, by the marchioness of Ely.

O'Brien, lady J.; O'Grady, Mrs. S. by Mrs. B. Paget; Orby Hunter, Miss, by the marchioness of Westmeath.

Paget, Mrs. M. by Mrs. B. Paget; Palk, lady E. by Mrs. A. Stanhope; Palk, Miss, by Mrs. A. Stanhope; Paul, lady, by the countess of Verulam; Paul, Mrs. by the countess of Verulam; Paul, Miss, by the countess of Verulam; Pearce, Mrs. by lady Imhoff; Peel, lady J. by lady Coote; Pettigrew, Mrs. by lady Montfort; Phipps, lady, by the marchioness of Westmeath; Philips, hon. Mrs. by the marchioness of Westmeath; Pusey, lady L. by lady B. Bouverie; Pusey, Mrs. by lady B. Bouverie. Quentin, lady; Quentin, Miss.

Rendlesham, lady; Richmond, dowager duchess of; Ridley, lady; Ridley, Miss; Riley, Mrs. by the hon. Mrs. E. Moore; Roberts, Mrs. by the marchioness of Downshire; Rothes, countess of; Roxburgh,

duchess of; Rushout, hon. Mrs.; Rushout, Miss, by lady Cockerell.

Selkirk, countess, by viscountess Hampden; Sewell, lady, by the viscountess Turnour; Seymour, lady G.; Seymour, Miss; Sheffield, dowager lady, by the countess of Ilchester; Sidmouth, viscountess; Sloane Stanley, lady G. by the countess of Carlisle; Sloane Stanley, Miss, by the countess of Carlisle; Sloane Stanley, Miss F. by the countess of Carlisle; Smith, Mrs. J. by lady Errol; Smythe, Mrs. by the hon. Mrs. D. Damer; Smythe, Miss, by the hon. Mrs. D. Damer; Stanhope, Mrs. A.; Stanley, Mrs. by the hon. Mrs. Damer; Stapleton, Mrs. A. G. by the hon. Mrs. Villiers; Steele, lady E. by the duchess of Montrose; Stopford, lady; Stopford, miss, by the hon. lady Stopford; Swettenham, Miss.

Talbot, hon. Mrs. J. on her marriage, by lady Wharnccliffe; Tankerville, countess of; Tonnyson, Mrs. by lady C. Dundas; Tennyson, Miss, by Mrs. Tennyson; Tennyson, Miss C. by Mrs. Tennyson; Trotter, lady, by the duchess of Gordon; Trotter, Miss, by lady Trotter; Turnour, viscountess; Turnour, hon. Miss; Tynte, Mrs. C. K. by the dowager countess of Moreton.

Underwood, lady C. on changing her name, by his majesty's most gracious permission, by the countess of Wicklow; Ussher, Mrs. by the marchioness of Downshire; Ussher, Miss, by the marchioness of Downshire; Ussher, Miss E. by the marchioness of Downshire.

Vansittart, Mrs. S. by the countess Bathurst; Vansittart, Miss; Vansittart, Miss L.; Vansittart, hon. Mrs. by countess Howe; Vansittart, Miss, by countess Howe; Vansittart, Miss L. by countess Howe; Verulam, countess of; Villiers, hon. Mrs. by the lady in waiting.

Warburton, lady; Warwick, dowager countess of; Westphal, lady, by countess Amherst; Williams, lady, by lady F. Holland; Williams Wynn, Miss C.; Williams Wynn, Miss H.; Wilson, Mrs. Col. by lady J. O'Brien; Wilson, Miss J.; Wharnccliffe, lady; Whatley, Mrs.; Whatley, Miss; Wrottesley, lady, by the countess of Denbigh; Wrottesley, Miss M.; Wynne, Miss H. W. by Mrs. W. Wynne.

GENTLEMEN.

Aberdeen, earl of; Aldis, sir C.; Amherst, earl of; Antrobus, Mr. by the queen's chamberlain; Armstrong, gen.; Armstrong, lieutenant, by the earl of Roden; Arden, lord; Ashmore, capt.

Baker, sir H. L.; Baker, Mr. St. J. by the hon. W. Ponsonby; Baring, major; Basset, lieutenant R.; Bateson, sir R.; Beauclerk, capt.; Belfast, earl of; Bevan, lieutenant; Bexley, lord;

Blane, Mr. A. W.; Booth, com. J.; Bosanquet, Mr. C.; Botherton, col.; Bouverie, hon. P. Pleydell, by the earl of Radnor; Brabazon, lord; Brando, Mr. by sir H. Halford; Brennan, com. by the queen's chamberlain; Brydges, rev. A. Egerton, by lord Tenterden; Brymer, capt. J. by prince Leopold; Bulkeley, sir R.; Bullock, capt. by lord Combermere; Bullock, Mr. J.; Busse, rev. Mr. C.; Byron, lord.

Calcraft, gen.; Cambridge, archdeacon of; Campbell, gen. sir J. by sir H. Taylor; Campbell, hon. capt. G. R. N. on being appointed groom of the bedchamber, by the marquis of Winchester; Carey, col. sir O.; Carlisle, dean of; Carroll, major-gen. sir W. Parker, by vice-admiral sir R. Otway; Cavan, earl of; Cavendish, col.; Charlemont, earl of; Chichester, bishop of; Chichester, dean of; Cliphase, capt. by the marquis of Londonderry; Cholmondeley, hon. H. by sir W. W. Wynn; Clitheroe, gen.; Clive, Mr. M. P.; Cocheril, sir G.; Colegrave, Mr.; Conway, Mr. S. by sir W. W. Wynn; Cooper, rev. Mr. A.; Coote, sir C. H.; Corry, Mr. C. O'Neil, by the lord in waiting; Cotterell, sir J. G.; Cotton, capt. W. by col. Mackinnon; Cuppage, gen. by sir J. Kempt; Currey, col. E.

Dalrymple, col. sir A.; Dashwood, lieutenant; Douglas, general sir H.; Douglas, col.; Douglas, capt.; Douro, lord; Duncan, hon. capt. H.; Dundas, sir W.

Eaton, lieutenant; Eden, gen.; Eden, lieutenant-gen. by the earl of Cavan; Eden, major, by lieutenant-gen. Eden; Edmonds, Mr.; Elliot, hon. capt. R. N.; Elphinstone, col.; Ely, marquis of; Encombe, viscount; Eton, provost of; Evans, commander G.

Fitzroy, capt.; Foley, lord; Forbes, sir J. T.; Forbes, Mr. J. by the marquis of Winchester; Frampton, lieutenant J. N. Frost, Mr.

Gardner, col. sir R.; Glynne, sir S.; Gorrequer, col. by gen. Armstrong; Gould, capt. by sir C. Inghoff; Grant, lieutenant-gen. sir W. Keir, by lord Howden; Grant, right hon. C.; Grant, right hon. R.; Graydon, Mr. by gen. sir J. Doyle, Bart.; Greene, commander C. by vice-admiral, the hon. sir H. Blackwood; Grey, Dr. dean of Hereford, by earl Grey; Grey, hon. capt. R. N. by earl Grey; Grey, rev. Dr.; Grimstone, lord, by the earl of Verulam.

Hallam, by the marquis of Lansdowne; Halliday, sir A. by earl Howe; Hamilton, capt. by lieutenant-gen. sir J. Hamilton; Hancock, Mr. C. on being appointed Exon of the Yeoman of the Guard, by the marquis of Clanricarde; Hardyman, adm. C. B.; Hart, sir A.; Hill, lord; Hill, lord G. by the marquis of Downshire; Hill, lord M. by the marquis of Downshire; Hill, sir D.; Hodson, lieutenant E. T.; Hope, capt. by gen. sir A.

Hope; Hope, Mr. M.P. by gen. sir A. Hope; Horton, rear-adm. by sir J. Graham; Houston, lieutenant-gen. sir W. on his appointment to the Grand Cross of the Bath; Houston, capt. grenadier guards, by lieutenant-gen. sir W. Houston; Hughes, col. by the duke of Sussex; Hughes, Mr. W. H. M.P.; Hulse, sir C.; Hunter, Mr. Orby.

Hechester, earl of; Itraubenz, count. Jelf, capt.; Jersey, earl of; Jervis, sir Henry; Judge-advocate-general, by lord Melbourne.

King, lord; King, admiral E. D.; King, admiral sir R.; Knight, Mr. G. by lord St. Helens; Knipe, Mr. A. by the duke of Cumberland.

Leitrim, earl of, by the earl of Charlemont; Lemon, sir C.; Lennox, Lord W.; Lister, Mr. on his marriage; Lloyd, capt. E. by sir J. Rowley; Londonderry, marquis of; Loughborough, lord; Lubbock, Mr.

Macbean, gen.; McFarlane, gen. sir R.; Mackie, rev. Mr. C.; Mackinnon, Mr. C. M.P. by the marquis of Chandos; Macmichael, Dr. on his appointment of physician extraordinary to the king, by sir Henry Hallford; Mahon, lord; Maitland, gen. F. Mansfield, earl of; Maynard, viscount; Meynell, capt. R.N.; Meyrick, Dr.; Mildmay, capt.; Mills, Mr. by the earl of Errol; Milner, gen.; Moore, rev. A.; Moorsom, lieutenant; Mount Charles, earl of; Murray, hon. lieutenant D. by the earl of Mansfield.

Navlor, sir G.; Neave, Mr.; Need, lieutenant-gen. by admiral Sotheron; Nepean, rev. E. by colonel Higgins; Newburgh, earl of; Nugent, sir G. by the duke of Buckingham; Nugent, capt.

O'Brien, lord James; O'Mally, col. by vice-admiral sir R. Otway; O'Reilly, col.

Paul, sir J. D. by the earl of Verulam; Paul, sir John; Paul, Mr. by the earl of Verulam; Peacock, rev. Mr. G.; Pettigrew, Mr.; Philips, Mr. by the duke of Norfolk; Philipps, commander J. Y. by earl Cawdor; Phillips, sir G. by the duke of Norfolk;

Phipps, hon. gen. by the lord in waiting; Phipps, hon. E. by the lord in waiting; Phipps, Mr. E.; Pocock, sir G. B. by lord Foley; Poter, col.; Pulman, Mr.; Pym, sir W. by the earl of Roden.

Radnor, earl of; Raine, Mr.; Rendlesham, lord; Ridley, sir M.; Riley, Mr.; Roberts, lieutenant-col. by gen. sir R. McFarlane; Roberts, col.; Robinson, lieutenant G. C. Roget, Dr.; Ruper, rev. Dr.; Russell, lord J.; Rutland, duke of.

Saltoun, lord; Scarlett, sir J.; Schwabe, rev. Dr.; Selkirk, earl of; Sewell, gen.; Sewell, sir J.; Shaftesbury, earl of; Sidmouth, vis.; Sleath, rev. Dr. chaplain in ordinary to his majesty, by the bishop of Chichester; Southey, Dr. on being appointed physician extraordinary to the queen, by sir H. J. Hallford; Somerville, lord; Somerville, capt. R.N.; Spencer, earl of; Spry, rev. Dr. by the archbishop of Canterbury; Stanhope, earl of; Stanley, E. M.; Steinkopf, Dr.; St. Paul, count, by prince Esterhazy; Stracey, sir E. by the earl of Shaftesbury; Straucheng, cornet, by lord Tenterden; Stuart, lieutenant; Sidney, viscount, by the queen's chamberlain.

Tenterden, lord, by the lord chancellor; Thompson, commander sir T. by sir T. M. Hardy, Bart.; Thornton, col. sir C. on receiving the Guelphic Order; Tiarks, rev. Mr. L. G.; Tisdall, Mr.; Tomkins, commander; Trotter, sir C. Bart. by the queen's chamberlain; Tynte, E. K. Mr.

Upton, Mr. by col. Howard.

Vansittart, lieutenant R.; Vansittart, Mr. by lord Bexley; Vassal, commander Spencer; Vaughan, Mr. E. Verulam, earl; Villiers, lord; Vincent, gen.; Vivian, Mr. R.; Vizard, by the lord chancellor.

Wells, major, by the right hon. sir W. Freemantle; Westphal, capt. sir G. A. R.N. by earl Amherst; Wilkie, Mr. R.A.; Wilson, gen. R. M.P.; Wilson, Mr. J.; Woods, Mr.; Wynn, Mr. W. W.

THE DRESSES.

The following are descriptions of some of the dresses worn on the occasion:

HER MAJESTY.

A handsome white and silver brocaded dress, of Spitalfields manufacture, elegantly trimmed with a silver embroidered wreath, and bullion fringe; train of violet velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with silver bullion; the body and sleeves ornamented with blonde and diamonds; head-dress a splendid row of diamonds, a feather of brilliants, plumes, and lappets.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

A handsome dress of silver tissue, over rich white satin; garniture of magnificent blonde lace; manteau of rich blue velvet, handsomely trimmed with blonde lace and flowers corresponding with the dress; head-dress a splendid silver tissue toque, with a profusion of diamonds and feathers.

THE LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE HOMBURG.

A black satin dress, magnificently trimmed with blonde; rich black satin train, lined and trimmed to correspond; head-dress, plume of black ostrich feathers; blonde lace, lappets, ornaments, diamonds, and precious stones.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

A white satin dress, trimmed with a flounce richly embroidered in gold, surmounted with a wreath of gold and white flowers, the body and sleeves embroidered to correspond; train of gold tissue, lined with white satin; head-dress, an emerald bordeau, feathers and lappets.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

A rich gold lama dress over white satin, with blonde epaulettes; a magnificent train in Cramoisi velvet, richly embroidered in gold; head-dress, a diamond tiara, surmounted by a rose of brilliant stars, feathers and lappets.

PRINCESS LIEVEN.

White crape dress, embroidered in silver, with blonde epaulettes; train of cherry-coloured velvet, embroidered in silver; head-dress, plume of feathers, and a profusion of brilliants; blonde lappets.

DUCHESS DE DINO.

A blonde dress, with a deep flounce, over white satin; blonde epaulettes: train of silver and blue tissue, trimmed with lama; head-dress, a chaperon of feathers, with brilliants, and blonde lappets.

DUCHESS OF ROXBURGH.

White and silver embroidered dress with blonde epaulettes; train of blue poplin, brocaded in silver; head-dress, plume of blue and white feathers, with a profusion of brilliants; blonde lappets.

DOWAGER DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

A black embroidered jet dress, over rich black gros de Naples; body and sleeves trimmed elegantly with jet and crape; manteau of handsome moire black silk, trimmed tastefully with black jet; head-dress, ostrich feathers, and handsome ornaments of jet.

MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE.

Dress of white satin, elegantly embossed with gold; body and sleeves profusely trimmed with blonde; train of Byron brown satin, ornamented with gold; head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

A robe of white satin, trimmed with blonde, the front covered with diamonds, forming bunches of flowers; the body richly ornamented with blonde and brilliants, with a perfect ceinture of precious stones; the train of Irish blue poplin, with a magnificent border, lined with white satin; head-dress, a splendid plume of feathers, with a grand suit of brilliants of oriental splendour, an emerald comb, and blonde lappets.

COUNTESESSES.

Amherst.—A dress of gold lama over white satin, sleeves elegantly trimmed with gold fringe; train of Persian satin lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed to correspond with the sleeves; head-dress, superb beret of gold tissue, ostrich feathers, and a profusion of diamonds and pearls.

Cavan.—A magnificent train of gold lama, and rich mantilla of gold; white satin corsage and petticoat; a most superb train of brilliant Adelaide velvet, lined with white satin and trimmed with gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Charlemont.—White crape dress, embroidered in green velvet and gold lama, blonde epaulettes; train of green terry velvet, shot with gold-coloured silk, and trimmed with gold lama; head-dress, feathers, brilliants, and blonde lappets.

Delacarr.—A net dress, richly embroidered with gold and amethyst foil; tastefully blended, worn over white satin, corsage and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of velvet embroidered to correspond; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

De Salis.—A gold lama dress over white satin, with blonde epaulettes; train of gold lama, over cerise satin. A plume of feathers, with a profusion of diamonds; blonde lappets.

Ilchester (Dow. qf).—A rich white satin dress, embroidered in gold, and trimmed with blonde of English manufacture; train of green velours épingle, lined with white gros de Naples, and superbly ornamented with gold; head-dress of gold and feathers, with a profusion of diamonds.

Moreton.—White satin dress, superbly trimmed with blonde and gold; train of Adelaide coloured satin, beautifully ornamented with gold, all of British manufacture; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Mayo.—Dress of white Irish poplin, richly trimmed with blonde and satin rouleaux; manteau, peach-blossom Irish poplin, lined with white gros de Naples, tastefully ornamented with blonde; blonde mantilla and sabots looped up with diamonds; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Mountnorris (Dow. of).—Silver and green lama dress over white satin ; train of green velvet, lined with white satin, elegantly trimmed with silver lama ; mantille and sabots Brussels point ; silver toque, with diamonds and feathers.

Verulam.—A black Granadine gauze dress, trimmed with satin, and wreaths of riband, with ostrich feathers ; head-dress, plume of feathers.

VISCOUNTESSES.

Anson.—A rich white crape dress, embroidered in silver, worn on white satin, blonde epaulettes ; train of blue silk, handsomely trimmed with silver lama ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.

Maynard.—Honiton point-lace dress over a satin slip ; head-dress, lappets and feathers.

LADIES.

Aldis.—A striped silver lama dress, worn over a white satin slip ; train of pale pink satin, ornamented with white satin and blonde ; head-dress, white feathers and brilliants ; blonde-lace lappets.

Amherst (Sarah).—A handsome white tulle dress, ornamented with silver tissue, over white satin ; silver corsage, elegantly trimmed with blonde ; train to correspond with the corsage ; head-dress, ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, and pearls.

Arundel (Dow.)—A gold lama dress on tulle, over white satin of British manufacture, the corsage completed with a Brussels point-lace mantilla and ruffles ; manteau of gold lama, embroidered on tulle ; head-dress, Brussels point-lace lappets, ostrich feathers and diamonds. Gloves and shoes of white satin.

Annesly (Juliana).—White crape dress, richly embroidered over white satin ; manteau of primrose Irish poplin, lined with white satin, tastefully trimmed with satin rouleaux ; blonde mantilles and sabots ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Baring (Right Hon. Augusta).—A rich gauze dress, elegantly embroidered corsage à la Grecque, sleeves séduisante, of superb blonde ; a splendid robe of green gros de Naples, lined with white satin, and trimmed with blonde ; head-dress, feathers, rubies, and diamonds.

Bateson.—A white crape dress, richly embroidered in gold, over white satin, with mantille, sabots, and lappets of costly blonde ; train of pink silk watered à la Colonne, and trimmed with gold ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Bathurst (Caroline).—A white crape gold dress, trimmed with a beautiful white silk fringe, with gold tassels, and rich blonde ornaments ; train, light-green silk, figured in satin, with handsome trimmings.

Bouverie (Bridget).—A dress and train of richly-figured gray satin, trimmed with blonde ; head-dress, a turban of blonde and feathers. Ornaments, pearls.

Cocke (Hon.)—A rich white satin dress, elegantly trimmed with blonde ; head-dress, a double tiara of diamonds, a brilliant crescent, feathers and lappets.

Cremorne.—An elegant embroidered white crape dress, over white satin ; body and sleeves trimmed with mantilla and sabots of blonde ; manteau of violet velvet ; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Douglas (Isabella).—A white crape dress, trimmed with white satin, over a satin slip ; corsage of white crape, trimmed with Irish blonde ; train of rich blue silk ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Egerton (Charlotte).—Dress of aerophane, richly embroidered up the front, and round the bottom with gold and floss silk, in a wreath of wheat and flowers ; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde lace and gold ; pink satin train, trimmed with blonde lace ; head-dress, diamonds and feathers ; necklace, earrings Sévigne, and tiara of emeralds and diamonds.

Farnborough.—A white satin dress, embroidered in gold, with blonde epaulettes ; train of rich green satin, trimmed with gold lama, and lined with white satin ; a toque of gold lama, with feathers and brilliants ; blonde lappets.

Franklin.—White crape dress over satin, embroidered round the bottom in silver and green ; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde and silver ; train of emerald green satin, lined with white, trimmed with white blonde and silver ; head-dress, a diamond wreath, feathers, and lappets.

Glynæ.—Dress of white watered gros de Naples, tastefully trimmed with blonde ; the train of cerise gros de Naples, trimmed with gold lama ; head-dress, diamonds, and feathers.

Glynn (The two).—Crape dresses, embroidered with silver, of rich and high graceful border ornaments in blonde ; white satin slips, white silk and silver trains ; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Grimstone (Katherine).—Black blonde gauze dress ; train of black satin ; head-dress, a plume of black feathers.

Dudley Hill.—Dress of white crape aerophane, embroidered in gold ; blonde corsage, capes, &c. ; train of violet satin, trimmed with gold ; head-dress, ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, and amethysts.

Howden.—A beautiful white figured satin dress, trimmed with a deep flounce of hand-some blonde ; body and sleeves ornamented with mantilla and sabots of blonde ; an emerald green velvet mantua, trimmed with a torsade of satin ; head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers and magnificent ornaments of emeralds, necklace and earrings of the same ; rich blonde lappets.

King.—A dress of white crape, ornamented with a deep flounce of Queen's blonde, headed with a gold Indian trimming ; train of emerald satin, lined with white gros de Naples, and trimmed with blonde to correspond with the dress ; head-dress, feathers, with pearls and diamonds.

Kinlock.—A white satin robe, trimmed with deep volant of French blonde ; mantean of brocaded satin, lined with white satin, trimmed with silver fringe ; toque of green velvet and silver ; bouquet of diamonds and feathers.

Lascelles (Louisa).—A white crape dress, embroidered in gold, over a white satin slip ; corsage trimmed with blonde, train of rich green Genoa velvet, handsomely trimmed with gold lama ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, &c.

Loughborough.—White crape dress, richly embroidered in gold and silver, with blonde epaulettes ; train of blue terry velvet, trimmed with lama ; head-dress, velvet hat, with feathers, brilliants, and turquoise ; blonde lappets.

Macfarlane.—A pink crape dress, embroidered in silver, with blonde epaulettes, worn over pink satin ; train, pink satin, trimmed with silver lama ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.

Murray (George).—A superb gold brocade gown, trimmed with point-lace ; train of violet Tyre silk, ornamented with gold ; head-dress, ostrich feathers, with cameo ornaments.

Murray (The three).—White crape dresses, embroidered with gold and silk, with a mount of a new form, ornamented with blonde and white satin slips ; trains in very pretty blue figured silk.

Nugent (Right Hon.).—Dress of oiseau de Paradis satin, tastefully ornamented with festoons of gauze ribbon and flowers ; manteau of the same material, trimmed to correspond with the dress ; elegant head-dress of feathers and amethysts, with rich blonde lappets.

Nugent (G.).—A white crape dress, embroidered with silver, with a rich border and eleg. m^t mount with columns, and blonde ornaments ; head-dress, blonde, feathers, and diamonds ; beautiful blue watered silk train with silver border.

O'Brien (James).—White crape dress, trimmed with white satin ; blonde epaulettes ; train of rich blue watered silk ; head-dress, plume of feathers, brilliants, blonde lappets.

Palk (Elizabeth).—A rich figured black gauze dress, worn over black satin ; trimmed with feathers and blonde ; train of gros d'été, with a corresponding trimming of feathers.

Peel (Jane).—A Queen's blonde dress, with a handsome flounce, headed by a wreath of silver convolvuluses ; the corsage trimmed with blonde and silver, over a white satin petticoat ; train of a delicate pink satin, ornamented with silver convolvuluses ; head-dress, feathers and lappets, with a profusion of diamonds.

Phillips.—A blue satin dress, trimmed with blonde ; a vapeur poplin train, lined with white gros de Naples, and ornamented with vapour and blue satin ; head-dress, white satin and blonde, with blue and white feathers ; diamond necklace and earrings.

Pusey (L.).—A green satin body and train, lined with white, and trimmed with wide blonde ; petticoat of figured gauze, over white satin, and handsomely trimmed with tulle and satin ; head-dress, toque of gold lama and white satin, with a plume of white feathers.

Ridley.—Dress of white satin, trimmed en ruche, boddice à la Grecque ; train of white satin, trimmed en ruche ; head-dress, jewels, and ostrich feathers, and magnificent blonde lappets.

Selkirk.—A gray silk dress embroidered with silk ; a black velvet train, ornamented with lace ; a crape bérêt, with feathers and lappets.

Sewell.—White satin dress, with rich blonde flounces ; body and sleeves ornamented with blonde lace ; train of gold-coloured figured Irish poplin, lined with white satin, and trimmed round with white satin leaves ; head-dress, ostrich feathers and brilliants ; blonde lappets.

Seymour (George).—White crape dress, embroidered in gold lama and brown silk, with blonde epaulettes ; train of brown velvet, trimmed with gold lama, and lined with white satin ; plume of feathers, with brilliants and blonde lappets.

Sheffield.—A white crape dress, over a rich white satin slip; train of emerald green satin, lined with white gros de Naples, with body and sleeves of the same, beautifully trimmed with point lace; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Stanley (Gertrude).—A dress of white crape, embroidered with gold, over white satin; folded corsage and beret sleeves to correspond, trimmed with British blonde lace; manteau of violet satin, surmounted by a trimming of plush and gold, confined by a handsome gold band; head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers, with diamonds and lappets.

Steele (Elizabeth).—A white satin dress, trimmed with blonde; train of elegantly-figured peach-coloured silk, ornamented with blonde to correspond; head-dress, feathers and brilliants.

Stepford.—Dress of white satin, skirt and corsage ornamented with blonde and satin; superb manteau of Burgundy silk, trimmed with blonde and satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.

Trotter (Coutts).—A splendid white blonde dress, trimmed with a deep flounce of the same; train of violet-coloured satin, ornamented with blonde; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Westphal.—Magnificent dress of gold lama over white satin, trimmed with blonde lace manteau; white satin with gold rouleau; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Wharcliffe.—A superb aeroplane crape dress, embroidered in gold, the body ornamented with blonde and gold; train in white gros des Indes, trimmed with gold; head-dress, plumes and diamonds.

HONOURABLE MISTRESSES AND MISESES.

Digby.—A white crape dress, embroidered with gold and silk; a figured satin train, colour Adelaide; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Elliott.—Rich gold lama dress, trimmed with blonde and gold fringe, over a satin slip; train of white satin ornamented with gold and blonde; head-dress, blonde, feathers, and diamonds.

Grant of Grant.—Dress of white silk, embroidered with gold, and trimmed with blonde; train of violet velvet, lined with white satin, ornamented with gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Howard.—Dress of rich white satin, trimmed with British blonde, train of Pomona green velvet, lined with white ducape; head-dress, plume of feathers, bandeau, and tiara of brilliants.

Leigh.—A black gauze dress of columns, trimmed with black satin leaves, ornamented with white blonde; black satin slip, and rich velvet train; head-dress, pearls, jewels, and plumes.

Moore (E).—A Honiton lace dress, trimmed with Brussels point, over white satin; train of pink watered gros de Naples, trimmed with satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Neave.—A splendid silver lama dress, over white satin, sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of fen satin, ornamented with silver, with magnificent necklace; armlets and bracelets of amethysts and pearls; head-dress, feathers, with blonde lappets.

Nugent.—A white silver gauze dress, with a silver band, blonde ornaments; white figured satin train, trimmed with silver; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Talbot.—English blonde dress, ornamented with blonde and satin; white satin train, trimmed with silver; head-dress, plumes and diamonds.

Venillart.—A half-mourning dress of gray crape, over gros de Naples of the same colour, trimmed with black blonde lace, with a beautiful mantilla to correspond; train of gray satin, lined and trimmed with black; with an elegant head-dress and feathers.

Venillart (Sophia).—A beautiful dress of lavender crape, over satin of the same colour, with a blonde flounce, headed by a splendid gold trimming; train of lavender satin, lined with black, and trimmed with gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Addington.—An elegant dress of blonde gauze over white satin, a deep Irish beret flounce, with a border of marabouts in bouquets, interspersed with white rosettes; beret and séduisantes sleeves of Irish blonde; amaranth train, finished with a wreath of marabouts to correspond with the dress; head-dress, feathers and jewels.

Addington (Charlotte).—A splendid blonde dress over white satin, trimmed with blonde and marabouts, beret and séduisante sleeves of Irish blonde; apricot train, ornamented with a marabout garland to correspond; head-dress, feathers, chrysopase, and diamonds.

Addington (Harriet).—A beautiful Irish blonde dress in colonade, a very deep Irish blonde trimming, surmounted by a garland of marabouts; beret and séduisante Irish blonde sleeves; Adelaide train, trimmed with a ruche of the finest Irish blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Dundas (The two Hon.).—White crape dresses, with satin stripes, held with pink flowers; blonde ornaments, with elegant pink trains.

Maynard and Emma Maynard.—Honiton lace dresses over white satin slips, with satin trains, lined, and trimmed with pearls; head-dresses of feathers.

Murray.—A rich white satin dress, trimmed with Irish blonde; train of blue figured silk; head-dress, rich plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Nugent.—A white silver gauze dress, trimmed with a silver band; a beautiful blue-watered blue-striped silk train, richly trimmed with silver; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

MISTRESSES.

Beaumont.—A white net dress, richly embroidered with satin and blonde columns, held with half pink roses and flowers; a handsome white velvet train, trimmed with a column of blonde, and a mountain of high blonde and flowers; head-dress, diamonds, feathers and lappets.

Bullock.—A dress of rich white satin, trimmed with fine blonde and silver; train of evening primrose-coloured silk, lined with white satin, and ornamented with silver; band and girdle to correspond; head-dress, feathers and pearls; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Coulson.—A blonde Adelaide dress, elegantly trimmed; beautiful white satin train, trimmed with satin; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Cowell (Stephen).—A white crape dress tastefully decorated with a table of artificial flowers, over white satin: train of violet velvet, mantilla of blonde; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and pearls.

Cuff.—White crape dress, embroidered in green and gold lama, with blonde epaulettes; train of green watered silk, trimmed with gold lama, and lined with white satin; head-dress, plume of feathers, brilliants, and blonde lappets.

Colonel Davies.—A pink crape dress, embroidered in floss silk, with a trimming of white marabout; body elegantly trimmed with blonde; train of watered pink gros de Naples, lined and trimmed to correspond; head-dress, white ostrich feathers, blonde lace lappets, amethysts, and diamonds; necklace and pendants of pearls and diamonds.

Fanshaw.—A rich white satin dress, with deep flounce of queen's blonde, bodice richly trimmed to correspond; a train of blue figured silk, with blonde mantilla; head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and pink topazes.

Fitzclarence.—White crape dress, embroidered in gold lama, à Colonne, with blonde epaulettes; train of white satin, trimmed with gold lama; head-dress, plume of feathers, brilliants, and blonde lappets.

Fuller.—Dress of white aerophane crape of English manufacture; richly embroidered in white floss silk, over white satin, trimmed with queen's blonde; train, celestial blue watered silk; head-dress, feathers and diamonds; lappets of queen's blonde.

Grant.—A rich English silver tissue dress, trimmed with lama fancy trimming, béret sleeves and sabots of blonde, mantilla to correspond; train of brocaded pink satin, trimmed with pink and silver gauze; head-dress, plumes and diamonds.

Basil Hall.—An elegant dress of silver lama, superbly trimmed with blonde of English manufacture; train of pink and silver brocade, lined with white satin, and ornamented with silver to correspond; head-dress, pink and white ostrich feathers, with topaz ornaments.

Col. Hughes.—An elegant white and gold embroidered dress, ornamented with the same; Mameluke sleeves composed of blonde, arranged with amethysts and gold ornaments to correspond, with a train of amethyst velvet, lined with white satin, trimmed with lama and blonde: blonde lappets, with head-dress of feathers and jewels.

Gally Knight.—A white satin crape dress, richly embroidered with gold; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of blue satin, lined with silk, and trimmed with blonde; head-dress, a toque of gold lama, magnificent plume of blue and white feathers.

Bertie Mathew.—White crape dress, embroidered with gold, with beautiful corsage and sleeves of blonde and satin; white satin petticoat; train of the richest lilac satin, trimmed with blonde and gold; a toque of gold lama, a plume, with diamond ornaments and blonde lappets.

Mellish.—Dress of white satin gauze, over a white satin slip, trimmed with two flounces of queen's blonde, looped up in front with diamonds; body crossed and finished round the shoulders with two handsome falls of the same lace: train, blue satin, lined with white satin; armlets, earrings, and chain of diamonds; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

General Moore.—Dress of blue crape aerophane, ornamented with blonde at bottom; corsage, epaulettes, crapes, &c. of blonde; train of white satin, splendidly trimmed with silver; head-dress, ostrich feathers and pearls.

Standish O'Grady.—A white satin dress, embroidered in silver, à Colonne train of blue velours épinglé, with silver trimmings.

Pearce.—A rich British blonde dress, handsomely trimmed with riband, blonde, and flowers, over white satin ; a beautiful train of blonde, lined with white satin ; head-dress, blonde béret, with a profusion of feathers and pearl bandeaux.

Riley.—An embroidered crape dress, over white satin, trimmed with blonde : train of blue watered gros de Naples, trimmed with silver ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.

Roberts.—A superb white aerophane crape dress worked with silver and blue silk, body ornamented with blonde : a blue satin turque, trimmed with satin and silver of the same colour ; head-dress, plumes and diamonds.

John Able Smith.—A white satin dress, with deep blonde flounce, corsage elegantly trimmed to correspond ; velvet train, couleur immortelle, lined with white satin ; head-dress, wreath of diamonds, and a plume of ostrich feathers confined by a diamond band ; necklace and bracelet of the same, with a diamond ceinture.

Wat. Smyth.—A white crape dress, richly embroidered in gold, with blonde epaulettes ; train of violet velvet, trimmed with gold lama ; a plume of feathers, brilliants, and blonde lappets.

Arthur Stanhope.—Dress of white satin, with two superb flounces of blonde ; train of white velours épingle, lined with white satin, and trimmed with rouleaux of satin and blonde ; séduisantes of blonde, with lappets and mantle ; head-dress, blonde capote, with white ostrich feathers and gold esprits ; ornaments, a profusion of diamonds and pearls.

C. Tennyson.—A magnificent white satin dress, splendidly trimmed with blonde ; a train of blue Victoria, handsomely trimmed ; pearl tiara and necklace, mixed with diamonds, feathers, and lappets.

C. Kemeys Tynte.—A robe of white satin, embroidered in gold and silver, the body trimmed with rich blonde ; the train of satin, couleur de paille, with a border of gold and silver to correspond ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, rubies, and blonde lappets.

Vaughan.—White satin dress, trimmed with a blonde flounce ; blonde epaulettes, train of violet velvet, lined with white satin ; plume of feathers, with brilliants and blonde lappets.

MISSES.

Bateson.—A white crape dress, elegantly embroidered in silver, over white satin, with mantille, sabots, and lappets of blonde ; blue satin train, trimmed with a ruche of tulle ; head-dress, feathers, ornaments, pearls, &c.

Beaumont.—An embroidered white crape dress à colonne, over rich white satin, and a beautiful deep gold and white dorine fringe below the embroidered border, body and sleeves trimmed with mantilla and sabots of handsome blonde ; manteau of rich white moire gros de Naples ; a ruban, with a torsade of white satin.

Marianne Beaumont.—An embroidered white crape dress à colonne, over white satin, and a beautiful pink and silver dorine fringe below the embroidered border, the body and sleeves trimmed with mantilla and sabots of handsome blonde ; manteau of rich pink moire gros de Naples. A ruban, with a torsade of pink satin.

Gifford.—A rich blonde dress of British manufacture, over a white satin manteau of oiseau de Paradis satin, lined with white satin, elegantly trimmed with rouleaux, mantille and sabots blonde ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

De Salis.—A white blonde dress, over white satin, trimmed with silver, and blonde epaulettes ; train of silver tissue, trimmed with lama ; plume of feathers, brilliants, and blonde lappets.

Fanshawe.—Dress of white crape, beautifully embroidered over a white satin slip ; boddice trimmed with blonde, an elegant white silk train, trimmed with tulle ; head-dress, blonde lappets and feathers.

Orby Hunter.—A blonde gauze dress, over satin, ornamented with bunches of laburnum ; body and béret sleeves trimmed with queen's blonde, and flowers to correspond ; train, rich watered jonquil gros de Naples, trimmed with tulle and satin ; head-dress, plume of jonquil and white feathers, with bandeau of pearls ; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Kinlock.—White crape robe with superb Indian bordure of beetle's wings ; manteau of green moire silk, lined with gros de Naples ; agraff of emeralds and diamonds ; coiffure, feathers and diamonds.

Bertie Mathew.—A dress of white crape, embroidered with gold ; white satin sleeves, beautifully ornamented ; a white satin petticoat, train of white satin, lined with white, and trimmed with gold ; head-dress, feathers and pearls.

Maria Murray.—A Brussels point dress, over white gros de Naples ; train of cerise

figured silk, handsomely trimmed : mantilla of Brussels point ; elegant plume of feathers, bandeau and sevelgres and pink topazes.

Pusey.—A pink crape dress, over white satin, trimmed with bouquets of flowers and British blonde lace ; an elegant pink satin train, lined with white, and trimmed to correspond with the dress ; head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers ; ornaments, pink amethysts and pearls.

Ridley and Laura Ridley.—Dresses of crêpe lisse, over white satin, trimmed en garniture and ruche ; boddices à la Grecque ; trains of white gros de Naples, trimmed en ruche ; head-dress, plumes of ostrich feathers and lappets.

George Seymour.—White crape dress trimmed with flowers and gauze riband, with blonde epaulettes ; train of rich white satin ; plume of feathers, brilliants, and blonde lappets.

Wat. Smyth.—A white crape dress, embroidered in silver, with blonde epaulettes ; train of white satin, trimmed with silver lama ; a plume of feathers, brilliants, and blonde lappets.

Stanley.—An elegant dress of white crape, over white satin ; the garniture formed of ribands, and bouquets of gold flowers, folded corsage and bérét sleeves, trimmed with British blonde lace ; manteau of white ducape moire, confined by a handsome gold band ; head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers, with lappets of British blonde.

Stopford.—Dress of white crape, beautifully embroidered, over a white satin slip ; boddicerichly trimmed with blonde, and an elegant white silk train, trimmed with tulle ; head-dress, blonde lappets and feathers.

Tennyson (the Two).—White crape dress, over white satin, simply and elegantly trimmed with a wreath of white and silver flowers ; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde ; trains of rich white watered ducape, trimmed to correspond, with a wreath of white and silver flowers ; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Trotter.—Under dress of rich white satin, over which was worn a white aerophane, embroidered, and ornamented with a wreath of mangolias up the front ; sleeves and body trimmed with blonde ; train of watered gros de Naples, colour, morning primrose, and trimmed with blonde ; head-dress, ostrich feathers and blonde lappets.

Vansittart (the Two).—Dresses of white crape, most beautifully embroidered in white and gold, worn over white satin slips, with blonde mantilles ; trains of rich pink figured silk, trimmed with gold and lined with gros de Naples ; head-dresses, beautiful combs, and elegant plumes of ostrich feathers ; pearl ornaments.

Vaughan.—White crape dress, embroidered in blue velvet and silver lama, with blonde epaulettes ; train of rich blue satin, trimmed with silver lama ; plume of feathers, brilliants, and blonde lappets.

Wilson (Jemima).—Dress of rich white satin, decorated with pink roses en bouquet, and white gauze ribbon ; manteau of white watered gros de Naples, ornamented with flowers and ribbons ; head-dress of feathers, diamonds, and pearls, with blonde lappets.

Wrottesley (the Misses).—Aerophane crape dresses, trimmed with silver wreaths, ornamented with silver and blonde on the body, white satin trains to correspond with the dresses ; head-dresses, plume and silver ornaments.

Their Majesty's returned to Windsor on Friday the 11th, shortly after six o'clock in the afternoon, unattended by any parade, or even by a military escort ; but accompanied by Prince George of Cambridge, and their attendants were Sir Herbert Taylor, Sir Augustus d'Este, Miss Wilson, Miss Bagot. The Rev. Mr. Wood was also in attendance on the young Prince.

On Saturday, the 12th, the King took an airing in the Great Park, in his pony phaeton, drawn by four ponies, conducted by two postillions. His Majesty remained abroad nearly three hours. The Queen did not leave the castle, on account of the unfavourable change in the weather.

On Sunday morning, the 13th, their Majesties attended divine service at St. George's Chapel. The Queen was attended by Miss Bagot and Miss Wilson. Prince George

of Cambridge followed, with Sir Augustus d'Este and the Rev. Mr. Wood. On their return, their Majesties did not again leave the castle. A small company were added to the dinner-party, including several officers of the regiment stationed at Windsor.

On Wednesday the 16th, at an early hour, the King left the Castle for London, to hold a Court and Levee at his Palace of St. James's. His Majesty was escorted by a party of the 2d Life-guards.

THE KING'S LEVEE.

The King arrived at St. James's Palace from Windsor, about one o'clock, and shortly afterwards his Majesty held a Court.

Sir George Naylor (Genealogist and Blanc Coursier Herald), attired in his full robes of office, introduced Admiral Digby into his Majesty's presence in the royal closet ad-

joining the throne-room, when his Majesty invested the gallant admiral with the Order of a Knight Commander of the Bath. The Duke of Norfolk had an audience of his Majesty in the royal closet, and presented addresses from the city of Chester in favour of Reform; also the Earl of Gosford, who kissed hands on being appointed a lord of the King's bedchamber; Mr. Grosvenor, who kissed hands on being reappointed comptroller of the King's household; Mr. Samuel Wilson, who kissed hands on being appointed gentleman harbinger to his Majesty; to the latter gentleman his Majesty presented the silver stick of office. Count Molthe, the Danish minister, also had an audience, and delivered a letter to his Majesty, from the King of Denmark.

His Majesty then held his Levee, and received, first, the *entrée* company, and afterwards the general company, and those who were specially presented.

After the Levee, his Majesty gave audience to the Marquis of Winchester, Lord Foley, Sir G. Naylor, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Grey, Viscount Althorp, the Marquis Clanricarke, Viscount Palmerston, the Prince of Orange, the Right Hon. Charles Grant, Lord Hill, Sir James Kempt, Sir James Graham, Sir W. Freemantle, Viscount Strangford, and Lord James O'Brien.

Lord Amherst and Sir Henry Blackwood were the lord and groom in waiting.

Soon after the close of the Levee and audiences, his Majesty left the palace in his travelling-carriage for Windsor.

The following were presented:

Alexander, Mr. H., by col. G. Fitzclarence; Ansley, alderman, with an address from the Ward of Bread-street; Auldjo, lieutenant-col. Fox.

Baillie, Mr. S. E., M.P., with an address from Bristol in favour of the Reform Bill, by vis. Melbourne; Baker, cap. W., by sir R. Baker; Bruce, capt. R.N., by sir A. Barnard, K.C.B.; Burdett, sir F., with a loyal address from the city of Westminster.

Campbell, Mr. L., 16th Queen's lancers, by sir G. Murray; Chancellor, the lord, with the following addresses approving of the bill before parliament for Parliamentary Reform:—From the students of the Inns of Court; from the mayor, aldermen, and others of the town of Nottingham; from the four trading incorporations of Leith; from the incorporation of Glovers at Perth; from the incorporation of Caulkers, of Cupar, Fife; from the parish of All Saints, Poplar; from the inhabitants of the borough of Leeds, in public meeting; Children, Mr., secretary to the Royal Society, by the duke of Sussex; Clarke, lieutenant P., by sir T. Hardy; Cockell, capt., on his return from India, by sir W. Gordon; Coulson, lieutenant R.N., on appoint-

ment to his Majesty's ship Alfred, by sir G. Hardy; Courtney, rev. Mr., by the bishop of Winchester; Coventry, Mr. D., by the marquis of Chandos.

Daly, Mr. J., to present a memorial, by the duke of Wellington; Dickson, col. sir A., K.C.B., aide-de-camp to his Majesty, on his marriage, by sir J. Kempt; Durham, lord, with an address from the inhabitants of Sunderland and the Wearmouths, thanking his Majesty for the measures of Parliamentary Reform, &c.

Ennismore, vis., by lord Byron.

Feodor, Mr., with an address from Barnstaple; Fergusson, Mr. R. C., M.P., with a petition from the West India Proprietors, and those connected with the West India Colonies, now residing in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in Scotland.

Grey, hon. J., by the duke of Gordon; Grey, earl, with the following addresses to the King, on the introduction of the Reform Bill into parliament:—From the inhabitants of Hastings; from the incorporation of Merchants of Leith; from the Wregh incorporation, Perth; from the Hammermen incorporation, Perth; from the inhabitants of the town of Rye; from the Guildry incorporation of Perth; from the Merchants' house of Glasgow; from the inhabitants of Bilston; from the inhabitants of Belfast; from the inhabitants and burgesses of Nottingham; from the incorporation of Cordiners, Edinburgh; from the seven incorporated trades of Easter and Wester Portsburgh, Edinburgh; from the inhabitants of Leith; from the incorporation of Weavers, Glasgow; from the operatives of Glasgow; from the inhabitants of Christchurch; from the incorporation of Hammermen of Easter and Wester Portsburgh, Edinburgh; from the magistrates, town council, incorporated trades, burgesses, and inhabitants of the Burgh of Irvine; from the owners and occupiers of land in the rape of Hastings, Sussex; Gough, Mr. J., Mr. W. Lawrence, Mr. B. Wadden, Mr. G. Pearce, and Mr. M. Purland, a deputation from the parish of St. Leonard, Shorelitch, with an address to his Majesty, praying the adoption of the Reform Bill as brought forward by lord J. Russell, by vis. Melbourne; Guise, sir W., bart., commanding East Gloucester militia, by lord E. Somerset.

Hartley, major, by earl Tyrconnel; Hobhouse, Mr., M.P., with an address of thanks from the city of Westminster; Hodgson, Mr., M.P., by sir M. W. Ridley, bart.; Holmes, Mr. J., high-bailiff of the borough of Southwark, accompanied by Mr. Calvert and sir R. Wilson, with a dutiful and loyal address from the inhabitants of Southwark; Hume, Mr., to present addresses from the inhabitants of Marylebone; from the magis-

trates, council, and inhabitants of the royal burgh of Forfar—and from the inhabitants of the royal burgh of Lanark, 650; from the inhabitants of the royal burgh of Berwick; Humphreys, rev. Dr., on his presentation by the King to the rectory of Tenby, by sir J. Owen, bart.

Jesse, Mr., by col. Fitzclarence.

Keith, hon. capt. R.N., by the duke of Gordon; Kemp, Mr., with an address from the borough of Lewes; Knox, hon. lieutenant-col., M.P., by the Adj.-Gen.; König, Mr., foreign secretary of the Royal Society by the duke of Sussex.

Laurie, sir P., with an address from Aldersgate ward; Lawrence, Mr. W., by vis. Melbourne; Lovaine, lord, by the duke of Northumberland; Lubbock, Mr. by the duke of Sussex; Lumsdaine, rev. E. S., by the duke of Gordon.

Malcolm, major-gen. sir J., G.C.B., on his return from India; Malet, sir A., with an humble and loyal address from the inhabitants of Marlborough and its vicinity, expressing their satisfaction at the plan of Reform introduced by his Majesty's ministers; Mason, Mr., O., high-bailiff of Birmingham, and Mr. H. Smith, low-bailiff of Birmingham, with an address to his Majesty, by vis. Melbourne; Mayor, the lord, with an address from the ward of Langbourn; Minto, earl of, by the Lord in Waiting; Monteith, Mr. M.P., by the duke of Montrose.

Ogle, lieutenant. H., R.N., by gen. the hon. sir H. Grey, K.C.B.; Oldmixon, lieutenant., by sir J. Graham; Osborne, lord F., by the earl of Chichester.

Pawlett, major lord W., by the marquis of Winchester; Pearce, Mr. G., by vis. Melbourne; Protheroe, Mr. E., with an address from Bristol in favour of the Reform Bill, by vis. Melbourne, Purland, Mr. M., by vis. Melbourne.

Ridley, sir M., with an address from Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Roget, Dr., by the duke of Sussex; Romilly, lieutenant., by lieutenant-col. Fox.

Shepherd, rev. Dr., by lieutenant-gen. Hodgson, col. of the 83d regiment; Stanford, lieutenant., on his return from India, by the earl of Oxford; Stone, capt. G., by lieutenant-gen. Hodgson.

Taylor, Dr. (late physician to his Majesty), with a loyal and congratulatory address from the town and county of Poole, by vis. Melbourne; Tempest, col., 1st Royal Lancashire Militia, by lord Stanley; Trevor, major, by lieutenant-gen. sir C. Halkett; Troubridge, capt. sir T., on his appointment to his majesty's ship Stag, by sir J. Graham; Tyrconnel, the earl of, on receiving the Grand Cross of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order.

Wadden, Mr. B., by vis. Melbourne.

Yule, commander, by sir T. Hardy.

The following is a list of the general company:

Dukes.—Gordon, Norfolk, Wellington.

Marquises.—Clanricarde, Winchester.

Earls.—Amherst, Belfast, Carlisle, Chichester, Denbigh, Ferrers, Glengall, Gosford, Meath, Minton, Oxford, Tyrconnel.

Viscounts.—Ennismore, Strangford.

Lords.—Foley, Lovaine, J. O'Bryen, F. Osborne, Rolle.

Right Honourables.—C. Grant, R. Grant.

Honourables.—C. Forrester, J. Grey, Capt. Keith, R.N., Lieutenant-col. Knox, M.P., G. I. Vernon, H. Windsor.

Sirs.—R. Baker, F. Burdett, W. Guise, J. Langham, P. Laurie, A. Malet, G. Naylor, F. Ommanney, R. B. Phillips, M. Ridley, P. Sidney.

Bishops.—Chester, Coventry, Lichfield, Winchester.

Generals.—Sir G. Anson, Egerton, sir C. Halkett, sir John Lambert, sir John Malcolm, Poyntz.

Admirals.—Hon. sir H. Blackwood, Hall, Lambert, Tollemache, Wolley.

Colonels.—B. Camac, sir O. Carey, Cavendish, Cruise, sir A. Dickson, Douglas, sir R. Gardner, Hartley, lord G. Lennox, J. M. F. Smith, sir C. W. Thornton, Tempest, Tynte.

Majors.—Hartley, lord W. Pawlet, Trevor.

Commanders.—N. Poyntz, R.N., Yule, R.N.

Captains.—W. H. Bake, P. Blackwood, R.N., Bruce, R.N., Cockell, A. P. Green, Rous, R.N., G. Stone, sir T. Troubridge, R.N., sir N. J. Willoughby, R.N.

Lieutenants.—Auldjo, J. P. Clarke, R.N., Coulson, R.N., Henry Ogle, R.N., Oldmixon, R.N., Romilly, Standford, Quintus Vivian.

Messrs.—H. Alexander, alderman Ansley, Aysford, J. E. Baillie, M.P., Bridgman, L. Campbell, Children, C. M. Clarke, D.D., D. Coventry, rev. Courtney, James Daly, D. C. L. Dodson, R. C. Fergusson, M.P., E. Foley, M.P., James Gough, Gulston, Hobhouse, M.P., Hodgson, M.P., J. Holmes, Hume, M.P., Humphreys, D.D., W. Irby, Jesse, Kemp, C. Kemys, Kennedy, König, W. Lawrence, Lubbock, rev. E. S. Lumsdaine, O. Mason, Monteith, M.P., George Pearce, Pole, D.D., E. Protheroe, Marshall Purland, Roget, M.D., Ross, Sanford, Scott, Shepherd, D.D., Singleton, Smith, W. Smith, Stanley, W. Stuart, Taylor, M.D., M. A. Taylor, Tudor, M.P., C. K. Tynte, B. Wadden, S. Wilson, C. Wood, M.P.

After having held his Court and Levee, his Majesty returned to Windsor, at seven o'clock in the evening. During the King's

absence this day, her Majesty took a long walk, and inspected the buildings that are in progress to form the new lodge. Her Majesty also visited the dairy at Frogmore, attended by Miss Wilson and Miss Bagot.

On Thursday the 15th, the weather being favourable, about half-past two, the King left the Castle in his pony phaeton, accompanied by her Majesty on horseback. Their Majesties were accompanied by Prince Geo. of Cambridge, and attended by Sir Herbert Taylor, Mr. Hudson, the Rev. Mr. Wood, Miss Bagot, and Miss Wilson. It is understood that the Princess Augusta will shortly take up her residence at Frogmore Lodge, where the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg will also spend some time, previous to her departure for the continent.

OTHER ROYAL MOVEMENTS.

On Saturday, the 12th, the Duchess of Kent entertained a distinguished party at dinner. The Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and a select party, dined with the Princess Augusta, at St. James's Palace.

On Sunday, the 13th, the Duke of Cumberland dined with the Earl of Westmorland, at his lordship's residence in Grosvenor-square.

On Monday, the 14th, the Princess Augusta called on Lady Caroline Waldegrave,

at her ladyship's residence in Curzon-street. The Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia, visited the Princess Augusta. The Duchess of Cumberland was visited by the Prince of Orange, at her Royal Highness's residence in St. James's Palace.

On Tuesday, the 15th, the Duke of Cumberland dined with the noblemen and gentlemen of the Catch Club, at the Thatched House Tavern.

On Wednesday, the 16th, the Duke of Cumberland, accompanied by his son Prince George, dined with the Archbishop of York, at his grace's residence in Grosvenor-square. In the evening his Royal Highness and the Archbishop attended the concert of ancient music at the Hanover-square rooms. The Landgravine of Hesse Homburg dined with the Duke of Devonshire, at Devonshire-house, Piccadilly. The Princess Augusta was visited by the Prince of Orange.

On Thursday, the 17th, the Duke of Sussex dined with the members of the Royal Society Club, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Prince Leopold, and a large list of distinguished persons honoured the French performances at the Haymarket Theatre.

On Friday, the 18th, Prince Leopold gave a grand dinner at Marlborough-house.

WINDSOR.

On Saturday, the 19th, the Queen took an airing in her poney phaeton, accompanied by Prince George of Cambridge. The King did not quit the Castle. Lord Hill, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Sir James Kemp, Colonel Geo. Fitzclarence, and Mr. Greenwood, arrived yesterday.

On Sunday, the 20th, the Queen attended divine service at St. George's Chapel, accompanied thither by Prince George of Cambridge, and the royal suite. The troops belonging to the second regiment of Life Guards, and the first battalion of the Coldstream Guards, were inspected in the Castle-yard by his Majesty, attended by Lord Hill and Lord Fitzroy Somerset.

On Monday evening their Majesties entertained a numerous and distinguished party to dinner, including Sir John and Lady Gore and Miss Gore.

On Tuesday morning, at half-past ten, their Majesties left the Castle for London.

LONDON.

On Monday, the 21st, the Duchess of Kent entertained a select party to dinner. The Princess Augusta entertained Count and Countess Munster and a select party to dinner. The Duchess of Gloucester and

the Princess Augusta visited Lady Freemantle, and partook of a splendid *déjeuné*; their royal highnesses afterwards dined with Lady Mary Ross. The Duke of Cumberland entertained a dinner-party of noblemen and gentlemen; after which the Duke visited the King's Theatre. Prince Leopold also attended the King's Theatre.

On Sunday, the 20th, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland and Prince George heard divine service at their apartments in St. James's Palace. The Princess Augusta heard divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria heard divine service at their apartments in Kensington Palace. The Prince of Orange left town this morning by the Batavier steam-vessel. His royal highness was waited on at his departure by many of the nobility.

On Monday, the 21st, the Princess Augusta entertained the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg and a select party to dinner, at her apartments in St. James's Palace. In the morning her Royal Highness visited Lady Caroline Waldegrave, at her ladyship's residence in Curzon-street.

On Tuesday, the 22d, their Majesties arrived in town a few minutes before two

o'clock. Their Majesties were visited, immediately on their arrival, by the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Sophia, and the Princess Sophia Matilda. In the evening the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg dined with their Majesties.

On Wednesday, the 23d, his Majesty held a Levee at St. James's Palace. His Majesty entered the state-rooms about two o'clock, and immediately granted audiences to the Field Officer in Waiting, and the Colonel of the Guard; the Brazilian Minister, who delivered his letter of recal, the Earl of Albemarle, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Foley, Earl Grey, Viscount Palmerston, Sir J. Graham, the Right Hon. Charles Grant, Viscount Althorp, Lord Hill, Lord Erskine, and the Lord Chancellor.

The lord in waiting was Earl Amherst, and the groom in waiting Sir Henry Blackwood.

His Majesty then received the *entrée* company, consisting of Prince Leopold, the Russian, Austrian, and Netherlands Ambassadors; the Prussian, Swedish, American, Sardinian, Neapolitan, Bavarian, Austrian, and Wirtemberg Ministers; the Archbishop of York, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretaries of State for the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Departments; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Board of Control, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Captain of the Yeoman Guard, the Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, the Deputy Great Chamberlain, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Treasurer of the Household, Lord Hill, Gold Stick in Waiting; Colonel Cavendish, Silver Stick in Waiting; the Master of the King's Stag Hounds, the Paymaster of the Forces, the Judge Advocate-General, the Secretary to the Privy Purse, the Master of the Ceremonies, Mr. Serjeant Arabin, and the Attorney and Solicitor Generals.

The following persons were specially presented:

Arden, Mr. by the marquis of Cleveland.
Balcarras, earl of, by the earl of Hardwicke; Bamfield, sir G. bart. by sir Hussey Vliyan, on being appointed colonel of the North Devon Militia; Barlow, sir G. by earl Nelson; Barlow, lieut. on being appointed to his Majesty's ship *St. Vincent*; Birch, Mr. J. W. by sir G. H. Rose; Black, Dr. by earl Amherst; Blandy, rev. F. J., Chaplain to the Mayor of Reading, by lord Melbourne; Bruce, hon. R. by col. Woodford; Brudenell, lieut.-col. lord, on

his promotion by lord Hill; Butler, hon. Mr. by his father, lord Dumborne.

Caldwell, col. A. c.s. by sir T. Hislop; Cator, lieut.-col. on promotion, by sir J. Kempt; Cheslyn, captain, by earl Howe; Cole, Mr. E. H. on his marriage, by the hon. col. Dawson Damer; Crosby, Mr. J. by the Lord Chancellor.

Delafield, rev. J. by the earl of Limerick; Des Voeux, Mr. on his return from his Majesty's embassy at Constantinople, by lord Palmerston; Duff, lieut.-gen. the hon. A. by marshal lord Beresford; Duff, lieut.-gen. by marshal lord Beresford.

Elwood, lieut.-col. by Mr. H. Curteis, M.P. English, sir J. Hawker, by general sir H. Douglas; Erskine, lord, his Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the King of Bavaria, on his arrival in England.

Falls, major 93d regiment, on his promotion, by gen. lord Hill; Fenwick, capt. on his return from Gibraltar, by sir A. Bryce; Fitzroy, lord J. by lord Clanricarde; Fletcher, lieut.-col. on his promotion, by col. Woodford; Forster, col. on his appointment to the command of the Artillery in the South-West District, by lieut.-gen. sir J. Kempt; Foster, Mr. by commissioner Usher; Fox, lieut.-col. on being appointed equerry to his Majesty, by lord Albemarle; Fraser, commander, by the right hon. C. Grant.

Gallway, commander, on his appointment to the Ordinary at Chatham, by sir J. Graham, bart.; Granger, rear-admiral, on his promotion and return from the Continent, by sir T. Hardy; Grant, lieut. H. by the earl of Rosslyn; Greenwell, col. c.s. on his appointment to the command of the garrison of Chatham, by lord Hill; Grey, hon. W. B. by the earl of Stamford; Griffiths, Cornet, on his appointment, by the marquis of Salisbury.

Haig, lieut. on his marriage, by sir R. King; Hall, sir J. by sir L. Moeller; Hamilton, hon. G. by lord Clive; Hargood, admiral sir W. K.C.B. on his being created a Knight Grand Cross of the Guelphic Order, by sir H. Taylor; Hay, col. c.s. on his promotion to the command of the Queen's Bays, by lord Hill; Hodges, major, by the earl of Romney; Hore, commander J. S. by the hon. sir R. Stopford; Hore, rev. T. by the earl of Bandon.

Jermyn, earl, on his marriage, by the marquis of Bristol; Jodrell, sir R. by the earl of Albemarle; Johnstone, capt. H. by J. Pechell; Jones, Mr. M.P. by sir J. Owen.

Kelly, lieut. W. R.N. by sir J. Graham; Knox, lieut. F. by sir H. Campbell.

Lechmere, lieut. by lord Foley; Logan, Mr. J. to present his work on the *Gael*, by

the duke of Gordon; Lowdham, Mr. secretary of lunatics to the Lord Chancellor, by the Lord Chancellor; Lyon, capt. by col. Freemantle.

Manning, lieutenant. G. R.N. by the hon. baron Dimsdale; Maxwell, sir M. on his appointment of lieutenant-governor of Prince Edward's Island, by lord Goderich; May, capt. on his return from India, by sir J. May; Meiklam, lieutenant. by the earl of Rosslyn; Molyneux, lieutenant. W. H. R.N. by earl Amherst; Montreux, lieutenant.-gen. sir H. K.C.B. and G.C.H. by gen. lord Howden, G.C.B. and K.C.; Morgan, lieutenant.-col. by the marquis of Bute; Morrill, Mr. by col. Fitzclarence.

Nichol, col. 66th regiment, by gen. sir J. Kempt; Norris, ensign, by gen. sir W. Pringle; Nutt, major, by major-gen. sir J. Malcolm.

Pallisor, sir Hugh, Bart. by the earl of Beauchamp; Palmer, Mr. C. F. M.P. by lord Melbourne; Paterson, lieutenant. on his return from foreign service, by lord Fitzroy Somerset; Philipps, Mr. by sir R. Bulkeley Philipps; Pollen, rev. G. P. Boileau, by sir John Pollen.

Richardson, capt. by sir H. Blackwood; Rooke, lieutenant. R.N. on being appointed to his Majesty's ship *Belvidera*, by adm. sir H. Neale, Bart.; Rose, capt. H. S. V. by sir G. Rose; Rose, Mr. C. P. by sir G. H. Rose; Rouse, lieutenant. by sir T. Hardy; Russell, Mr. C. by viscount Melbourne.

Savage, capt. by major-general Fisher; Seymour, capt. sir G. on his being created a Knight Commander of the Royal Guelphic Order; Scallon, com. R.N. by sir E. Hamilton, Bart.; Shaw, cornet, by prince Leopold; Skinner, com. Arthur M. by gen. sir G. Nugent; Smith, Mr. J. by the Lord Chancellor; Smith, capt. W. C. by adm. sir W. Hargood; Spink, lieutenant.-col. by lieutenant.-gen. sir W. Keir Grant; Stanley, Mr. by the earl of Belfast.

Thornton, lieutenant. by the marquis of Salisbury; Throckmorton, Mr. by lord Radnor; Tinsling, capt. by major-gen. sir A. Pryce; Townshend, colonel, by viscount Sydney; Tremenneere, col. on being promoted to the Chatham Division of the Royal Marines; Turnbull, Mr. by sir T. Hislop.

Vesey, capt. by Mr. Arbuthnot; Vines, Mr. E. by lord Melbourne; Vivian, lieutenant.-gen. sir H. on being created a Grand Cross of the Royal Hanoverian Order of Guelph; Vyse, Mr. H. on being appointed cornet in the 2d Life-guards; Vyse, Mr. R. H. on being appointed cornet in the Royal Horse-guards.

Webster, major H. by col. Fitzclarence; Wells, Mr. H. by sir P. Sydney; Wheatley, major-general sir H. on being appointed a Knight Commander of the Guelphic Order; Wilks, Mr. J. M.P. by the Lord Chancellor;

Williamson, capt. by col. Greenwell; Wilmot, Mr. F. on being appointed Secretary of Legation in Switzerland, by lord Palmerston; Windham, captain S. by col. Fitzclarence.

LIST OF THE GENERAL COMPANY.

Dukes.—Newcastle, Norfolk, St. Alban's, and Somerset.

Marquises.—Bute, Camden, Cholmondeley, Cleveland, and Tavistock.

Earls.—Abingdon, Amherst, Balcarres, Bandon, Beauchamp, Caledon, Carlisle, Cawdor, Derby, Jermyn, Nelson, and Roseberry.

Viscounts.—Chetwynd, Ingestrie, Valletort.

Lords.—Althorp, Byron, Dudley, Erskine, J. Fitzroy, Henley, Kemys, A. Lennox, J. O'Brien, Rosmore, Sandon, and Stuart.

Count.—Morel de Champemont.

Right Honourables.—C. Grant, & R. Grant.

Honourables.—R. Bruce, Butler, rev. R. Carleton, W. B. Grey, and G. Hamilton.

Sirs.—G. Bamfylde, G. Barlow, A. D'Este, J. H. English, O. Gibbes, I. Hale, T. Hammond, R. Jodrell, M. Maxwell, G. Noel, I. Owen, H. Palliser, R. B. Phillips, I. Pollen, G. Rose, B. Seymour, E. Tucker, H. Vivian, H. Wheatley, and W. W. Wynn.

Bishops.—Chichester, and Lincoln.

Generals.—Bonham, Sir A. Clarke, Sir C. Dalbiac, Sir F. De Rottenburg, Hon. A. Duff, Sir G. Eustace, Sir J. Fraser, Sir W. K. Grant, Sir T. Hislop, Sir W. Hutchinson, Sir H. Montreux, Mulcaster, Sir G. Quentin, Rooke, Stevenson, Sir H. Vivian, and Sir H. Wheatley.

Admirals.—Hon. Sir H. Blackwood, Dundas, Gage, Gifford, Granger, Sir W. Hargood, Jones, Ommaney, C.B., White, and Sir J. Yorke.

Colonels.—Sir G. Berkeley, Brotherton, Lord Brudenell, A. Caldwell, Cator, Cleland, Cust, Sir A. Dalrymple, Dawson Damer, Sir A. Dickson, Douglas, Hon. H. Dundas, Elwood, Fitzclarence, Fletcher, Foster, Fox, Greenwell, P. Hawker, Hay, Howard, Kenah, M'Clervery, Maule, Sir J. May, Morgan, Nicol, Poter, Rowley, Salter, Spink, Townshend, Tremenneere, Tyrell, Vyse, Walker, and Sir H. Wyatt.

Majors.—Diggle, Falls, Hodges, Nutt, and H. Webster.

Captains.—Aylmer, Bastard, R.N. G. Berkeley, J. W. Campbell, R.N., Carroll, R.N., Cheslyn, Hon. H. Duncan, R.N., Dundas, R.N., Fanshawe, R.N., Fenwick, O. V. Harcourt, R.N., H. Johnstone, Lyon, M.P., May, Prescott, N.B. C.B., Price, R.N., Randolph, R.N., Richardson, R.N., C.B., H. St. V. Rose, Sir G. Seymour, Simpson, R.N., W. C. Smith, Tinsling, Vessey, Weymouth, Williamson, and S. Windham.

Commanders.—C. English, Fraser, Gall-

way, P. Graham, J. S. Hore, R. H. King, R. Meredith, Nias, Scallon, A. M. Skinner, G. Truscott, and Ussher.

Lieutenants.—Barlow, R.N., Faris, H. Grant, Haig, C. H. Jay, R.N., W. Kelly, R.N., T. Knox, R.N., Lechmere, Meikham, W. H. Molyneux, Patterson, Rooke, R.N., Rouse, R.N., and Thornton.

Cornets.—Griffiths and Shaw.

Ensign.—Norris.

Messrs.—Adeane, Arden, Bainbridge, M.P., Baring, Bethell, M. Biddulph, J. W. Birch, Dr. Black, Rev. F. J. Blandy, F. Booth, C. Bruce, Burrard, M.P. Campbell, Rev. W. Canning, Coates, W. Coates, E. H. Cole, Courtenay, J. Crosby, Currey, Rev. T. De-lafield, Des Voeux, C. Dundas, R. Dundas, Rev. G. Evans, Eyston, Rev. W. Fallowfield, Foster, Frost, Gordon, M.P., Rev. J. Gosset, Gough, Hanley, Holdsworth, Rev. C. S. Hope, Rev. T. Hore, C. E. Jenkins, W. Jones, Jones, M.P., Ald. Kelly, Knockmorton, Labouchere, Lawrence, B. Lennard, M.P., J. Logan, Lowdham, J. B. Monck, J. B. Monk, North, Northmore, C. Offley, Oldmixon, Palmer, C. F. Palmer, M.P. M. Phillips, Rev. G. P. B. Pollen, Price, D. Radcliffe, C. Russel, C. P. Rose, D. D. Savage, Shelley, J. Smith, Strutt, Sykes, M.P., Turnbull, E. Vines, H. Vyse, R. H. Vyso, Waddon, Walter, J. Walter, H. Wells, Wicker, J. Wilks, M.P., F. Wilmot, Wright, and C. Wright.

Numerous addresses were presented to his Majesty.

After the Levee the King held a Privy Council, when the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Earl of Derby, and the Hon. R. Grosvenor were sworn members of his Majesty's privy council. Mr. Greville attended as clerk of the council.

The Queen attended the lectures of the Bishop of London, at St. James's Church.

The Queen dined with the Princess Augusta at her residence in the King's Palace St. James's. The Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and the Duchess of Gloucester, were present to meet her Majesty.

In the evening, the Queen, accompanied by the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg and the Duchess of Gloucester, and attended by her chamberlain Earl Howe, went in a private manner to the concert of ancient music, at the Hanover-square rooms.

FETE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

In the evening his Majesty gave a splendid entertainment to the members of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, on the occasion of Count Munster taking leave of England, after a residence here of about forty years. The entertainment was given in the state banqueting-room, all the attendants appearing in full uniform. The Yeoman

Guard formed in double line along the guard-room. The palace was brilliantly illuminated, the banqueting-room in particular. The long table, which was laid for fifty, had a plateau of nine pieces, the centre of which belonged to the late King when Prince of Wales, and still bears his crest. The cross table was laid for thirty, and had a plateau of five pieces.

The King, accompanied by the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, and Prince Leopold, received the company in his principal drawing-room. His Majesty appeared in a field-marshal's uniform. The band of the Royal Horse-guards attended in the hall adjoining the banqueting-room, and played during the evening.

The following members of the order had the honour of being invited by his Majesty, but the whole of them did not attend, about fifteen being prevented by indisposition or absence from the country:

Knights Grand Crosses.—Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, Gloucester, and Prince Leopold, Prince Esterhazy, Prince Lieven, Count Munster, Viscount Beresford, Lord George Beresford, Sir R. Bolton, Sir F. Burton, Lord Burghersh, Sir H. Campbell, Earl Clanwilliam, Viscount Combermere, Sir R. D. Donkin, Earls of Errol and Fife, Sir W. Freemantle, Sir J. Fuller, Earl of Glasgow, Sir W. Gordon, Duke of Wellington, Count Woronzow, Sirs H. Grey, H. Halford, C. Halket, T. Hammond, Lord Hill, Sir J. Hope, Sir W. Houston, Earl Howe, Sir H. Hulse, Sir G. Hargood, Sir J. Kempt, Sir W. Knighton, Marquis of Londonderry, Sir B. M'Farlane, Sir A. Mackenzie, Sirs J. Macleod, H. Montresor, G. Murray, G. Rose, J. Stewart, H. Taylor, R. H. Vivian, Wathen Waller, Earl of Mayo, Lord Maryborough, Earl Mountcharles, Lord St. Helens, Viscount Strangford, and Earl Tyrconnel.

Knights Commanders.—Sir G. Airey, A. Barnard, T. H. Browne, Alex. Bryce, R. Church, G. Cockburn, H. F. Cooke, J. Conroy, J. Campbell, D'Albiac, Augustus d'Este, A. Dickson, C. W. Doyle, J. Elley, R. Gardiner, Lord Glenlyon, Sir C. Grant, W. Keir Grant, H. Halkett, J. Harvey, W. L. Herries, J. Hall, Edward Kerrison, J. Macra, D. Martin, J. May, Baron Munchausen, Col. Prott, Sir G. Quentin, Sir J. Reynett, Baron Rottenburg, Sirs P. Sidney, B. H. Stephenson, C. Thornton, F. B. Watson, F. Whittingham, G. A. Wood, H. Wheatley, Colonel Poten, and Baron Linsingen.

Officers of the Order.—King at arms, Sir George Naylor; secretary, Sir L. Muller; chaplain, Rev. Dr. Kuper; registrar, William Woods, Esq.

On Thursday the Queen held her third

Drawing-room. The arrangements were the same as on the former occasions. The honourable corps of Gentlemen Pensioners lined the presence-chamber, and appeared for the first time, by command of the King, in royal purple trousers, with broad gold lace down the sides, regulation boots and spurs.

The Marquis of Winchester and Sir William Freemantle had audiences of the King.

At half-past one o'clock the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and suite, came in state, in three carriages, and entered by the grand courtyard. There were also present at the drawing-room:—the Duke of Sussex, the Princess Augusta, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and Prince Leopold; the Russian Ambassador and Princess Lieven, the Austrian Ambassador, the Netherlands Ambassador and Madame Falck, Madame Bermudez the lady of the Spanish Minister, the Prussian Minister and Baroness Bulow, the Neapolitan, Brazilian, Sardinian, American, Austrian, Danish, Bavarian, and Wirtemberg Ministers; Monsieur Bourke, secretary to the Danish embassy; the Archbishop of York, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretaries of State for the Home, Foreign, and Colonial departments; the Groom of the Stole, the Master of the Horse, the Deputy Great Chamberlain, the Captain of the honourable corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, the Captain of the Yeoman Guard, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Treasurer of the Household, the Secretary of State for Ireland, Lord Hill, gold stick in waiting; Colonel Cavendish, silver stick; the Judge-Advocate-General, the Master of the Ceremonies, the Principal Equerry to the King, Mr. Serjeant Arabin, and the Secretary to the Commander of the Forces.

LADIES PRESENT AND PRESENTED.

Abingdon, countess of, by the Queen's Chamberlain; Anson, viscountess; Anson, lady, by viscountess Anson; Antrobus, lady, by the countess of Hardwicke; Alexander, Mrs. J. by the countess of Caledon; Alexander, Miss; Archer, Mrs. C. by the marchioness of Bristol; Archer, Miss, by ditto.

Balcarras, countess of, by the countess of Hardwicke; Balfour, lady E. by the countess of Kinnoul; Bandon, countess of, by the dowager lady Brownlow; Bartlett, Mrs.; Bassett, hon. Miss, by lady de Dunstanville; Bastard, Mrs. J. by lady Rolle; Bayley, Mrs. H. by the countess of Errol; Beadon, Mrs. by lady Maryborough; Beadon, Mrs. R.; Beauchamp, countess of; Beauclerk, the two ladies; Beantham, Miss, by lady Taylor; Bedford, duchess of; Bendon, Mrs. R. by

lady J. Thynne; Bentham, Miss; Bernard, lady H. by her mother, the countess of Bandon; Bertie, lady C. by the countess of Abingdon; Bethell, Mrs. by lady Constance; Blackwood, lady; Blackwood, Miss; Bleadon, Mrs. Richard; Blunt, Mrs. by lady Phillips; Blunt, Miss; Bonham, Miss H. by lady Garvagh; Boyle, Miss M. by Mrs. C. Boyle; Bristol, marchioness of; Broadhead, Miss, by Mrs. Broadhead; Broadhead, Miss C.; Brownlow, dowager lady; Bruce, Miss, by her mother, Mrs. J. Alexander; Burgoyne, lady; Burgoyne, Mrs. M. by lady Burgoyne; Burgoyne, Miss; Burgoyne, Miss M.; Byng, lady A.; Byng, Miss F. by the hon. Mrs. Paget; Byron, lady.

Campbell, lady E. by lady C. Bury; Campbell, hon. Mrs. G., by the countess of Cawdor; Campbell, Miss J., by lady C. Bury; Canning, Mrs. W., by lady Maryborough; Carleton, hon. Mrs., by lady Seymour; Carr, Mrs., by the marchioness Wellesley; Carr, Miss, by Mrs. Carr; Miss F., by Mrs. Carr; Caton, Miss, by the marchioness of Wellesley; Channon, Mrs., by lady Hamilton; Chaplin, Mrs. T., by lady Warburton; Chetwynd, viscountess, by the marchioness of Ely; Chetwynd, hon. Miss, by ditto; Chichester, dowager countess of; Chichester, lady A.; Clements, Mrs., by the dowager duchess of Richmond; Cullet, Mrs., by lady Phillips; Cracroft, Mrs., by Mrs. Bethell; Curtis, lady, by lady E. Palk; Curtis, Miss; Curtis, Miss S., by lady E. Palk; Cust, lady A. M.; Cust, hon. Miss.

De Dino, duchess of; De Dunstanville, lady, by countess Bathurst; Delafield, lady C., by the countess of Limerick; Denbigh, countess of; Doyle, lady, by the hon. Mrs. B. Paget; Doyle, Miss S.; Dundas, hon. Mrs., by lady C. Dundas.

Ellison, hon. Mrs., by the marchioness of Salisbury.

Fane, lady Arabella; Farquhar, lady, by lady C. Bury; Fergusson, Mrs. colonel; Fitzgerald, Mrs.; Fitzgerald, Miss, by her mother, Mrs. Fitzgerald; Fitzmaurice, lady L.

Garvagh, lady, by lady Rendlesham; Gibbs, lady, by the countess of Beauchamp; Gileries, lady; Glynn, lady; Gomm, lady, by the countess Bathurst; Gordon, lady; Gore, lady; Grant, Mrs. R., by the marchioness of Lansdowne; Gray, Mrs., by Mrs. Carr; Gray, Miss, by Mrs. Gray; Gray, Miss A., by Mrs. Gray; Grey, lady G.; Grey, hon. Mrs. W. B., by lady J. Thynne; Gurrah, lady.

Halket, lady, by lady Nugent; Hamilton, lady, by the countess of Wicklow; Hamilton, hon. Mrs., by lady A. Milbanke; Hamilton, Mrs.; Hamilton, Miss, by the countess of Wicklow; Hotham, hon. Mrs.; Hotham, Miss A., by her mother, the hon. Mrs. Hotham; Hotham, Miss F., by her mother,

the hon. Mrs. Hotham; Howard, Mrs. col., by the duchess of Northumberland; Hughes, Miss.

Inhoff, lady.

Jermyn, countess of; Jones, Mrs. W. by lady Blackwood; Jones, Miss, by her mother, Mrs. W. Jones; Jones, Miss C., by her mother, Mrs. W. Jones; Jones, Miss E., by her mother, Mrs. W. Jones.

Kenah, Mrs.; Kinnoul, the countess of, by the dowager duchess of Leeds.

Langston, hon. Mrs. by her sister, the countess of Denbigh; Langston, Mrs. Gore, by the marchioness of Lansdowne; Langston, Miss C. Gore, by the marchioness of Lansdowne; Lansdowne, marchioness of; Laurie, lady, by the countess of Errol; Limerick, countess of; Lindsay, Mrs. J., by the countess of Balcarras.

Maberley, Mrs. W., on her marriage, by the duchess of Northumberland; Mangles, Mrs. R., by lady Freemantle; Marsham, lady C., by the countess of Denbigh; Marsham, lady F., by the countess of Denbigh; Marsham, lady M., by the countess of Denbigh; Marsham, lady S., by the countess of Denbigh; Maryborough, lady; Master, Mrs., by lady J. Thynne; Mayo, countess of; Milbank, lady A., by the marchioness of Winchester; Mills, Mrs. C., by the lady I. Wemyss; Montague, hon. Miss C., by the countess Howe; Montagu, hon. Miss E., by the countess Howe; Montagu, Miss, by the duchess of Montrose; Moore, lady H., on her marriage, by lady C. Bury; Morrill, Mrs., by Mrs. Fitzclarence; Morrill, Miss, by Mrs. Fitzclarence; Mundy, Mrs., by lady Byron; Mundy, Mrs. C. by lady Byron; Mundy, Miss; Mundy, Miss C.; Mundy, Miss L.

Osborne, lady F. G., by the dowager countess of Chichester; Ousely, lady; Owen, lady, by the countess of Limerick.

Palk, lady E.; Parker, lady H., by lady Montford; Parnter, Mrs., by the marchioness of Wellesley; Paulet, lady C., by the marchioness of Winchester; Pearse, Mrs.; Pelham, lady A., by the dowager countess of Chichester; Pelham, lady M., by the dowager countess of Chichester; Pellin, Mrs. F.; Pellew, hon. Miss F.; Pery, lady C. A., by the countess of Limerick; Phillips, lady; Pole, lady L., by the countess of Limerick; Pole, Miss, by lady De Dunstanville; Ponsonby, hon. lady, by lady C. Dundas; Ponsonby, Mrs. G. by lady I. Wemyss; Ponsonby, Miss G., by lady C. Dundas; Ponsonby, Miss M., by lady C. Dundas; Pringle, lady, by the countess of Wicklow; Pringle, Miss, by lady Pringle.

Richmond, duchess of; Rolle, lady; Russell, lady G.; Russell, lady Louisa.

Salisbury, dowager marchioness of; Scarlett, Mrs.; Scott, hon. Mrs., by lady Montague; Seymour, lady; Shelley, lady; San-

ford, Mrs. A., by lady Selsey; Smith, hon. lady, by lady Selsey; Smith, Mrs. J., by the countess of Stanhope; Smith, Miss, by the countess of Stanhope; Smith, Miss C., by the countess of Stanhope; Southampton, lady, by the countess of Errol; Stanhope, countess, by the marchioness of Westmeath; Stanhope, Mrs. R. H., by lady Southampton; Stanley, lady M., by the countess of Kinnoul; Stanley, hon. Mrs.; Stanley, hon. Miss, by the hon. Mrs. Stanley; Stanley, Mrs., by countess Stanhope; Stanley, Miss, by countess Stanhope; Stanley, Miss C., by countess Stanhope; Stanley, Miss E., by countess Stanhope; Stewart, Mrs.; Straungway, lady T.; Stuart, Mrs., by the marchioness of Westmeath; Stuart, Mrs. W., by lady De Dunstanville; Swinburne, lady, by lady Gordon; Swinburne, Miss, by her mother, lady Swinburne.

Thompson, hon. Mrs. B., by lady Glynn; Trollope, lady, by countess Howe; Trollope, Miss, by countess Howe; Trotter, Miss, by Mrs. W. Stuart; Trotter, Miss M., by Mrs. W. Stuart; Tyrconnel, countess of, by the countess dowager of Chichester; Tynte, Mrs. C. K.; Tynte, Miss H. K., by Mrs. C. K. Tynte; Tynte, Miss L. K., by Mrs. C. K. Tynte.

Vane, lady A., by the marchioness of Winchester; Vansittart, Mrs. Gen., by the hon. Mrs. H. Windsor; Vyse, Mrs. H., by lady Gore; Vyse, Miss.

Warburton, lady; Wellesley, marchioness of; Wilbraham, lady A., by the right hon. lady King; Wheatley, lady, by countess Howe; Williams, Mrs. R.; Wilson, Patten, Mrs.; Wilson, Miss R.; Winchester, the marchioness of, by the queen's chamberlain; Windsor, hon. Mrs. H.; Wrollesley, lady; Wyatt, lady.

GENTLEMEN PRESENT AND PRESENTED.

Abingdon, earl of; Ainslie, capt.; Alexander, Mr. J.; Amherst, earl of; Anson, lieut.-gen. sir W., by viscount Anson; Arabin, Mr. sergeant, by the Lord Chancellor; Arden, Mr., by the marquis of Cleveland; Arnold, col., aide-de-camp to the King, by lieut.-gen. sir H. Taylor.

Balcarras, earl of, by the earl of Hardwicke; Balfour, Mr., M.P.; Bamfylde, sir G.; Bandon, earl of, by the earl of Roden; Banks, Mr.; Baring, Mr.; Bastard, capt. R.N.; Bathurst, earl of; Bayly, gen.; Bayley, Mr. H.; Beadon, Mr. by lord J. Thynne; Beauchamp, earl of; Bedford, duke of; Bell, Mr., as King's counsel, by the Lord Chancellor; Bernard, vis., by the earl of Bandon; Bethell, Mr.; Birch, Mr. S. W.; Black, Dr., by earl Amherst; Blackwood, admiral, the hon. sir H.; Blandy, rev. J. J., chaplain to the mayor of Reading, by vis. Melbourne; Blandy, Mr. mayor of Reading, by viscount

Melbourne; Bonham, gen.; Bourke, Mr.; Boyle, capt. C., R.N.; Boyle, Mr. C.; Bradford, gen. sir T.; Brooke, gen.; Brotherton, col.; Bruce, capt., R.N., by sir A. Barnard; Bruce, Mr. C.; Brudenell, lord G.; Bryce, sir A.; Buller, lieutenant-gen., by the Lord in Waiting; Burgoyne, Mr. M.; Burrard, Mr. G. Campbell, hon. capt. G.; Campbell, capt. I. M., R.N.; Campbell, Mr. L., by sir G. Murray; Canning, rev. W.; Carlton, hon. rev. A.; Champagne, gen.; Cheslyn, capt., by earl Howe; Chetwynd, viscount; Chichester, bishop of; Chichester, colonel; Clarke, field-marshal sir A., G.C.B.; Cleveland, col., by major-gen. Rooke; Clements, lieutenant-col., M.P., by vis. Beresford; Cleveland, marquis, by earl Grey; Cole, Mr. E., on his marriage; Cookson, lieutenant-gen. by lieutenant-gen. sir W. Houstoun; Cotgrave, commander; Cracroft, col.; Crosby, Mr. J., by the Lord Chancellor; Currey, Mr. B.; Curties, Mr. H., M.P., by the duke of Richmond; Curtis, sir W.; Cust, col.; Cust, hon. rev. H.

Dales, lieutenant-col. S., by lieutenant-gen. Hodgson; De Dunstanville, lord; Delafield, rev. J.; Demainbray, rev. T.; Denbigh, earl of; Douglas, col.; Doyle, gen. sir C.; Doyle, capt. H.; Doyle, capt. W., by gen. sir C. Doyle; Duff, the hon. gen. A., by the Lord Chamberlain; Dunboyne, lord; Dundas, major-gen. sir R. L., by lord Hill; Dundas, rear-admiral G., by sir J. Graham; Dundas, lieutenant-col. H. by earl Howe.

Elphinstone, col.; Elwood, lieutenant-col., by Mr. Custers, M.P.; English, commander C., by major-gen. sir E. Douglas; English, sir J. Hawker; Erskine, lord, his Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the king of Bavaria, by the Queen's Chamberlain.

Falls, major; Fane, hon. major., by the earl of Westmorland; Faris, lieutenant.; Fenwick, capt., by major-gen.; Fleetwood, capt. P. R.N.; Foster, col., on his appointment to the command of the artillery in the south-west district, by sir J. Kempt; Fraser, gen. sir J., by lord Saltoun; Fraser, commander, by the right hon. C. Grant.

Gallway, commander; Gasford, earl of; Glascock, commander, on his appointment to his Majesty's ship *Orestes*, by sir T. Hardy; Goldie, lieutenant-gen., by adm. sir K. W. Otway; Gomin, sir W., by lord Hill; Gosford, earl of, on his being appointed lord of the bed-chamber to his Majesty; Gosset, rev. J.; Graham, commander P., by sir J. Graham; Grant, right hon. R.; Grant, gen. sir W. K.; Grant, lieutenant. H., by the earl of Rosslyn; Greenwood, major, by the earl of Rosslyn; Grey, Hon. W. B. by the earl of Stamford; Griffiths, cornet; Gulston, Mr.

Halkett, gen. sir C.; Hall, rear-adm., by sir J. Graham; Hamilton, adm. sir E.; Ha-

milton, hon. G., by lord Clive; Hammond, sir T.; Hankey, cornet, by earl Rosslyn; Hare, commander J. S.; Hartley, major, by the earl of Tyrconnel; Hasslyn, earl of; Hawker, sir J. E., by lord J. O'Bryen; Hawker, lieutenant-col. P., by the Lord in Waiting; Hay, col. C. B., on his promotion to the command of the Queen's Bays, by lord Hill; Higgins, col.; Hinchliffe, Mr.; Hislop, gen. sir T.; Hodgson, lieutenant. E.; Holdsworth, Mr. by col. Wood; Hotham, hon. rev. F.; Howick, viscount; Hutchinson, gen. sir W.

Jay, lieutenant. C. H., by sir J. Graham; Johnstone, capt. H., by sir J. Pecheil; Jones, Mr. W., by sir H. Blackwood; Josset, rev. I., by sir H. Taylor.

Keith, hon. capt., R.N.; King, commander R. H.; Kinnoul, earl, by the earl of Almarle.

Langton, col. G. by the earl of Shaftesbury; Laurie, sir P. by the duke of Sussex; Lechmere, lieutenant.; Lennox, lord A. by the duke of Richmond; Lennox, lieutenant-col. lord G. by ditto; Limerick, earl of; London, bishop of; Lowdham, Mr. Secretary of Lunatics to the Lord Chancellor, by the Lord Chancellor.

Maberley, lieutenant-col. by sir J. Kempt; Mangles, Mr. R. by the right hon. sir W. Freemantle; Malcolm, major-gen. sir J. on his return from India; Master, col.; Maule, col.; Meikham, lieutenant, by the earl of Rosslyn; Meredith, com. R.; Milbank, Mr. by the marquis of Cleveland; Monck, Mr. S. B. by the Lord Chancellor; Morgan, lieutenant-col. by the Lord in Waiting; Morel de Champe-mont, count A. by the earl of Beauchamp; Montresor, gen. sir H.; Mulcaster, gen.; Mundy, Mr. by lord Byron.

Nias, com.; Noel, sir G.; Nutt, major, by major-gen. sir J. Malcolm.

O'Bryen, lord J.; Ommaney, admiral; Osborne, lord F.; Otway, admiral sir R.; Onseley, sir G.; Owen, sir J.

Paton, Mr. W. by lord Stanley; Paterson, lieutenant, on his return from Foreign Service, by lord F. Somerset; Paulet, major lord W. by the marquis of Winchester; Pearce, capt. R.N.; Philipps, sir T. bart.; Philipps, sir R. B.; Plunkett, lord; Pole, Mr.; Pollen, rev. G. P. B.; Praed, Mr. W.; Preacott, capt. R.N. by lord Byron; Price, capt. R.N.; Pringle, gen. sir W.

Radcliffe, Mr. D.; Richardson, capt. C. R. R.N. by vice-adm. the hon. sir H. Blackwood; Richmond, duke of; Rooke, major-gen. by sir H. Taylor; Rose, sir G.; Rowley, col.; Russell, col.; Russell, rev. —

Salter, col. by major-gen. Rooke; Sandford, Mr. A.; Scarlett, major; Scarlett, Mr.; Scott, adm.; Seymour, captain H.; Shawe, lieutenant.; Shawe, cornet; Shelley, sir J.; Skinner, com. A. M.; Somerset, lord F.; Spink, col.; Stanley, Mr.; Stapylton, gen.

C.; Stephens, Mr. Alderman of Reading, by viscount Melbourne; St. George, major-gen. by lord Hill; St. Helens, lord; Straugford, viscount; Stuart, Mr. W.

Talbot, Mr. J. by sir H. Taylor; Thompson, rear-adm. by sir R. Otway; Thompson, Mr. B.; Thornton, col. sir C.; Tinsling, captain; Toker, captain, R.N.; Toker, lieutenant, R.N.; Tolley, general; Townshend, col. by viscount Sidney; Troubridge, captain sir T. by sir J. Graham; Tucker, sir E. K.C.B.; Turnbull, Mr.; Tynte, colonel; Tynte, Mr. C. K.; Tyrconnel, earl of, by earl Howe.

Upton, lieu. by the earl of Rosslyn; Ussher, sir T. on being created as Knight Commander of the Royal Guelphic Order.

Vesey, captain, by the earl of Rosslyn; Vines, Mr. E. by lord Melbourne; Vivian, gen. sir H.; Vyse, col. H.; Vyse, Mr. R. H. on his appointment as Cornet in the Royal Horse-guards.

Walker, col.; Weekes, lieu. by gen. earl of Rosslyn; Wellington, duke of; Whatley, col.; Whentley, major-gen. sir H. on being created Knight Commander of the Royal Guelphic Order; Wilbraham, Mr. M.P. by the earl of Albemarle; Williams, Mr. P.; Wilson, gen. sir R.; Wilson, W. S. on being appointed Gentleman Harbinger to his Majesty, by lord Foley; Windsor, hon. Mr.; Wingfield, Mr. by the Lord Chancellor; Wyatt, col. sir H.

THE DRESSES.

The following were among the most distinguished dresses worn by the ladies at the Drawing-room on Thursday last :

HER MAJESTY.

A white satin dress, richly embroidered in silver; train of beautiful lisse velvet, embroidered in silver to correspond with the dress, and lined with white satin; head-dress, a magnificent coronet of diamonds and pearls; necklace of pearls, with a diamond clasp.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

Dress of white crape, richly embroidered with gold, and trimmed at the bottom with a deep flounce of elegant blonde lace, surmounted with a torsade of gold bullion; the body and sleeves ornamented with gold lama, and finished with a triple row of handsome blonde lace; train of rich gold brocaded silk, lined with white silk, and edged with a twist of gold bullion; rich white satin slip; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

Wore a most beautiful blonde court-robe of a lively rich pattern, à colonnes, with a full and deep flounce, the body very handsomely ornamented with blonde, and blonde epaulettes; the train was composed of a splendid plaid satin, of the clan of Gordon, handsomely trimmed with blonde, and entirely lined with white satin; head-dress, a regal plume of feathers, with one of the most splendid suits of brilliants and precious stones, with tiara, bunches of grapes, bouquets, &c. Lappets of rich blonde.

DUCHESS DE DINO.

A beautiful white gauze robe, worn over rich white satin, richly trimmed with gold grapes, the body very elegantly ornamented with blonde, and blonde epaulettes; the train of rich green and gold gauze, beautifully trimmed with gold lama, and lined throughout with rich white satin; head-dress, a noble plume of beautiful ostrich feathers, with a costly display of diamonds; lappets Chantilly blonde.

MARCHIONESS OF BRISTOL.

An India ponceau train, embroidered with gold, a dress to correspond; head-dress, feathers with diamonds.

MARCHIONESS OF WELLESLEY.

A richly embroidered black crape dress; train of black crape, lined with gros de Naples, and trimmed with bugles; plume of black feathers.

COUNTESSES.

Abingdon.—A white satin dress, trimmed with flounces of blonde; body and sleeves trimmed to match; train of blue colonnade silk, trimmed round with blonde and satin; a mantilla of blonde; head-dress, lappets, diamonds, and feathers.

Balcarras.—Dress of white crape, embroidered in gold, over a satin manteau of white and green, lined with white satin, and elegantly trimmed; blonde mantilla and sabots; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Bandon.—An elegant black gauze dress over black satin, trimmed with bunches of flowers formed of beads; black satin train, trimmed with beads to correspond; white crape turban, feathers, and a bandeau of diamonds.

Beauchamp.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silk, over a white satin slip; body and epaulettes trimmed with point lace; ponceau Irish poplin train, flowered with

shamrock, and lined with white satin, trimmed with satin and tulle; head-dress, lappets, feathers, and diamonds.

Jermyn.—A robe of white crape, embroidered in silver lama, à demi-colonnes, over a white satin dress, with *béret* sleeves and corsage drape, trimmed with silver and blonde lace; the epaulettes and manteau of white satin, surrounded by an elegant garniture of silver lama, with ceinture to correspond; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Kinnoul.—A superb blue satin dress, richly embroidered with gold and silver; the train to correspond, lined with white satin; head-dress, a most splendid diamond comb, a plume of ostrich feathers, and blonde lappets, magnificent ornaments of diamonds and pearls.

Mayo.—Dress of white gros de Naples, embroidered in gold, and richly trimmed with gold; manteau of puce velvet, lined with white gros de Naples, embroidered with gold lama; mantilla and *séduisantes* of blonde; head-dress, plume of feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Stanhope.—A mauve crape dress, trimmed with flowers and satin; blonde epaulettes; train of rich Terry velvet, the same colour as the dress, and lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers, brilliants, and blonde lappets.

Chetwynd (Viscountess).—A handsome striped British blonde dress, over a white satin slip, with rich blonde flouncing, headed with leaves; the body trimmed full with blonde; epaulettes the same as the train, of English lilac satin, trimmed with blonde, and lined with gros de Naples; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and blonde lappets.

LADIES.

Anson (William).—Superb white satin dress, skirt, and corsage, trimmed with blonde; train of beautifully figured gros de Naples of Spitalfields manufacture, trimmed with satin and blonde; ornaments, pearls and diamonds; head-dress, lappets and feathers.

Antrobus.—Blue crape dress, beautifully embroidered in silver lama, over white satin; manteau of figured satin, tastefully trimmed with silver and blonde, and lined with white satin; mantilla and sabots of blonde; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and diamonds.

Balfour (Eleanor).—A gold lama dress, over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train, emerald-green terry velvet, lined with silk, and elegantly trimmed with gold; magnificent plume, ornaments and diamonds.

Barnard (Harriet).—Dress of white crape, richly embroidered à colonne, terminated at the bottom by bunches of white satin flowers; train of white gros d'Algers, with a trimming of pearls; feathers and lappets.

Beauclerk (the two)—Magnificent dresses of blonde tulle, trimmed with rouleaux of satin, ornamented with blonde, fastened with blue and white flowers; sleeves à la Sevigne, mantilles of deep blonde; trains of sky-blue watered silk, fastened with bows of gauze; head-dresses, plumes and diamonds.

(To be concluded in our next.)

COURT MOURNING.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, March 25, 1831.

Orders for the Court's going into Mourning, on Sunday, the 27th inst. for his late Serene Highness the Duke of Shelswick Holstein Sonderbourg Glucksbourg, brother-in-law of his Danish Majesty; viz.—

The Ladies to wear black silk, fringed or plain linen, white gloves, necklaces and earrings, black or white shoes, fans, and tippets.

The Gentlemen to wear black, full trimmed, fringed or plain linen, black swords and buckles.

The Court to change the Mourning on Thursday, the 31st inst.; viz.—

The Ladies to wear black silk or velvet, coloured ribands, fans and tippets, or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuffs, with black ribands.

The Gentlemen to wear black coats, and black or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuff waistcoats, full trimmed, coloured swords and buckles.

And on Sunday, the 3d of April next, the Court to go out of Mourning.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

- Lady William Montagu, of a son.
On the 19th Feb. at Mersham-hatch, the lady of Sir Edward Knatchbull, of a son.
At Brighton, the Honourable Mrs. Anderson, of a son.
At Sheffield Place, the lady of the Hon. Charles Petre, of a daughter.
In Mansfield Street, Lady Sarah Ingestrie, of a daughter.
On the 25th Feb., at Stevenson, Lady Sinclair, of Murkle, of a daughter.
On the 1st March, in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, Lady Henry Thynne, of a son.
On the 7th, in Whitehall Place, lady Henley, of a son.
At St. John's, Fulham, Lady Lillie, of a son.
At Oojan, near Tabriz, on the 25th Dec. the lady of Sir H. Willock, K.L.S. of a daughter.
On the 4th, at Calverton, near Stony Stratford, the Hon. Mrs. C. Percival, of a son.
At Paris, on the 2nd, Lady Emily Steele, of a daughter.
On the 9th, at Worthing, Sussex, the lady of the Hon. Capt. A. R. Turner, R.N. of a son.
On the 7th, at Sir W. Ouseley's, Foley Place, the lady of W. G. Ouseley, Esq. of his Majesty's Legation in the United States, of a son.
At Clifton, on the 12th, the lady of Sir S. Stuart, Bart. of a daughter.
On the 13th, at Feltham Hill, the lady of Sir H. R. Calder, Bart. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

- On the 17th Feb. in the parish church of Fareham, Hants, the Rev. T. W. Gage, eldest son of J. Gage, Esq., to Lady M. Douglas, second daughter of the Marquis of Queensberry.
On the 17th, in Devonshire, Alfred, Lord Hurley, heir-apparent to the Earl of Oxford, to Eliza, daughter of the Marquis of Westmeath.
On the 8th March, at St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hon. A. W. Ashley Cooper, son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to Maria Ann, eldest daughter of Colonel Hugh Baillie, of Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.
On the 5th, C. H. Smith, Esq. of Gwern, Llinwith, Glamorganshire, to Emily, fourth daughter of Sir George Leeds, Bart., of Glyn Clydach, in the same county.
On the 15th, by special licence, at Tilnet Park, the Hon. W. Law, youngest brother of Lord Ellenborough, to the Hon. A. C. Graves.
On the 16th, at St. George's, Hanover Square, W. Hutt, Esq. son of the late R. Hutt, Esq., of Appley, in the Isle of Wight, to Mary, Countess of Strathmore.

DEATHS.

- On the 17th Jan. at Malta, Elizabeth Jemima, Countess Dowager of Errol, wife of the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, of Roydon, Norfolk.
On the 18th Feb, at Cricket St. Thomas, Somersetshire, the Right Hon. Mary Sophia, relict of Admiral Hood, Lord Viscount Bridport, in her 85th year.
On the 22d, in Bruton Street, Dowager, Lady Scott, (relict of the late Sir Claude Scott, Bart. in her 82d year.
On the 21st, in Connaught Place, Mary, the wife of Sir John Edmond de Beauvoir.
At Brighton, General Lord Charles H. Somerset, in his 64th year.
On the 23d Feb, at his house in the Royal Crescent, Bath, in the 76th year of his age, Sir J. P. Acland, Bart. of Fairfield, in the county of Somerset.
On the 27th, in Upper Berkley Street West, Mary Annette Molesworth, in her 24th year, granddaughter of Charles Viscount Ranelagh and Robert Viscount Molesworth.
On the 1st March, at Brighton, R. Wellesley, Esq., son of the Marquis Wellesley.
At Wembury House, Devonshire, H. E. Thornton, Esq., eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir E. Thornton, G. C. B.
On the 25th Nov. at Bombay, in his 33d year, the Hon. Sir James Dewar, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, son of the late General Dewar, of Gilston, North Britain.
On the 30th Sept. last, at Ally Ghur, Lieut. Darcy Johnstone, second son of Sir W. Johnstone, Bart. of Hilltown, Aberdeenshire, in his 24th year.
On the 8th March, at the Vine Lodge, Seven Oaks, the Hon. Henrietta Burton, sister to the Marquis Conyngham, in her 66th year.
On the 10th, at his seat, Easton, Lincolnshire, after a painful illness, Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart. formerly member for Grantham, in his 59th year.
On the 7th, at his seat, Bangor, Ireland, in his 77th year, the Right Hon. Colonel Ward, brother of the late, and uncle of the present Viscount Bangor.
On the 17th, at his seat at Cobham, Kent, suddenly, the Earl of Darnley, in his 64th year.



COURT DRESS.

W. & A. G. G. G. G.

Royal Lady's Magazine and Archives of the Court of St. James.



THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE,

AND

Archives of the Court of St. James's.

M A Y 1831.

Embellishments.

AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.
 PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN A MAGNIFICENT COURT DRESS, WORN AT THE DRAWING
 ROOM, ST. JAMES'S.
 PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN BALL DRESS.
 PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN COURT DRESS FOR DRAWING-ROOM IN MAY.
 FIVE PORTRAITS OF LADIES IN ENTIRELY NEW ENGLISH WALKING, MORNING,
 AND BALL DRESSES FOR MAY.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE decline all political papers ; this will answer at least twenty correspondents on both sides of a very puzzling question.

We are sorry for the misfortunes of I. T., she has her remedy against the county. For our own parts we would rather conform to the mob's dictum than have our windows—perhaps our heads—broken. These are the common penalties payable to “THE MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE.”

The Hon. Mrs. D. suggests that it would be advisable to publish, at the end of each volume, a list of those of the nobility who are our subscribers. This would be a sad tax on us, and not agreeable to some of our best friends. It would be a much easier task to publish the very few who are *not* subscribers, they would all go in a paragraph.

“A Parting” and “Advertisement for a Wife,” by — H.—“Tacet,” and “The Neglected” are hardly written with sufficient care.

Our designs for female fashions for May, are entirely new inventions, not one of which have yet been made up ; the servile copyists of the cheap French periodicals are a month behind us.

The affair mentioned by E. E. of Bedford Square, was disgusting enough ; but even dutiful children were not to lose a customer ; and the dead cannot feel marks of disrespect, more than some living ones can feel shame.

Mr. Tap's visit to Rathbone Place could interest nobody but the person he visited and himself ; there was not much ceremony certainly ; in short, we should say Mr. Tap was rude.

The matronly blue-stocking, who leads the apes in a certain scribbling undertaking, is getting tired of her office.

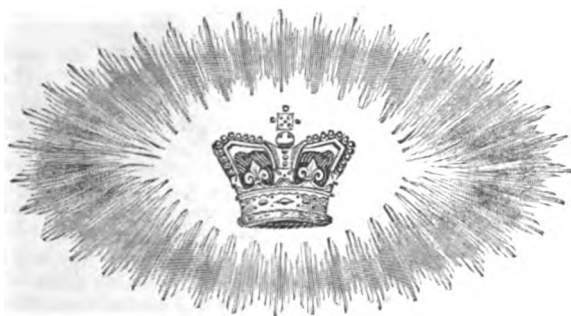
“THAT'S MY HAT,” a scene on the Oxford circuit, *may* have a place, though it is but an abridged edition of an article we have already standing in type : probably Mr. H. will allow us to dovetail it into the one already set up.

The communication of a gentleman whom we have every right to respect, and to whose instructions we are sorry it is impossible to conform, has been well considered ; but the only individual to whom it could apply, has ceased to possess the controlling power ; and the writer will see that the public cannot be trifled with. We are instructed, too, that he labours under the effects of misrepresentation, by one who is capable of much worse things than mere misrepresentation ; and who has scarcely a redeeming trait in his character ; as the party who has done us the honour to address us will find before he has had much more to do with him.

Among the subjects which we regret, and deeply regret, is the publication of one or two very inferior plates in our early numbers ; they were sources of uneasiness at first, but being delivered on the very eve of publication, without our having any other choice than either adopting them, or publishing without any, we were driven to the alternative. We have, however, as we stated last month, a portrait of the Queen, in a forward state, to replace those engraved by C. W. Marr, in No. II. ; and we trust it will appear in our June, but certainly if not, in our July number.

We are glad to learn from an authentic source, that a work which had been got up with the continuation of an antiquated title, at the price of our own, with the ridiculous hope of dividing the public patronage, has totally failed. Last month there were but just over five hundred sold, the produce of which would not have paid even our writers, to say nothing of paper, print, and embellishments ; this is as it should be, the females of England have abundantly proved that they can appreciate the highest class of literature ; they have no taste for gratuitous mediocrity.

E. E. E.'s having appeared elsewhere is fatal.



ROYAL
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
AND
Archives of the Court of St. James's.

"OUR AMBITION IS TO RAISE THE FEMALE MIND OF ENGLAND TO ITS TRUE LEVEL."
Dedication to the Queen.

M A Y 1831.

THE UNREVEALED.*

BY THE UNKNOWN.

SHE remained insensible, or I should rather say a succession of fainting fits, with short intervals of reanimation, prevented her from speaking during the greater part of an hour. My friend, meanwhile, who had introduced Mr. Seymour, had gone in search of him, to his hotel.

I stood in anxious suspense by the side of Agnes, contemplating her sufferings, and silently ruminating upon all the occurrences of the evening. My thoughts took a turn, which seemed to correspond with, and explain, my own secret conclusions. When we believe we have at last seized one end of the clue which unravels a mystery, a thousand trivial circumstances rush in upon us with the force of resistless evidence.

They pass for nothing at the time; but they swell into certain truths, seen through the medium of our preconceived notions. I was as firmly convinced, at the moment, I could pronounce the past fate of Agnes Mandeville, as that I then saw her stretched before me, its melancholy victim: and my heart—what shall I say? It bled—it ached—it trembled for her!

I was upon the point of yielding to my wife's repeated solicitations, and sending for our medical attendant, Dr. —, when Agnes, heaving a deep sigh, and pressing her hand upon her forehead, exclaimed, in a low voice, "Where am I?"

I spoke to her.

"Are you alone?" said she, after a

* Concluded from p. 127.

long pause, which made me apprehensive she would relapse into a state of insensibility.

"I am, now," I replied, as my wife and daughter quitted the room, in obedience to a motion of my hand.

Another and a longer pause ensued, during which I watched intently the expressive workings of the features of the beautiful girl. A limner might have caught from them the finest expressions of the passions; and any one accustomed to read the human mind in its best interpreter (where dissimulation is not the master art), the human face, might have perused, as I did, the struggle between amazement, fear, and hope.

"You will not deceive me," said Agnes, as she wiped away the first tears she had shed. "Who was the person that stood behind me at the organ—that whispered in my ear a NAME which only one, save myself, could so pronounce, and that one must have come from the grave to do it—or else—but that cannot be! Who was it?"

Her manner was dreadfully agitated as she repeated a question to which it was evident she could not receive the answer she expected without dismay. When I replied that Mr. Seymour was the person who stood beside her at the organ, she interrupted me.

"I did not ask you," she exclaimed, "by what *name* he is known; but who he is—*whence* he came—and, if you can tell so much, *why* he came here to breathe a word of madness into my slumbering soul?"

I attempted to remind her of what I had mentioned respecting Mr. Seymour, when I told her he was coming. Again she interrupted me.

"Good God!" she cried. "Can you not understand me better than to tell me Mr. Seymour is your friend's friend, and has been *your* guest to-day? I know all that—but I shall never, never know how the thing that shook me so came to pass, if you can tell me no more than that. You call *him* Seymour, who never bore that name; him, too, who is now as nameless as the cause why I am the wretched being you see—him who is in the grave! Yes, yes; of that I am at least assured, no matter how incomprehensible the visit, I have had. But it is terrible to think there is no impassable barrier for the dead; that they can come

back, and without the power to be of this world again, can rekindle in the depths of a heart from which they are dis-severed, the smouldering passions which first started into life at their call. Oh! this is fearful! From henceforth I shall live in hourly expectation of horrible visits like this one—coming I know not when, nor how, nor why!"

I reasoned with her, and she listened to me with seeming attention. I related how I had become acquainted with Mr. Seymour; repeated all I had learned respecting him from my friend; assured her it was he, and he alone, who had stood by her while playing; and concluded by mentioning what Frances had observed, that he bent over her, and whispered something in her ear.

"I remember," said Agnes, as if speaking to herself, rather than replying to my discourse, "that beautiful morning in early spring, when we walked by the margin of the quiet stream that flowed through my father's grounds! He bade me swear a mutual oath, that whoso first should die, and after death, find it permitted to return to this world—in whatever strange mysterious way permitted—should reveal the secret at such a time and manner as might be. And I remember the summer evening, when I played to him that wild unskillful air, which has no meaning in it for those who love the set harmony of studied sounds, but to which he listened with emotions kindred to the feelings that inspired my own touch, the trembling hand he laid on mine, and said, 'Do you forget our oath?' Then I trembled too, as I looked at him; for in his eyes there was a marvellous expression, and his face grew suddenly pale; But before I could answer, he continued, 'If ever my spirit comes to thee, Agnes, it will be when strains like these summon it!' I have played them often; and they have heard mesay, (wondering, I doubt not) wherefore, that I had been holding converse with the past, having miraculous speech with the dead. But never, till this night, did I *hear* the dead! Never till this night did the voice that enthralled me fall upon my ear, other than in the excited imaginings of my own rapt senses. Oh, God! What a space has been blotted out, carrying back my soul to a period which now seems to embrace it again with all the fresh and lively horror of but an hour ago!"

She wept. I suffered her tears to flow without a wish to check them. I knew they did not augment her anguish; and I believed they might assuage it. I could have mingled my own with them, but that far other feelings than those which vent themselves in tears had been awakened; and it required all the mastery over myself which I could command—all the influence of the solemn promise I had given—all the dread of those darkly foretold consequences, if I violated that promise—to restrain me from putting the questions they prompted. I *did* exercise that self-control: and though I doubted, at the time, whether I was not keeping faith almost beyond the obligations of honour, I have ever since confessed that whatever virtue there was in my fidelity, it has had its reward in that consoling peace of mind which is the fruit of knowing we have spared the unfortunate pangs greater than they could have borne.

When Agnes ceased to weep, I perceived that she had resigned herself to the silence of her own thoughts. Gradually she sunk into repose, exhausted by the violent agitation of her feelings; and during her perturbed slumbers I gently retired, considering that when she awoke, the presence of my wife, whom I sent to watch by her side, would be more desirable than mine.

The next day I saw my friend. *He* had a tale to tell, that matched well with the extraordinary incidents I have related. Arrived at Mr. Seymour's hotel, he found him already there; but he had given strict orders, if any one inquired for him that night, he was not to be disturbed. My friend urged the necessity of an immediate interview, though but for five minutes. Mr. Seymour's servant declared he dared not disobey his master's commands. "Will you," said my friend, "take up my card to Mr. Seymour, and if it be impossible I can see him to-night, learn at what hour I can do so to-morrow morning?" After much persuasion, and with great reluctance, he consented to this, returning with an answer, that at nine o'clock next morning Mr. Seymour would be happy to receive him to breakfast.

My friend was punctual to his appointment. He was ushered into a room where the breakfast-table was spread; and where, in a few moments, he was

joined by a venerable looking man, dressed in deep mourning. Breakfast was prepared; they sat down to it.

"Do we not wait for Mr. Seymour?" said my friend.

"My name is Seymour," replied the stranger, politely.

"There must be some mistake then"—

"We will talk of the object of your visit presently," interrupted the stranger. "Do you take coffee or tea?"

There was an air of mild dignity and collected self-command about the stranger, which, while it increased the perplexity of my friend's situation, prevented him from saying another word about *the* Mr. Seymour, whose presence he expected and desired. He fell insensibly into the conversation which the stranger seemed solicitous to maintain; while it was evident, from the tone of his remarks, as well as from the language in which they were conveyed, that he was a person of superior breeding and acquirements.

"My young friend," said the stranger, when breakfast was over, "whom you wished to see last night, has quitted London. You seem surprised; and I am myself unable to account for the suddenness of his departure. I am as little able, also, to account for some other things which I shall mention. He came to me, about three months ago, and represented that he was interested in a law-suit which required that he should have the advice of an eminent solicitor. He did not explain, nor did I ask, seeing he was reserved upon the subject, the nature of the suit; but I recommended a gentleman who has for many years transacted all my own business. He objected to this person, and named yourself as the only one to whose hands, from all he had heard of your high professional eminence, he should like to confide his interests. I had not the honour of a personal acquaintance with you, though I was no stranger to your reputation; and I knew my friend Sir Edward Croton was one of your clients: I therefore proposed that Sir Edward should be the channel of introduction. He assented; but with much earnestness he entreated that I would permit him to assume *my* name. He assured me he had no reason for making this request which was inconsistent with perfectly honourable

views—that he desired to conceal his own name only for a time, while he ascertained the probable consequences of certain disclosures he must make to you, and satisfied me, that in wishing to take the name of Seymour, it was for no objects which that name would serve, more than any other which he might have selected. It was with some hesitation I yielded to this proposition; nor did I do so at last without the condition, that I should be free to avow the truth at any time, or under any circumstances, which I might consider called for the declaration. Hence the course I am now taking.”

“His real name, then,” said my friend—

“Pardon me,” interrupted Mr. Seymour (for so I may now designate him)—“I cannot yet see my way with sufficient clearness in this strange business, to go further than I have. I am the intimate friend of his family—I have known the young man from his cradle—and though I feel I could not do less than I have done, in the situation in which he has placed me, I must pause before I do more, in justice to unknown parties who may, or may not, be implicated, to an extent which I cannot at present discern, were I to disclose what it is quite natural you should seek.”

My friend bowed a silent assent, and Mr. Seymour proceeded:

“I introduced him to Sir Edward Croton under his assumed name, and by Sir Edward he was afterwards introduced to you. Here arises a blank which I cannot fill up. You must best know the matters upon which he consulted you; and I am aware the deep responsibility of professional confidence binds you to silence respecting them. I come, therefore, to the more immediate cause of our present interview. At a late hour last night (so late, indeed, that it was after I had retired to rest on my return from the Opera), I received a note from (I must still employ the periphrasis) my young friend, inviting—I might also say imploring—me to breakfast with him this morning at eight o’clock. I returned a verbal answer, that I would attend, and I came; but you may guess my surprise by your own, when, on my arrival here, I was informed he had set off for the country at five o’clock—that he had not

been to bed all night—and that he had left a letter for me on his table. This letter I will read to you.”

Mr. Seymour drew the letter from his pocket, and read as follows:

“I am entangled in my own net—but not till I have defeated the snare that was laid for me. I have been the dupe of a vain confidence in myself—the betrayer of my own secret. Oh, my friend! There is a knowledge, compared to which, the belief of whatever is most dreadful, most appalling, is as nothing. I grasped at that knowledge—gained it—and am lost!—God of heaven! are thy judgments always just? My rebellious heart cries no—but man, bold, impious man, in the pursuit of vengeance is often made the purblind instrument of thy wrath upon himself, while he thinks he is dealing out punishment to the guilty. What can *you*, my friend, find in all this raving? Can you pluck out the mystery that lurks beneath it? Can you exclaim, ‘And is it come to this!’ as if you had fathomed, in a moment, the deep and hidden torment of my soul? You cannot! You can but wonder, as ignorance teaches us to do, at what we cannot understand.

“Let me be calm, while I instruct you in the last office I shall ever claim at your hands. Within this letter you will find another; it is for Mr. —: he is an honourable man, whom I have used for my purpose, and meant to use further, had not my own rash hand plucked off the veil that shrouded me. It is done, however. The spell is broken. He has just been here. See him? Madness! He comes again to-morrow at nine. I would fly to the earth’s end rather than meet him. I cannot face the venomous scorn of a lofty mind, privileged to trample on a base one—base in seeming, at least, whatever it may be in nature. Receive him for me; give him—what is written for his eye alone; tell him—ay, tell him just so much as will exonerate you, and leave all the burden of dishonour upon myself. I am content it should be thus, for there is no world to point at me with its hideous grin of contempt because I am a villain! I meant to be calm, temperate, composed—but I shall grow frantic if I pursue the theme.”

“This,” continued Mr. Seymour, when he had finished reading the letter, “was addressed to me—and this,” he

added, drawing another letter from his pocket, "was its enclosure, and is meant, you perceive, for your eye alone. In fulfilling the wishes of my young friend, I have nothing to say from myself. I have my own reasons for the total silence I shall maintain upon the communication I have had to make; and I request, as a favour, that you will not read, in my presence, the letter I now deliver to you."

My friend received the letter, and complying with the request of Mr. Seymour, put it into his pocket without breaking the seal. At home, he read it. I can only give his own words to me with regard to its contents, after he had related the particulars of the above interview.

"My profession," said he, "frequently brings me to the knowledge of extraordinary circumstances in the conduct of my species, and I have often thought, no writer of fiction can *imagine* such things as are disclosed in the confessions which men have to make to their confidential advisers when they are beset by the consequences of their actions. But never in my life have I read, or heard of, or become acquainted with, a case so extraordinary as that which constitutes the mystery, the sufferings, and the fate of Agnes Mandeville. Comfort and sustain her in this new crisis of her fate. She is to be pitied beyond any human being upon whom the hand of affliction has been laid most heavily, beyond any child of sorrow that heaven ever visited with earthly calamity."

Alas! she needed comfort! I know not where to find language adequate to express the degree to which she needed it. All solace was gone from her. Her music was abandoned; reading to her became distasteful; conversation was unheeded. For hours together she would sit, in the loneliness of her benighted condition, musing in deep silence upon things of which she spoke not. In these long and mournful abstractions, all that denoted the dark complexion of her thoughts were heart-broken sighs, and sometimes a wringing of her hands, as if the pain she felt were intolerable. Not a tear flowed. At times she would suddenly start, and listen, and strain her sightless eyes in the direction of her listening, with an agony of countenance the while, that

showed what fearful images were present to her imagination. The self-created phantom of that fatal night haunted her incessantly. The delusion that she had received a spectral visit from the world of shadows, had taken fast hold of her mind, and she lived, as she had said she should, in hourly expectation of its horrible return. I once endeavoured to persuade her to take her seat at the organ, and play the air she had performed when Mr. Seymour (for so I must continue to call him) was present. I thought the experiment might be successful in destroying the delusion under which she laboured; but I never repeated my request. The convulsive emotions that seemed to wrench every fibre, to plunge her feelings back again into all the appalling dismay that then assailed her, convinced me that had she been compelled to make the trial, she would either have expired beneath it, or retired from it in a state of frenzy!

It soon became too evident, indeed, that this latter calamity impended over her; but before its symptoms assumed any decided character she was removed from my care. I expected this, and at a much earlier period than it took place; I doubted not the same means, whatever they were (and I could never discover them), by which the individual who placed Agnes with me, had learned every circumstance that endangered the privacy of her situation, would enable him to know the visit of Mr. Seymour and its consequences. It was above three months, however, after that occurrence, that I received, from the aged female who paid her stated visits to Agnes, the following note:

"I have been well satisfied with all you have done. I cannot exclude from this declaration an event which, however much I may wish it had never taken place, I should be unjust if I reproached you with it, as an evil that might have been avoided by greater circumspection. That event has only hastened, not produced, the course I have to pursue. Agnes Mandeville will be removed from your house to-morrow evening; but I enjoin you to say nothing of it to her. I require also, that her departure may be allowed to take place without any communication between her and the rest of your family. Every thing she leaves behind you may retain as memorials of

her; while the enclosed, which discharges all our reciprocal obligations, will be received by you, I hope, as a sufficient testimony, on my part, of the satisfaction I feel, and an adequate consideration for the delicate trust you have so honourably executed. Hereafter, it is possible you may know more. Your past conduct is the best guarantee I can have, that you will not meanwhile seek for information by circuitous paths."

The enclosure was a munificent donation—a Bank note for five hundred pounds. I would have given thrice that sum—(I hardly know, indeed, the price within my means which I would not have given at that moment) to prevent her departure. The deep interest I felt in her fate—the attachment, the sympathy, the veneration almost, with which she had inspired me—and the intense curiosity which I could not restrain, though I forbore to obey its dictates by seeking to gratify it—made me view our separation as an overpowering calamity. I am not ashamed to say, I shed tears; tears that flowed from I know not what obscure and undefined anticipation of afflictions that awaited the ill-starred girl, and which I fancied my continued care of her might either avert altogether, or mitigate if they came.

In order to avoid explanations which the then state of my mind would not have allowed me to give, and the better to comply with the injunctions of my unknown and mysterious correspondent, I contrived that my wife and family should be out the following evening. I, too, shunned the presence of Agnes. I sat, alone, in my own room, ruminating upon what was about to take place, and anxiously wishing, as it *must* take place, that it were once over. Poor Agnes! Heaven knows what *her* thoughts were, to find herself so unwontedly deserted. Perhaps, as is often the case, they partook of what we call presentiment—that strange foreboding of ill, which flings dark shadows upon the brooding spirit, as if there were faculties within us, which have a secret intercourse with the future, too dim and obscure to take the form of knowledge, but marvellously responsive to the unseen approach of that which comes to bring us misery!

The clock had struck eight. The evening had nearly closed in, for it was

the beginning of May. No hour was fixed for her removal, and I was beginning to get restless at the idea of the protracted solitude in which Agnes had been left, when I heard the sound of carriage-wheels stopping at my door. I went out to meet the person. It was, as I expected, the same that brought Agnes to my house three years before. She said nothing; and I was silent. She ascended the stairs, while I returned to my room in a state of agitation which I will not attempt to describe. I paced up and down, like one waiting for dismal intelligence, from which he knew he could not escape, yet dreading to receive it. In about ten minutes I heard them descending. Yes, I am sure it was Agnes, sobbing violently! I was upon the point of rushing out—to clasp her hand—to kiss it—to bid her farewell—and to mingle prayers and blessings with my farewell! While I stood irresolute, the door closed, the carriage drove away, and I never beheld Agnes Mandeville again!

* * * * *

SEVEN YEARS elapsed between what I have described, and that which I am about to relate.

I was travelling in Wales, and had extended my pedestrian excursion almost to the northern boundary of South Wales, roaming, with a delighted spirit, amid its wild mountainous scenery. In one of my walks, after traversing a long, narrow, dusty lane, rough and rugged, and bounded by tall hedges on both sides, a gradual ascent of about two hundred yards brought me to the brow of an eminence, where a scene of vast magnificence burst suddenly upon me. On the left appeared the ocean, and stretching along its margin, as far as the eye could reach, fine level yellow sands. Immediately below, at the foot of a winding precipitous descent, lay a straggling line of white cottages, erected on the beach, and inhabited by fishermen and their families. In the extreme distance, towards the northwest, rose the lotty mountains of Merioneth and Carnarvonshire, Snowdon towering like a giant above them all. Contracting my view, I beheld an amphitheatre of hills of various elevations, and infinite varieties of form, enclosing a spacious track of dark morass, which spread out to their base. A fine effect of mountain-

landscape was produced by the singular disposition of the lights and shades on the tops, sides, and hollows of the circumjacent hills. The sun was shining brilliantly, but the sky was covered with detached masses of fleecy clouds, which mottled, as it were, the surfaces of the hills with fantastic patches of colour, so numberless, and at the same time so picturesque, that the effect was exquisitely beautiful.

When I had gazed my fill, I slowly descended to the beach, and soon after struck off by a mountain-path, in the direction of —, a small village, where I arrived towards evening. After regaling myself sumptuously upon some bacon and eggs, barley-bread, and a mug of *curru da* (good ale), and settling with mine hostess of the Swan for the use of her best bedchamber for the night, I strolled out to enjoy the sublime scenery by which I was surrounded. I had not wandered far, ere I came to the churchyard. My knowledge of the Welsh language was too slender, to enable me to read the few monumental tributes that met my eyes; but I felt as keenly that I was treading upon dust which had once been dear to those who had recorded their sorrows for its loss, as if I could have perused all their grief inspired.

In one corner of this churchyard, apart from the other graves, fenced round by a plain wooden railing, and overshadowed by a large yew-tree, which time had split into several dark chasms, stood a tomb whose appearance, simple and unadorned as it was, denoted that its occupant, when alive, moved in a higher sphere than the rustic generation that slept in peace around. I advanced towards it. It lay in deep shadow. The bright radiance of the setting sun, which shed a mild lustre over every other part of the churchyard, and upon the gray dwarf walls of the little church, which every sabbath gathered within its narrow space the scattered population of the surrounding hills, penetrated not to this lonely dwelling of death. It seemed as if that obscure nook had been purposely selected to escape notice. No path led to it. No chance step could conduct the traveller thither. No passing eye could dwell upon it, in going to or from the house of God. They who would know whose burial-place was there,

must do as I did, scramble among the thickly-twisted and rank weeds that grew profusely around it.

I did this; and how shall I describe my feelings when I found that I stood by the grave of AGNES! It was even so! On a newly-erected stone, I read these words:

TO THE MEMORY OF
AGNES MANDEVILLE,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
APRIL 14, 18—,
AGED TWENTY-FIVE.

Blest be that hand divine which gently laid

My heart at rest!

"Mystery upon mystery!" I exclaimed, as I stood, with my eyes fixed upon this inscription, while my thoughts travelled back to all those touching circumstances which had hallowed her name and misfortunes in my recollection. I did not trouble myself to conjecture how it had befallen, that here, in this remote part of the empire, in this lone spot, she should be buried; I remembered only what she was—and reflected only—that she was dead! I could not call back my thoughts. I could not release myself from their thrall. I saw her—I spoke to her—I heard her soft melodious voice—I beheld that face of surpassing loveliness, dimmed and shaded as its delicate beauty was by grief—I stood before her, even as I had done, when upraising the veil that covered it, she exclaimed, in thrilling accents, "What have I to dread?" These images presented themselves vividly to my imagination; and the transcendent remembrance that she was then mouldering into dust beneath my feet, was too fleeting to destroy the momentary impression of their reality.

I was awakened from this dream by the approach of a gray-headed old man, who advanced respectfully towards me. I did not wish to be interrupted, and turning round, with the intention of rebuking the intrusion, I saw tears standing in the eyes of the aged rustic. This was a language to which my heart at once responded. I could not mistake its meaning. Chance had not brought him to the grave of Agnes; then wherefore those tears? Because he had known the living mourner. And who could know her, and not weep, as he did, to think of her sorrows, her

angelic meekness under them, and her untimely fate? Grief is infectious. His tears were the signal for mine; monitors, I might more properly call them, reminding me *I* had not paid that tribute of affliction to the happy—that sacrifice of pure selfishness, in which we lament what we have lost, as poor ignorant worldlings, avaricious of earth's happiness, instead of rejoicing that those we loved have gone before us to receive their inheritance of perfect, imperishable felicity.

"You are the first who has visited the stranger's grave, since we laid her in it," said the old man, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"The stranger's grave!" I exclaimed—

"So we call it," he replied; "for save her name and age, we knew nothing of the poor soul but her misfortunes, and they were heavy enough, God knows."

"By whose direction, then, were those words engraven on her tombstone?"

"Her own. Parson Morgans wrote them down from her own lips the night she died. She was not mad then."

"Mad!" I ejaculated, while the dreadful import of the word seemed to stun me. "Good God! And was thy cup of affliction, poor girl, filled even to that? Mental darkness as well as visual! Blind and insane! Well might thy sorrowing spirit, when at last its weary pilgrimage was drawing to a close, cry, blest be the hand divine that laid thy heart at rest!"

"You knew her, sir," said the old man, after a pause, "and are come, perhaps"—

"Yes, I knew her; but I knew not she was dead—knew not that in wandering hither I should learn the closing story of her life. But I will speak with you upon that subject presently," I continued, turning away, to seek in silent thought a relief from my feelings.

"Mystery upon mystery!" I still repeated to myself. I had reason to do so. If any one had asked me, an hour before, where Agnes Mandeville was, I should have answered boldly, in Switzerland. Such I believed was the fact; because I learned it for one by means which had *not* deceived me as to her real name, her parentage, her family, and her extraordinary history. It was incomprehensible. I returned to the old man, and questioned him. His answers con-

vinced me—for I almost staggered under doubts of her identity—that it *was* the same person, and that she had been brought to this place very soon after her removal from my house. Thus far satisfied, I listened with painful interest to his narrative, as I drew it from him by successive interrogatories. I will give it in a connected form, and as nearly as I can, in the simple phraseology of the narrator.

"It is now about six years, or a little more, that a gentleman, taller, and thinner, and much older than yourself, arrived at the town of——, fourteen miles off. He was accompanied by an elderly lady, and a young one, who was blind, and, as was soon reported, mad. They hired a house, and lived in it for several months: this was in the summer. They were strangers to every body, and continued so; for, during the whole time they stayed there, they did not make a single acquaintance in the neighbourhood. They went by the name of Glanville; that is, the gentleman called himself Glanville; I never heard what the old lady was called, and the young lady was only called Agnes. As the winter approached, it was expected they would go away again; for it was thought they had merely come, as many persons do from England, to pass the summer season among the mountains. Towards the close of Autumn, however, inquiries were made, in every direction, for a comfortable family who could take charge of the young lady, with a handsome allowance for her board and lodging. These inquiries reached the ears of my daughter, Betsy Owens, who lives with her husband, David Owens, in that farmhouse which you see just beyond the foot-bridge on the right of Jacob Jones's mill; she was married in her credit, I can say that for my daughter, which is more than can be said even for Parson Morgans's wife. She had only one child, a son, who died when he was nine years old. He never either walked or spoke, from the hour of his birth, and sometimes he would cry for twelve hours together, and then sleep for twelve hours. She was never weary of attending upon him, poor fellow; and while he lived every thing went on well with them; every thing which David Owens undertook, prospered; but when he died, from that moment there was a change, and

nothing prospered. Well ; Evan Owens was dead at the time I am speaking of, and their troubles were beginning to grow burdensome, just as they heard of these inquiries, and the handsome offer that was made to any person who would take care of the mad young lady at ——. It was a temptation. So my daughter and her husband went over the hills to —, and saw Mr. Glanville ; and he came the next day to look at their house, and to judge for himself whether the young lady would be comfortable. They talked about the matter, and at last it was settled that my daughter should have her ; and in less than a fortnight after she was brought there."

"By whom?"

"By Mr. Glanville," replied the old man ; "but before he returned into England, the old lady came several times, and talked with my daughter about what she was to do, and how the young lady was to be treated, and the care that was to be taken of her. Poor soul ! She wanted no other care than kindness, in seeing that she was fed when she was hungry, and let go to bed when she was sleepy, and led out on warm sunny days to sit in the shade."

"Did Mr. Glanville remain long at —, after Agnes had been placed with your daughter?"

"No, sir. The very next week he and the old lady went back to England."

"And how did you receive the money, as it became due ? And when did you again see Mr. Glanville, or hear from him ?"

"We never saw him again, and we never heard from him. The money was paid regularly through the bankers at —, where, if we asked any questions, we were told to hold our tongues, and take what we came for ; with a hint that if we were curious, we might lose it altogether. Curious enough we were, as you may suppose ; but after a time we gave up all hope of being able to make out matters, so we did our duty by the poor creature till she died."

"She was with you, then, above six years, and in all that time no inquiry was made about her, no human being came to know how she fared ?"

"Not one !" responded the old man, dejectedly. "Had she been a child of the grove and brake, she could not have been more alone in the world. To be

sure, she knew nothing about it ; though she would sometimes weep, and sigh grievously, as if her very heart would crack. And when there was a thunder-storm, her shrieks and sufferings were terrible. We could never account for this, nor for the strange prayers she used to put up, calling upon God not to punish her again."

"Was her death sudden?" I inquired.

"It was, in a manner, though I was sure it was about to take place, more than three weeks before it did."

"How so?"

"Ah ! Sir—I saw her corpse-candle carried to this very spot, where we are now standing. I followed it, and watched where it disappeared. It went down just here," continued the old man, placing his foot on the grave of Agnes : "just here it flickered bright and strong for a moment, and then slowly, slowly, slowly, sunk into the ground ! It was a dark stormy night, I remember, and I was returning home as I saw the *canywill corph* glide from the door of my daughter's house. I did not know any body was ill ; but after I had followed the light to the churchyard, when I went back, I found that Agnes had suddenly fallen into a fit ; and then I knew it was her own spirit that had carried the funeral light to the place where she was to be buried. I was right ! She had many fits afterwards, and grew weaker and weaker after each. But as I have told you, the night before she died she became all at once as sensible as you are, and talked, as rationally as could be, to Parson Morgans, who attended her. She said nothing, however, except to rejoice that she was going. Ah ! it was an edifying sight to see her die ; and if there are angels in heaven she is among them !"

The old man drew his hand across his eyes as he uttered these words. For myself, I had neither tears nor words. The sun had gone down ; and in the dim twilight of that summer's evening I have described, I cast a parting look upon the "stranger's grave," and quitted the churchyard.

* * * * *

And who was Agnes Mandeville ? And what was her history ? There yet lives one besides myself, capable of answering these questions. His feelings I may not harrow up. Death, when it

releases him from the earthly tribunal of man, will give me the right to REVEAL what, till then, mercy, if not justice, commands should be shrouded in the mystery of THE UNREVEALED. Even while I write this, I know he lies in agony of mind and body : before what

I have written shall be read, that agony, perhaps, will have passed away, as far as this world is concerned. Let it be so, and *my* task shall be finished : the injured shade of Agnes Mandeville shall be appeased !

COME DOWN THE BRAE DONALD.

A JACOBITE SONG,

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

Come down the brae Donald,
 Bold son of M'Connel,
 There's strife in the hamlet, an' fear in the ha' ;
 Glen-Isla, an' Gowrie
 Are cowering afore ye,
 Come down the brae Donald, the flower o' them a'.
 There's a wee bird come over
 The braes o' Glen-Dover,
 Or somewhere atween the blue hills an' the sea,
 An' its chirping an' singin'
 Till a' the lands ringin',
 A sang that is dear to my Donald an' me.

That sang has rung vogie
 O'er bonny Strath-Bogie :
 The Gordons are belting their bonnets wi' steel :
 The Campbell looks sullen,
 An' gathers Clan-Gillian—
 Come down the brae Donald, an' a' will gae weel.
 Come with the claymour true,
 Come with the bonnet blue,
 The eagle-plume whistling aboon your bauld ee.
 But bring down Prince Charlie,
 Though tended but sparely,
 An' then how the whigs will take leg bail an' flee.

Set bagpipes a bumming—
 Let's ken you are coming :
 Take Stirling afore you an' Carlisle an' a' :
 Then onward an' over,
 Frae Moidart to Dover,
 For Hanover kens that his back's at the wa'.
 O Charlie, dear Charlie,
 Come bauldly, come early—
 Come down like the hail-shower when toss'd by the wind ;
 For every brave true heart
 Is yearning for Stuart—
 There's tumult before you, an' gladness behind.

Come with the eagle's yell,
 Come with the dove's sweet spell,
 Come like the lion o'er herdsimen forlorn ;
 But blazon with peace divine,
 Hero of Bruce's line,
 Vengeance and mercy before thee be borne :

Then Heaven shall guard thee,
And homage reward thee,
For oh, thy sad wrangs are the light of thy path.
The old Athol raven
That journeys the heaven,
Is croaking the dirge of thy foemen in wrath.

O gallant adventurer,
Scotia shall centre her
Might and her courage thy rights to regain;
Who would not try with thee,
Who would not die with thee,
With nought but sheer bravery thy cause to maintain?
Heir of our ancient throne,
Welcome to Caledon—
Hope of the loyal, the bold, and the free;—
The day that we grieve thee,
Betray thee, or leave thee,
Then Honour forsake my lost country and me.

THE BLOODY HAND; OR, HERALDIC DISCOVERIES.

My maternal uncle, Sir Humphry Vere Montgomery de Mowbray, was the last of a long line of baronets, who dated their creation as far back as the summer of 1611. A disappointment, of a tender nature, in early life, had fixed him a bachelor for the remainder of his days. His usual costume was a brown coat, with a flower (when the season permitted) emerging from the third button-hole of its lapelle; nankeen *shorts*, with knee-buckles, ribbed silk stockings, and gold spectacles; the whole surmounted by a white beaver hat, with a green lining. From the day on which he was jilted by the Lady Theodosia Frizzleton, eighth daughter of the Earl of Dunpoddle, my uncle had withdrawn from those gaieties in which he had formerly indulged, and devoted himself thenceforward to literary leisure. Chance, and perhaps a rather strong sense of family dignity, directed his attention to the study of heraldry, that science which one of its most distinguished professors has characterized as "loading the memory without improving the understanding." Sir Humphry viewed it in a more favourable light; and in tracing the various matches and connexions formed by the defunct de Mowbray's, seemed to lose all recollection of the fact, that in his person their dignities would for ever terminate. An idea of the kind had, indeed, there is every reason to believe,

struck him, when, in his fifty-second year, as he contemplated the budding charms of the daughter of a neighbouring baronet, then just returned from a boarding-school; but an accidental indiscretion of the young lady, by which he became an unwilling overhearer of her opinions with respect to "fusty old bachelors," nipped the new feeling in its bud, and restored him to his silent determination of bearing his family honours to the grave, and leaving the world no substitute. His course of reading naturally led him to dive into the private concerns of many families of the same rank with his own, between whom and the De Mowbray's, intermarriages and connexions, more or less remote, had at different periods taken place; and, as the peculiar bent of his mind was well-known, this circumstance, joined to his rank and personal familiarity with many of his brethren of the BLOODY HAND, afforded him access to family papers and other authentic sources of information, which he was not slow to avail himself of, so that at his decease a large collection of manuscript anecdotes, and family memoirs attested his industry and research. As a large proportion of these lie buried in the archives of the houses to which they relate, while others have been very imperfectly narrated by genealogists, a few specimens may not be unacceptable, es-

pecially to that "order" to which he belonged, and which was so constantly the theme of his discourse. In the early part of the last century, Sir Humphry speaks of an alliance formed by the De Mowbrays, with the Faggs, a family of considerable antiquity, in the adjoining counties of Kent and Sussex; in the former of which Mystole, a handsome seat in the immediate vicinity of Canterbury, is still the residence of its present representative, Sir John Fagg, Bart. The first of this family who attained equestrian honours, was John Fagg, of Wiston, Esq., who appears to have acted with great loyalty towards Charles I., and to have resisted great temptations held out to him by the parliamentary party, in order to induce him to unite cordially with them against the cause of monarchy. His reward was a baronetcy granted to him in 1660, after the restoration by King Charles II., Sir John being one of the comparatively small number who got something more than mere thanks for their services and privations. John Meres Fagg, a descendant of this gentleman, who lived in the early part of the 18th century, distinguished himself much as an upright and active magistrate, while in the commission of the peace for the county of Sussex. A remarkable instance of his sagacity is recorded in a judicial proceeding, by which the life of an innocent man was in a great measure preserved, and a set of scoundrels brought to justice. A man of gentlemanly exterior and prepossessing manners, had, it seems, made his appearance at Westeram, in Sussex, near which village Mr. Fagg resided. The object of his journey was, he said, to secure a comfortable residence for a family of respectability, to whom certain domestic afflictions had rendered privacy and retirement desirable. A house was at length pitched upon, at the distance of little more than a mile from the place, and in the immediate vicinity of one of those large woods which still abound in that part of the country. After the lapse of a few weeks, the family arrived, consisting of the gentleman himself, a middle-aged person of remarkably pleasing address and mild manners, his wife, a female of corresponding appearance, and three or four servants. It was soon understood that their names were Hardcastle; and al-

though they lived retired, seldom entering any other building than their own house, and the village church, at which they were regular attendants, the tradespeople found them kind and affable in their demeanour, and remarkably correct and punctual in their pecuniary dealings. By degrees they became more sociable, entered into the society of the place, paid and received visits among some of the best county families resident in the neighbourhood, and at the expiration of eighteen months had become general favourites. They spent their money freely, but without extravagance; their household was extremely well conducted, and every thing about them announced ample means, if not opulence. On their part they were delighted with their new residence, which they had taken on a long lease, the only thing which gave them uneasiness being its distance from any other habitation; a circumstance which the frequent burglaries and highway robberies committed in that part of Sussex rendered unpleasant, especially to Mrs. Hardcastle. The arrest of one of the supposed depredators, at length promised to do something towards removing this source of disquiet. It chanced that a farmer returning from Chichester market with a considerable sum of money about him, the price of the corn he had that day sold, was waylaid and stopped by two footpads, who, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in robbing him, and carrying off their booty. The farmer, being an athletic and resolute man, had offered a resistance for which the thieves did not appear to have been prepared, as neither they, nor the object of their attack were provided with firearms; and the farmer, in the scuffle, having got a finger of one of them into his mouth, bit it to the bone. This circumstance he stated when lodging his complaint before the proper authorities, who gave the necessary information to the police, and the very next day a small cattle-dealer and higgler in the neighbourhood, a loose character, who had been seen on the road where the robbery had been committed, was taken into custody. On his examination it was found that he had a deep wound on the forefinger of the left hand. This circumstance was deemed sufficient to warrant his committal, and a *mittimus* to the county

jail was accordingly made out, although the prisoner solemnly asseverated his innocence, declaring that he had cut his hand while killing a pig. His story made no impression on any of the magistrates except Mr. Fagg, who, however, said little, and even joined in signing the warrant. The next day, however, he visited the accused in prison, taking a surgeon with him, who, on inspecting the wound, gave it as his opinion that it had been produced by a sharp instrument, as no jaggedness or inequality could be detected like that which a bite would probably have produced. This declaration of the medical man inspired Mr. Fagg with a strong conviction of the cattle-dealer's innocence, contrary to the opinion of all his neighbours, and of Mr. Hardcastle in particular, who had exerted himself much to procure evidence for the purpose of substantiating the charge. No suspicion, however, was excited by his officiousness, nor would there have been, had not Mr. Fagg in his humanity determined that the prisoner should at all events have the benefit of the best legal advice at his own expense. With this view he despatched a confidential servant to London, with instructions to retain an eminent counsel for the defence, and to make such inquiries at the police-offices as might by possibility tend to throw a light on the Sussex depredators. It was in a visit paid by this man, in company with an officer, to the Dog and Duck, a public-house and tea-garden in St. George's Fields, much frequented at that period by bad characters of every description, that the servant saw a person whose appearance in such company much startled him, as he told the constable that had he seen him differently dressed and in any other place, he should have taken him for a neighbour of his master's, one Squire Hardcastle. His companion laughed, and said that the person he alluded to was a noted highwayman, well-known at their office by the name of Bob Duck. While they were speaking, the object of their conversation quitted the house abruptly, evincing no consciousness of being the subject of remark. Still the resemblance appeared so strong, that although on his return into Sussex he found Mr. Hardcastle at home, the bailiff could not help men-

tioning what he had seen to his master. Mr. Fagg's suspicions were aroused, and the rather as in the course of his inquiries since the departure of his man to London, he had heard of several singular circumstances concerning his neighbours, though not of a nature, taken separately, to fix any imputation of criminality upon them. Certain it was, however, that the consumption of provisions by the Hardcastles seemed very much out of proportion to the number of their family; lights were seen in their windows at unusual hours, sounds were heard occasionally to issue from it at variance with the staid and sober demeanour of its inmates, especially as, though the cellars had been much enlarged, and even a new one dug by the present occupants when they first took their lease, no person could recollect any circumstance which should induce them to believe that they had ever been extensively stocked. As, however, Mr. Fagg did not communicate his suspicions to any one, every thing went on as usual till the day of trial, when the accused was arraigned in due form at the assizes for the county, and the prosecution proceeded with. The prisoner in his defence called the surgeon to prove that the wound on his finger was a cut, and not a bite, and two witnesses were examined, who swore positively that they saw the prisoner cut it while killing a pig. At this moment the prisoner's counsel rose up suddenly, and fixing his eye sternly on Hardcastle, who occupied a prominent seat in the court-hall, said that the innocence of his client was clear, and that it was much more probable that the robbery had been committed by Bob Duck. Mr. Hardcastle, whose actual absence from home during part of the time his servant had been in London, Mr. Fagg had sufficiently ascertained, turned deadly pale, and his confusion was manifest to all the spectators. He retired abruptly, under the plea of a sudden faintness, arising from the heat, and succeeded in making his way out, although Mr. Fagg, who had narrowly watched his motions, called out to the sheriff to have the hall-doors closed. The prisoner in the mean time was acquitted, there being little evidence against him beyond that of his cut finger and his having been seen on the night

of the robbery not far from the spot on which it had been committed. As soon as Mr. Fagg could assemble a sufficient force he went to Hardcastle's house, with a search-warrant, and there secured his wife and two or three of his gang, the latter concealed in the newly-built cellar, which was also found to be a complete depot of stolen property. Among other articles was discovered a canvass bag, which the farmer beforementioned swore to positively, as being the one which had contained the money of which he had been robbed. Bob Duck himself, about a fortnight afterwards, was apprehended at one of his old haunts in London, whither in-

formation respecting him had been despatched; one of the gang turning king's evidence. He was sent off into Sussex for trial, in the custody of two constables, but managed by some means to make his escape from them on the road, before he reached his destination, and was never afterwards heard of. The woman and other subordinates in crime were brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to transportation for life. Mr. Fagg appears to have acquired great credit and popularity in the county by this affair, as well as by the energy and activity with which he acted in hunting the remainder of the dispersed gang out of the county.

THE LONG PAUSE.

"The longest pause on record."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Reader, look not for periods, and phrases,
 Rounded with care, and framed with curious skill;
 My Pegasus is one which wildly grazes
 On common lands; uncurb'd to roam at will:
 It is unused to check-rein, which amazes
 Its mouth untutor'd, but does not fulfil
 The purpose meant; and so, upon the whole,
 'Tis better left to kick and caracolle.

On to my story:—In the olden time—
 ('Tis a commencement very much in vogue,
 And which will answer nicely to the rhyme)—
 An aged gentleman, upon the road
 To Putney Bridge—(his thoughts not all sublime)
 Musing upon his supper and abode,
 Turn'd to his servant, rising on his legs
 Within the stirrups, "John, do you like eggs?"

'Twas a strange question; but so much the better;
 Who likes at all times to be common-place?
 If folks were *dictionary à la lettre*,
 Adieu to eccentricity and grace—
 The *blue* would have no yard-long word, to set her
 On the *qui vive* of transport or grimace;
 There'd be no looking out for derivations,
 Coinage of words, or modish alterations.

'Twould be plebeian all to speak alike,
 Plain, vulgar English! high, and low, the same;
 The pedant could not pose—the learned strike—
 The untaught, blunder—or the florid, flame—
 The witty wield a languagorial pike—
 Or poets (like myself!) their numbers frame,
 Without a few delightful deviations,
 To show their genius by their innovations.

And as for me—I often eke a rhyme
 With a self-form'd impromptu syllable ;
 It gives my page an air of the sublime,
 And makes my slender stock of learning tell.
 Long words give startled readers breathing time,
 And I confess they please *me* very well.
 They teach plain folks that poets are their betters,
 And form a most imposing line of letters.

“ Do you like eggs, John ? ”—the man answer'd “ Yes.”
 And there it ended, for the time at least ;
 His master's meaning 'twas in vain to guess,
 Nor did he—gradually the way decreased
 They had to travel—it could do no less
 As neither stopt—and soon they were released
 From saddle-hold—for they were safely come,
 To that best gift of heaven to man—their home !

Home ! there is magic in the word—it seems
 To fasten on the heart ;—the young, the old,
 Alike can see it in their spirit-gleams
 Of happiness : what nature is so cold
 As not among its visionary dreams
 Of perfect bliss, this last, best joy to hold ?
 If any can—why then—let them live on,
 Nor feel like the old gentleman and John !

There were bright eyes to smile a welcome back,
 And white arms to enfold in an embrace,
 And rosy lips, to question of the track
 Which he had follow'd, with enchanting grace ;
 Some of the eyes were blue, and some were black,—
 In each, how many a winning charm we trace !
 The papers, which too oft to sleep inspire,
 A silent wife, and a good blazing fire.

The gentleman of whom I write at present,
 Was a *bon vivant* of the first degree ;
 Ate turtle-soup, and venison, and pheasant,
Bœuf à la mode, poule à la Chamonie,
 And many things considered monstrous pleasant,
 By all the votaries of gastronomy ;
 Kept a French cook, and voted nothing good
 Which was not dish'd up quite *au façon d'Ude*.

A year rolled by. One of his daughters married :
 This caused a wondrous deal of conversation ;
 What invitations reach'd—and what miscarried—
 Should they ask *this*, or leave out *that* relation—
 How for some London bonnet they had tarried—
 With many a mis-bestowed and dull oration,
 Made to the young, gay, pretty, heedless wife,
 About the after-tenour of her life.

Young folks can't listen to such horrid things,—
 Their thoughts are wandering to far other scenes ;
 To shady lanes, cool streams, and wedding rings,
 (Especially if they're in their teens),
 Their fancy, borrowing glad Cupid's wings
 Floats on, nor heeds what the long lecture means ;
 Even although rising in parental glory,
 Their fathers proudly shine in oratory.

Thus was it here ; for the old gentleman
 Talk'd very sagely to his dark-eyed daughter ;
 Who scarcely heard a sentence of the plan
 Which he laid down ; and when he gravely thought her
 Engross'd by *his* discourse, had just began
 To think of what her Ferdinand had taught her.
 I call him Ferdinand, because the name
 Is pretty, and you know 'tis all the same.

I might have found a longer, it is true,
 A nobler—nobler—such as Scipio, Cæsar,
 Nebuchadnezzar, Hazamaveth too,
 Elihoreph, or even Ebenezer ;—
 But why I know not, I can relish few
 Of these outrageous names—each one a teaser !
 They may be beautiful, there is no telling,
 But make a sad confusion in one's spelling.

He had a son, too ; nearly twenty-three,
 A paragon of learning for his age ;
 The darling son this year got his degree,
 Was silent, steady, sober, staid, and sage !
 He won the glorious honours of M.D.
 (Diplomas, as you know, are all the rage—)
 And then he was dismiss'd Dun-Edin's College,
 To physic patients, and display his knowledge.

This made a monstrous stir, a mighty fuss :
 Such things were not so common in those days ;
 There were examinations to discuss,
 Professors to condemn, some few to praise—
 It is not such a marvel among us,
 M.D.'s no longer are the public gaze,
 For now across the Tweed they come, good souls !
 Like Edinborough haddocks—all in shoals.—

Then there were other things to talk about :—
 I trow that subjects were in no case lacking ;
 My Lady this, and Mrs. that one's route,
 First the game's shooting, afterwards its packing ;
 Whom they should court in public, and whom scout,
 * The fall of lotteries, and Warren's blacking,
 Matthews at Home, and politics, and stocks,
 And Canning, Peel, and Brougham ; Pitt and Fox.

Thus time slid by ; and the year wore away :
 On Putney Bridge behold the mounted pair,
 John and his master, speeding on their way,
 The roads were dirty, but the weather fair ;
 " John," said the aged gentleman, " I pray,
How do you like them ?" Neither start nor stare
 Escaped from John ; who, when the thing was broached
 A second time, directly answer'd—" poached !"

BEPPA.

* Anachronisms, but *n'importe*.

A NEW QUESTION.—THE NEW PALACE.

As soon as the all-engrossing question of Reform shall have been disposed of, we shall want another to furnish employment both to our tongues and our pens ; unless we are to set quietly with our hands before us, during the political millennium that is about to take place. Yet, as such a state of quietism is not so much to the taste of Englishmen as of Turks, we must have something or other to afford us excitement, and to answer our *sensation-loving* public. Many may think that we shall then have quite enough to do in attending to private and personal reform. That species of reform, however, is by far too practical and matter-of-fact ever to be popular with any class, much less with your sturdy disclaimers against the corruption of public men. It is well known that what is every body's business is nobody's ; and the converse of the proposition holds equally good, for what is nobody's business is every body's, as every-day experience convinces us ; and that we may never be at a loss for business of this latter description—it being by far the most agreeable of all—we very sincerely pray. Out of compassion, therefore, to the public, and to those who daily scribble for its amusement ; out of charity towards the editors of newspapers, who have most disinterestedly advocated a reform that will deprive them of a hitherto inexhaustible topic, and who, we foresee, will starve under the new constitution of things, when they will have nothing but private scandal, and cargoes of Colburnian puffs to fill their columns with ; and their conscientiousness and squeamishness have always deterred them from introducing the former, as much as their inflexible integrity has prevented them from admitting the latter ; out of charity, we say, towards these martyrs in the cause of reform, we will here start a fresh question ; one that, we conceive, will not be answered without some reams of *pros* and *cons* being first scribbled, and some ten thousand speeches made, by way of exemplifying *inter alia* that excessive taciturnity with which our continental neighbours so justly reproach us. And this admirable question is : “ What is to be done with the New Palace ? ”

VOL. I.

Let us not, however, be in too great a hurry to have done with it ourselves ; but first of all say something “ anent ” old palaces. Still, we do not intend, *more* our F. S. A.'s, and other notables of that “ caste ” to go so far back as the palace of King Priam, or to write a learned dissertation on palaces and palace-builders, John Martin inclusive. A clever book-maker—we name no one, and therefore Mr. A. B. C., or whoever you are, you need not scowl so glumly upon us—would turn out, at least a brace of goodly quartos on such a subject ; and, were he as acute a critic as Allan Cunningham, would give us some choice morsels of architectural criticism to *amuse* as well as to enlighten us. Unlike such gifted persons, we do not possess the pen of a ready—or, if the reader prefer it, of a *reamy* writer, especially as we have the fear of the editor before our eyes, who has strictly charged us not to let even the dullest article on the dullest subject exceed three sheets of letter-press ; otherwise, perhaps, we might be induced to give here, for the edification of our readers, some profound remarks on *castle-building*, a species of architecture that comes home to the bosoms of all ; and which has, moreover, the merit of being the least expensive of any. But we must do violence to our wishes, and to those of our readers also.

In this country there seems to have been a kind of fatality connected with palace-building ; since, with the exception of Windsor, all those of a very early date have disappeared ; while of the structures which have succeeded to them, some have proved mere abortions, and the others most lamentably deficient in taste. Whitehall is, as Mr. Cunningham is pleased facetiously to term Somerset-house, a fragment : and here, were we not endued with most stoical forbearance, we should display the astonishing extent of our antiquarian knowledge, by giving forthwith the whole history of Inigo Jones's intended edifice ; yet, in mercy to our readers, we will humanely omit that *pièce de résistance*. Neither Hampton Court, nor Kensington-palace possesses any architectural grandeur, while the old palace

X

at Kew would hardly pass muster in these days as a farmhouse. The gaol-looking building near it, that was to have been a royal castle, and which was erected on a truly Wyatt-vile design, was, most happily for the credit of our national taste, never completed, and has now been taken down. And whatever ill-natured people may object against this said building-up-and-pulling-down-again system, it is at least, experiment-alizing on a magnificent scale, which is the only magnificence we obtain, in the article of palaces, for our money. St. James's looks as much like a workhouse as ever it did; Carlton-palace is gone to the shades, where, for aught we can tell, it may now be confabulating with the palace of King Lud; and Buckingham-house has been skillfully transmogrified by Mr. Nash into the New, or St. George's-palace. We have thus despatched some half-dozen palaces, in quick time; we might, too, have increased the number by mentioning that built by Charles II. at Winchester, as an additional instance of the fatality we have alluded to; which same fatality prevented one of the noblest piles of building in the kingdom from becoming a palace, although it was originally intended to be such—we mean Greenwich Hospital.

This last observation induces us to ask, Does a similar fate await the structure in St. James's-park? Before, however, we offer any opinion or suggestions on that point, let us take a glance at it, and consider how stands the balance of our gratitude-account with Mr. Nash. We do not purpose entering here into an analytical description of the building, or examining it feature by feature, but shall merely notice a few particulars that will afford a tolerable specimen of the taste and genius displayed in it. We are convinced that the architect has preferred propriety of character to that ostentatious and stately magnificence which your classical cognoscenti consider indispensable to the *beau-ideal* of a regal residence. It is, in fact, this *propriety* that constitutes its chief excellence, and atones for the absence of all originality of design, and nobleness of style. Any other architect would have availed himself of such an opportunity, and endeavoured to realize on this occasion, some of those grand and poetic ideas which have hitherto remained, and seem still

fated to remain *unedited*. When it was first announced that the New Palace was to be a splendid pile of "Grecian" architecture, our wayward fancies instantly depicted a rich assemblage of classical beauties, combining the refined taste and simple dignity of the Ancients, with that variety and complexity of design which the Moderns affect. There is scarcely an exhibition at Somerset-house without one or more designs for a royal palace; and if some have been but very mediocre, others have convinced us that if we had no town residence for our sovereigns becoming the dignity of the British empire, it was certainly not because we did not possess among us the talent capable of rearing a structure that should be a monument of national magnificence and taste. To say the truth; it does not, after all, require any very extraordinary effort of inventive power to produce something like imposing effect and architectural grandeur, in such a subject, since extent alone will give it importance; and the very nature of the building relieves the architect from many of those embarrassing restraints which fetter and perplex him in buildings where economy, both of space and expense, must be rigidly attended to.

We are assured by a very homely, not to say coarse proverb, that it is impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; nor is it much more easy to make a sow's ear out of a silk purse. Mr. Nash, however, has been tolerably successful in overcoming the latter difficulty, having made a large building look very insignificant, and very mean and trumpery withal, notwithstanding that there is plenty of ornament about it, such as it is. In short, for to this conclusion must we arrive at last, Mr. Nash has very ingeniously succeeded in giving us a palace admirably characteristic of "a nation of shopkeepers;" for the taste and style it exhibits are precisely those of Regent-street, with the exception that the one is executed in stone, and the other in cement; and that we do not find here those classical inscriptions of bootmakers and linen-draperies, that give such a lettered air to the architecture of its rival. There are people who fancy, or at least have said, that the said street looks very much like a range of palaces; by way of antithesis,

therefore, or if not of antithesis, of conformity, it was desirable that the palace should look like a range of shops. Thus, we find a basement story with pretty little Doric columns, and above it a neat first floor, with little lodging-rooms over it; all looking particularly cosy and snug; and without any of that aristocratical hauteur and lordly dignity which are so offensive in the palaces of some continental monarchs. In sober truth, there is nothing in the aspect of any part of the building to excite the envy of a cheesemonger's wife who, on comparing the taste displayed outside the New Palace, with that exhibited by the front of her husband's shop, is, for once, convinced that comparisons are not always "odorous," and forthwith conceives a prodigious admiration for Mr. Nash. The little Ionic colonnade, again, on the south side of the palace, is nearly magnificent enough to form the entrance to some suburban tea-garden; while the bow on the same side of the building, although of not particularly palatial physiognomy, would look genteel enough at Hammersmith. We have said nothing of the poor little thing called a triumphal arch, which is stuck up before the park front of the palace, and which, by the superiority of its material, makes the palace itself look as if it were coated with cement. This *patch* is no doubt very classical, being a copy from the antique when it had ceased to be antique; yet we cannot help wishing that Mr. Nash had taken the advice which a satirical poet once gave to a plain lady:

Place but one patch, and be that patch—
a mask.

There are many other beauties; we cannot, however, notice them as they merit; and shall therefore proceed at once to consider what is eventually to be done with this doubly ill-favoured building—justly may we so term it, since it is not only ill-favoured in its aspect, but in ill-favour with every one. It has been sneered and railed at in the House of Commons, and quizzed and abused by the public. Even Mr. Nash himself would, we believe, sell his fee-simple in the honour attached to it, for a mere trifle. Such are the contradictory reports that have been spread relative to the building, that it is hardly possible to divine what will be the ultimate

destination of a pile on which so much money has been expended, which, it seems, might as well have been flung into the canal before it. The only point as to which there seems to be no doubt at all is, that his present Majesty will never occupy. It is then, together with the surrounding site, to remain in *statu quo* till time shall render it a respectable ruin? Or is it, for economy's sake, to be taken down, that some future Nash may have an opportunity of experimenting on the same site?

Now, as we do not care to attempt to answer puzzling questions, we prefer setting up for advisers rather than prophets, and shall therefore recommend one or two plans whereby this edifice may be rendered, if not an architectural ornament to the metropolis, a public monument of the wisdom and liberality of the nation. We would humbly propose then that, like Greenwich, it should be converted into an asylum for some one of those numerous classes of persons, who, notwithstanding their claims upon public sympathy, have never yet been provided for by any charitable institution. The building might, for instance, be formed into an hospital for decayed architects, who, having been employed upon public works, have ruined themselves by their extraordinary disinterestedness or improvidence in making estimates; and for aught we can tell, Mr. Nash himself may be very fairly entitled to claim admission in such an asylum; else, poor man, we fear he will end his days in the parish workhouse, as it is generally supposed he has positively not made much more than the beggarly sum of fifty thousand pounds by the whole job, notwithstanding the trouble of pulling down the wings of the palace and building them up again.

Or should this plan—which we really consider as good as any of Mr. Nash's—not be approved of, the building would form a very decent-looking almshouse, for paupers of quality, who, instead of being pensioned, might be lodged and supported there by the subscriptions and donations; and we doubt not but that a number of wealthy *nobodies* would contribute very liberally towards such a fund, were it only out of the charitable motive of mortifying such indigent somebodies.

A third plan is, that the building be

converted into a madhouse for that class of lunatics who, not being exactly fit for St. Luke's, are permitted to go at large to the great discomfiture of their families, and the inconvenience of the public. Among these truly unfortunate creatures may be reckoned gentlemen of sixty and upwards, who marry girls of sixteen; advertisers of either sex who make the *Morning Herald* their confidant and go-between in negotiations for matrimony; also the parties who are mad enough to reply to any of those hymeneal advertisements. One ward ought to be allotted to all St. John Long's and Dr. ———'s patients; another to those who admire the crazy poetry of Mansel Reynolds, and Satan Montgomery; and a third to political economists, and those *ultra-charitable* people whose sympathy is always so busily engaged on the other side the equator, that they have no sympathy for any sufferings elsewhere.

We might enumerate many other persons, all of whom would fairly deserve a settlement in such an establishment. We confess, however, that there is one serious objection to this scheme, which is, that in order to accommodate all the patients, the building would require to be enlarged till it covered the whole of St. James's Park, or we might say, the whole of St. James's parish.

We could offer various other schemes and suggestions, but the hints we have just thrown out, will suffice to show that it is still possible to turn the New Palace to very good account, and to render an unlucky piece of *Nash-ional* architecture, a real national blessing. And should the lastmentioned plan be adopted, as the one more extensively useful, Mr. Nash would still be unquestionably entitled to occupy an apartment in the Pimlico Bethlehem.

A SKETCH,

BY MISS PARDOE.

Yes, she is beautiful! there is a light
 In her young eye, which tells of happiness;
 The glow upon her gentle cheek is bright,
 And round her placid brow the dark locks press,
 Linking each other in a sweet caress.
 She is the very type of youthful grace;
 With that half-smiling, half-beseeching face,
 Those azure eyes, and those half-parted lips,
 With the teeth seen in beautiful eclipse—
 And the dark hair, the loosely-flowing hair,
 Falling in masses on a throat so fair,
 Not moonlight on the waters is more pure;
 Oh! to be loved by one like this—secure
 Of the young heart in such a form enshrin'd—
 To hear her soft voice borne upon the wind,
 Breathing your name in tones of tenderness—
 If life hath blessings, surely *this* must bless!
 There are rich jewels on her neck and arm—
 I would they were not there, for to *my* heart
 In her pure innocence there dwells a charm
 Which mocks at all the ornaments of art.

You tell me she is high and nobly born:
 There needed not the ruby's glow for this;
 For had she but a simple blossom worn,
 I should have *felt* that it was thus, I wis—
 And read in her deep eye's soul-chasten'd fires
 The sign and seal of a proud line of sires!

She stands alone within a stately hall,
 Rob'd and attir'd for some high festival—
 Not thus, had she been mine, however great
 My pride of station, or my pomp of state,
 Not thus would I have painted her—but gay,
 Buoyant, and sportive, 'mid the bloom of May,
 Herself the loveliest blossom of the Spring!
 My heart, and eyes, and senses gladdening.—

'Tis a sweet picture! can it really be,
 That 'mid the world's cold, false, frivolity,
 This lovely vision shall e'er lose the spell
 Of innocence, which makes it now so dear?
 Oh! if that blighting tale some tongue should tell
 In after years, then will I hasten here,
 And mourn the ruin with a Christian's tear!

THE TWO BOBRUNS.*

THE age of Louis the Fourteenth produced so many men of genius, eminent in every branch of art and science, that many professors who might have risen to distinction at any other period, are lost and forgotten among the numbers by whom they were surpassed. Such has been the lot of the two artists whose history I am going to relate, and who, although seldom named in the present day, enjoyed a considerable share of reputation about the middle of the reign of Louis le Grand. They were first-cousins, and bore the same family-name, Bobrun; both of an age, both young, both handsome, united from their birth by circumstances, and inseparable from inclination, having the same tastes, the same disposition, and the same features; they resembled each other like the *Ménéchmæ*, and still more perfectly; since from living constantly in the same society, they had insensibly adopted the same manners, habits, expression and tone in speaking. Each cultivated portrait-painting, and both with an equal degree of success. Both were equally formed to enjoy and to adorn society. They sang, played on the lute, wrote verses, little dramatic

pieces to be performed in society; were lively and good-humoured, and above all, tenderly attached to each other. Indeed their friendship might be considered as safe from the besetting perils of envy and jealousy, since their similitude was so complete, that it was scarcely possible to compliment one without praising the other. In short, their friendship seemed to double the existence of each, and both were devoid of all selfish feelings, or exclusive desire to engross admiration. Even their very names were similar; one was called Julius, the other Julian. Their very profession had in it nothing individual, it became a mutual pleasure, a mutual pursuit. It was usual for their patrons and employers to say, "I have had my picture painted by the Bobruns;" and the young artists used to say, "*We* have finished such and such portraits;" and "such a one is coming to sit to *us* to-morrow." They had the honour to paint the portraits of Louis XIV., of Anne of Austria, and the principal persons of their court. It soon became a fashion to sit to the Bobruns. Their painting-room became the resort of the best society, and was daily thronged by beauty and talent.

* This tale is translated from an article furnished by Madame de Genlis, for a periodical work published at Paris in the year 1815-16, and never circulated in England. The translation is faithful without being literal. It would have been easy to throw the narrative into a form more animated, and more familiar to English readers, but then the local colouring would have been lost; and it is dangerous to tamper with the slightest production of a celebrated pen.

While one of the cousins was employed at the easel, the other agreeably engaged the attention of the sitter by singing or conversation; he then took the pallet, and was relieved at the lute by the one who first began to paint. The most interesting epoch of their lives began with an invitation they received from a rich citizen, a goldsmith, to go to his house to paint the portrait of his only daughter. Amelia, being unmarried, could not with propriety go to the house of an artist. She was in her twentieth year, and had not yet accepted any matrimonial engagement. She was frequently accused of romance in her ideas and expectations of conjugal felicity, and perhaps not wholly without reason; but her father was exceedingly well satisfied to continue to enjoy his daughter's society, and keep her portion in his hands; and his maiden sister, who managed his household, and had brought up Amelia, had her own reasons for wishing to keep her single as long as she could. This lady (*Mademoiselle Crépin*) had never allowed herself to be persuaded to alter her condition. Indeed, it may be supposed that she had never been perplexed by any very urgent persuasion, since her features were plain, her shape distorted, and her understanding void of those powers and graces which sometimes fascinate and attach in spite of an unfortunate exterior.

On the day of the first sitting, the Bobruns, according to their custom, sent their lute to the house of Amelia's father, and were received in *Mademoiselle Crépin's* apartment. Julius and Julian were both dazzled by the beauty of Amelia. She on her part was struck by their astonishing resemblance, and the engaging countenance and manner of both. The two artists painted, sang, conversed, and played alternately. Amelia found the sitting very short, and yet was impatient to be alone with her aunt, in order to talk over the artists. "What delightful talents they have," said she, "how well they sing and accompany themselves; and how united they seem—so fond of each other!"—"It is their interest to seem so; we must not believe every thing we hear.—Men are so deceiving, there is no trusting them in friendship any more than in love."—"But tell me, aunt, which did you like the best?"—"Me! really I

scarce looked at one or the other; did you ever see me staring in men's faces? I wonder how you can ask me such a question: things are altered since my time: at your age I might have spent a whole day in the room with a gentleman without ever noticing the colour of his coat; I wish I could see you behave in that way."—"But aunt, when one sits for one's picture."—"And for that very reason, a modest young lady ought never to sit for her picture: even at my age, I cannot imagine any thing more shocking than to sit for two hours to be stared at in that manner. I said so to your father; but men are so obstinate; he is set upon having your picture, and so it must be."—"But aunt, if you did not look at these gentlemen, at least you heard them; which voice did you like best?"—"I was busy with my knitting, I did not notice any difference; they sing just alike."—"Not quite; there is something more plaintive in Julian's voice than in his cousin's."—"Julian! so you have got his name quite pat already!"—"Yes, I think Julian's voice is the sweetest; but really they are so much alike in every thing, that it would be very difficult to fix a preference on either." *Mademoiselle Crépin's* vigilance might possibly have been awakened by the close of this conversation, if she had not just reached the critical part of the stocking she was knitting. Her mind was quite engrossed by the care of counting the stitches, in order to lessen at the angle, and shape the form of the heel.

At night, when Amelia retired to her room to undress, she could not help talking about the Bobruns to her maid, from whom she heard, that on going out of the house these gentlemen expressed to each other their admiration of the beauty of *Mademoiselle Amelia*. "Which of them said that, Rosine?" said Amelia, blushing "celestial rosy red."—"Both of them, *mademoiselle*, both of them said how handsome you were, and how modest and sensible, and good-natured you looked." Amelia smiled, went to sleep, and dreamt that she was sitting for her picture, and that the Bobruns were painting it.

On the third day after the first interview, there was another sitting; there was rather more conversation and less music. The young artists addressed themselves frequently to *Mlle. Crépin*;

they endeavoured to win her to their interests; and although her manner was abrupt, dry, and discouraging, they had no reason to complain of their want of success. Mademoiselle Crépin, of her own accord, and chiefly for her own satisfaction, invited the Bobruns to dinner the next day. They came, and made themselves very agreeable to the elder part of the family: when they were gone, Mademoiselle Crépin began to speak in their favour, especially of Julius, who had spoken to her the most. Amelia sighed, and said nothing. At the third sitting the Bobruns gained completely the heart of Mademoiselle Crépin, by presenting her with a very pretty drawing representing herself: the figure quite straight, the countenance almost juvenile, pleasing, and good-humoured, and yet the likeness so strong as not to be mistaken. Thanks and compliments being duly paid, Julius sate down to the easel. "I see (said he in a tone of vexation) that we shall never succeed with this portrait."—"Why not?" asked Mademoiselle Crépin—a deep sigh. "You must not be discouraged; nobody can take likenesses better; how well you have succeeded with mine, and yet I did not even sit to you." Julius took up the pencil, Mademoiselle Crépin proceeded with her stocking. Julian offered to sing; and after a short prelude, which fixed the attention of Amelia, sang with a peculiar expression the following lines, to an air perfectly adapted to their meaning.

Why is thy hand so slow to-day?

Why are thy colours all so pale?

The lovely form I would portray

Is present—and my studies fail.

My pencil, when I sought to trace

The lineaments I love so well,

Ere half revealed the charming face,

Betray'd my passion—down it fell.

The voice of Julius sank at the close of the song—by a singular coincidence, the pencil of Julian fell at the same moment. Amelia blushed, and looked conscious; Mademoiselle Crépin, who had not attended to the words of the song, looked up through her large round spectacles, and asked what was the matter. "Only that I am going to take the place of Julian," said Julius, who taking the lute from the hands of his friend, gave him the pallet and rest-

stick: he then, falling into the same key, continued the song.

My pencil o'er the canvass strays

In lines uncertain, weak and faint;

How can I think, while thus I gaze?

While thus I feel—how can I paint.

Her beauty shames my feeble art,

Her graces I can never tell,

For while I strove to melt her heart,

My accents fail'd—my pencil fell.

Again the action was suited to the word—Julian as much disconcerted as his friend had been, let fall his pencil. Amelia exclaimed "What both!" "Yes, beautiful Amelia," exclaimed both the Bobruns, with one voice, "we are animated by one soul, the same sentiment inspires us, and we adore you." In saying these words, they advance suddenly to the feet of Mademoiselle Crépin, and entreat her to favour their suit, and consent to their addresses to her niece. Mademoiselle Crépin had, for the first time, the pleasure of being knelt to, and of hearing herself addressed in the language of passionate entreaty. She looked at one, and then at the other, and was stupefied with amazement; at last she began with "But, gentlemen, you cannot both marry my niece."—"Let her choose between us; the one who is unfortunate, will console himself in witnessing the happiness of his friend; let her but permit us to address ourselves to her father." "What do you say, Amelia?" inquired the aunt—"I do not forbid these gentlemen to speak to my father, but I must have time to decide between them, and I cannot make any promises:" with these words Amelia withdrew.

The Bobruns did not fail to avail themselves of the permission to apply to the old gentleman: he could find no objection to either; but he and Mademoiselle Crépin nourished a secret hope that through some romantic scruple, some punctilio of delicacy, Amelia might, of her own accord, refuse these proposals of marriage as she had done so many others. Poor Amelia was indeed sadly perplexed. Her first inclination had been for Julian; but Julius resembled him so exactly, that she could not remain insensible to his merit. "Were I to marry Julian," said she, "I must separate him from his friend. I could not trust myself with both; how could I

love one and be indifferent to the other?" "Certainly," said her aunt, "it is terrible to think what mistakes of the heart you might fall into, with the best intentions in the world." "But then, if I marry Julian, his cousin would of course immediately give up his passion for me."—"Immediately!" that may not be so soon done as said; he will think he has only to persevere; if you love your husband, you must love him; so that your very fidelity would give him hopes."—"What a terrible situation I am in!"—"Under these circumstances, the only thing proper for you to do, is to continue single, that renders all safe and easy."—"But aunt, they are not so very much alike; it is easy to distinguish one from the other."—"Indeed! I never can tell which is which."—"Oh! I know, the moment they come into the room; Julian's eyes are rather larger than his cousin's, his eye-lashes are longer, and his brows not quite so much arched; and then he is rather paler. I think Julian has the most sensibility. If I could but ascertain that one of them loves me passionately, and the other merely with an ordinary attachment, I should decide immediately."

Amelia, full of this idea, contrived a plan to carry into effect her experiment on the hearts of the two cousins; she engaged them each to paint her portrait separately, supposing that the one by whom she was most beloved would unconsciously flatter her the most. Alas! her plan proved good for nothing; when finished, the portraits displayed exactly the same degree of resemblance and of talent; a slight difference in the attitude of the figure alone served to distinguish one from the other.

Both the Bobruns were, in fact, in love with Amelia, but their passion was not so violent as to destroy their friendship; they confided it to each other, and agreed to risk a declaration at the same moment, and abide by the decision of Amelia without envy or repining.

The passion of Julius was indeed rather of the head than the heart; he thought Amelia charming, and would have been delighted to marry her, but he was so much at ease as to amuse himself by dramatizing the whimsical situations into which this passion led him and his friend; while the affection of Julian was of a much more deep and

serious character; each judged the other by himself.

Amelia was touched by the generosity shown by each of her lovers in speaking of his rival. "How much they love each other," said she, "and I should be the means of parting them"—"No doubt," put in Mademoiselle Crépin; "if you marry one of these amiable young men, you will cause the death of the other; I wonder how you can bear such an idea; I should be miserable if my refusal were to be the death of any man."

The Bobruns became impatient for a definitive answer; Amelia betrayed to her family a partiality for Julian. Mademoiselle Crépin then worked upon her feelings by dwelling upon the passionate fondness of Julius, and the despair and agony that would be his portion; at length Amelia, distracted between love and pity, began seriously to form the resolution to end her anxieties by entering a cloister, and embracing the conventual life. She did not, however, communicate this plan to her father, or to her aunt; but before taking so violent a measure, determined on consulting an intimate friend, a young widow who resided at Chartres. Accordingly this lady, whose name was Isabella, after a suspension in their correspondence which had excited her anxiety, received from Amelia a letter of eight pages, containing all the details of her *unparalleled* distresses, and ending with the declaration of her intention to become a nun. Isabella, whose heart was warm, and her mind fertile in expedients, ordered post-horses for the next morning at break of day. The moment she reached Paris, she inquired for the abode of the Bobruns, whom she had never seen, and immediately drove to their house. Each had frequently heard Amelia speak of this lady as of her dearest friend, and they were delighted by her visit. After the first compliments, Isabella seated herself upon a sofa; the Bobruns placed themselves opposite her; she looked at one and at the other, amazed at their resemblance; and then, saying that she wished to account to them for her sudden departure from Chartres, began in these words:

"I perceive by a long confidential letter which I have received from Amelia, that she never will be able to make up

her mind to decide between you, unless she is urged by some extraordinary means." At this Julian turned pale, but Julius smiled and said, without changing colour, "Yes, really, the plot of our story stands still; we want some striking scene for a *dénouement*."—"One would think, Monsieur Julius, that you were speaking of a comedy."—"The very thing: I have half-finished a little piece upon the model of our loves, but the last scenes are wanting."—"And you," said Isabella, turning to Julian, "I suppose you have assisted in the composition of this piece?"—"Me, madame! good heavens! can I amuse myself with fictions when realities are so painful?"—"I am satisfied," cried Isabella, "I am repaid for the fatigues of my journey; the heart of Amelia has not deceived her; it is you who love, it is you who are beloved."—"Is it possible!" cried Julian, starting from his seat in a rapture.—"Oh Julian," exclaimed his friend, "why did you not confess to me sooner the excess of your passion? I thought you loved but as I do; what anguish should I have spared you!"—"Unfortunate Julius! certainly you must feel at this moment what I should have done had Amelia chosen you; she must be loved passionately by all who know her as we do."—"Let no thought of me cloud your happiness; I am disappointed, I confess it; but I am not mortally grieved. I shall neither renounce love nor friendship, nor despair of better fortune another time." Julian embraces his friend, and both entreat Isabella to lead them to Amelia.—"Gently," said Isabella, "were all to end thus, where would be the catastrophe of your play? We must devise some means to convince Amelia that Monsieur Julian is the most devoted to her; our assurances will be of no avail. She would imagine that I had betrayed her secret, and that your generosity induced you to resign her."—"I see," said Julius, "that the only way will be for me to fall in love with somebody else."—"But that would be the work of some time."—"I begin to think not; a charming countenance, a feeling heart, might soon engage my affections, and for ever."—"Well then, to make all easy, you must look about for such an object."—"I have found it, madame." Isabella, half angry, and half pleased, hurried on to

mention Amelia's project of becoming a nun. "You, Monsieur Julian, must set off immediately to join the Trappists, or at least become a Carthusian."—"Will that hasten his marriage?"—"Certainly, that will prove to Amelia the complete sympathy between them. Monsieur Julian, sit down directly, and write a resolute and pathetic letter, announcing your intention to be a monk: do not send it till two hours from this time; I am going to Amelia, and by the time that I have talked her, or let her talk herself into being a carmelite nun, your letter will arrive.—Imagine what an effect it will produce."—"But then I must deceive Amelia."—"What a scruple! Is it not in order to make her happy?"—"To say the truth, it will be scarcely an imposition, since had her choice not fallen upon me, I was decided to forsake my country, and go to Russia."—"To Russia! and to leave me," cried Julius.—"After your marriage, you will hardly wish to travel so far," added Isabella.—"No, madame, my longest journey will then be to Chartres." Isabella smiled, and took her leave. Julian felt the happiest of human beings when his friend confessed to him, on returning from attending her to her carriage, that he had fallen desperately in love with the lively widow.

Isabella played her part skilfully with Amelia; she listened to all her sorrows and perplexities, and merely advanced some faint objections to her project of seclusion; she feigned to be convinced by the arguments of Amelia, and even went so far as to propose to adopt the same measure, and enter the same cloister. "You, Isabella! you who are so fond of society, and so much admired and sought after!" Isabella sighed, seemed to wipe away a tear, cast down her eyes, and was silent. Amelia pressed for the motive to such an extraordinary measure; at last Isabella pretended to confess that she was the victim of a *hopeless and fatal attachment*. What a coincidence of feeling and of fate! How affecting! Yes, certainly, a cloister must be the refuge of both. Amelia flies to her writing-desk, and writes, but, spite of her assumed firmness, not without many tears, a joint letter of farewell to the Bobruns, announcing her irrevocable determination to bid adieu to the world for ever. Time passes rapidly in earnest

discussion; Amelia was sealing her letter, when that of Julius was brought to her. Isabella was malicious enough to enjoy the agitation of Amelia on breaking the seal—her surprise, her emotion on reading the contents. "For heaven's sake what is there in that letter to agitate you so much?"—"Oh! Julian, poor Julian! he is going."—"Going whither?"—"He is going to bury himself in the convent of La Trappe." Isabella clasped her hands in well-acted amazement: "Now then, at least, you know by which you are most beloved."—"Alas! I know it too late."—"Why? have you taken the vows? have you even finished your novitiate?"—"How dreadful! we have the same feelings, the same ideas, and we are parted for ever."—"Perhaps it is yet time to recal him, let us lose not a moment."—"But Julius! what will become of him?"—"Of Julius? Really that is scarcely worth a thought; does he love you well enough to abjure the world for you? Is he going to mortify himself at La Trappe? Has he but shown a wish to leave Paris, and retire to a hermitage?"—"But my father?"—"You have his consent to marry either."—"But my aunt?"—"I will go and fetch her." Mademoiselle Crépin came, put on her spectacles, read the letter of Julian entirely through, and then said, "Since this young man has so decided a call to the monastic life, we should be very wrong to oppose it."—"A call, my dear aunt, do not you see that it is only despair."—"I hear of nothing but love and despair, and folly and nonsense, I think."—"My dear Mademoiselle Crépin," said Isabella, on leaving the room, "perhaps your patience may be tried by a good deal more *love, folly, and nonsense*, but I shall soon put an end to *despair* in this matter." Away she went; Amelia called after her, but not very loud, and even ran after her, but not very soon, she was already in the court. During her absence, Amelia had to submit to a long lecture from her aunt, who was shocked at the *impropriety* of her conduct. Never was lecture heard with more patience or less attention. Amelia trembled at the sound of every carriage in the street; at last the door was thrown open. Isabella appeared, leaning on the arm of the happy Julian; Amelia hid her face upon the shoulder of her aunt; in a moment Julian was

at the feet of both.—Mademoiselle Crépin relented, the father consented, and all was happiness.

Toward the close of the day Julius appeared. Amelia trembled at seeing him, doubting not but that his countenance would bear the marks of the deepest anguish; but she was consoled and rendered easy by the tranquil seriousness of his demeanour. He had too much *tact* to give way to any vivacity, or appear devoted to Isabella. He played to perfection the interesting part of the *heroic friend, the generous lover*. At night Amelia followed Isabella, to talk over the events of the day, and to entreat her not to think of immuring herself in a cloister. "I confess to you, that since my widowhood, though mine was not altogether a love-match, I feel a frightful void in my heart; I tire of amusements—I must have an attachment."—"Dearest Isabella, an idea has suddenly struck me, would it could be realized! How happy we should all be!"—"What do you mean?"—"We might become almost sisters."—"What a wild notion."—"It is not impossible: I grant you, that at this moment the heart of Julius is too deeply wounded for him to imagine it possible ever to form another engagement; but after a few months—perhaps a year"—"You think I might succeed in consoling him?"—"If you think you could love him."—"One thing I must tell you; I will never marry any man on whom I do not make a sudden and lasting impression the first time I see him."—"Will nothing but love at first sight engage you?"—"Nothing; if Julius does not make me an offer to-morrow, I will never accept him."—"Tomorrow! that is out of all reason, considering the state of mind he is in; you think your charms are to work miracles."—"You imagine that yours *have* worked miracles, if they are to render a man blind to other people's." The dispute grew warm, the ladies parted in anger; but, half an hour after, when Amelia left her room, to embrace Isabella, and to make the quarrel up, she met her friend at the door, coming to seek her, from the same feeling. Thus ended their first and last quarrel. Amelia wrote to Julian to entreat him to urge and advise his friend to attempt to secure the happiness within his reach, by addressing a proposal of marriage to Isa-

bella. Julius had already written a declaration of his sentiments to the fair widow, when his friend told him in confidence what Amelia said. Isabella had seen from the first interview, that her conquest was secure, and suffered herself to be prevailed on to give her hand to Julius, on the day that united his cousin to Amelia: the latter never questioned the sincerity of her husband's intention

to have gone to La Trappe; she judged of him by herself, and in the simplicity of her heart often observed to him, "Julius really grows very fond of his wife, they seem to love almost as well as we do. One would think he had fallen in love with her of his own accord; how happy I am to have made up that match!"

E. N.

MOONLIGHT.

THE moonlight! the moonlight!

How beautiful it is—

The earth, in its pure lustre dight,

Shines forth in gentleness;

It plays upon the ocean foam—

It floods both tower and tree—

It rests upon the cottage home,

And castled pageantry.

The moonlight! the moonlight!

It smiles upon the hour,

When Youth is glad, and Hope is bright,

And Love asserts his pow'r;

It lingers on the trembling spray,

From which the night-bird sings,

And as she warbles out her lay,

Sheds silver on her wings.

The moonlight! the moonlight!

'Tis then that we recall

The friends we priz'd, now vanish'd quite,

The visions—faded all—

The hopes, by the world's blight o'erthrown;

The dreams we've liv'd to see

Dispell'd for ever, lost, and gone,

In cold reality!

The moonlight! the moonlight!

I love the gentle scene,

When the sweet flow'r that wooes the night,

Expands to hail her queen;—

When none are near to mark unfold,

Save me, her gorgeous bloom;

To gaze upon her living gold

And breathe her soft perfume!

The moonlight! the moonlight!

When all around is mute—

'Tis then I yield my spirit quite,

Unto my fairy lute:

'Tis then I feel the soul of soul

Beaming upon my brow;

'Tis then I shun the worldly throng—

'Tis glancing on me now!

S. S.

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF SULLY.

PART V.

THE loss of the fair Gabrielle did not prevent the monarch's conceiving a new passion for Mademoiselle d'Entraques, with whom he shortly afterwards became desperately enamoured. This young lady, as beautiful as his late favourite, was younger, being not more than eighteen, but with more artifice, and still greater ambition. The weak part of Henry's character, was the facility with which he yielded to the influence of female beauty. This failing oftentimes involved him in dilemmas which, while they tarnished the glory of his reign, caused him great personal disquiet.

The new favourite—skilled in all the arts by which the foibles of men were to be played upon—well knew that in affairs of love monarchs were but men. She well knew also the weak side of Henry's character; and that it was through his passion that an empire was to be gained over him. Mademoiselle d'Entraques was no idolatress of love—her worship was at another shrine. She had no ambition to be the royal mistress; she aspired to be queen; but this, for the present, was kept studiously out of view. She acted her part with consummate address. All the artillery of her personal charms were employed—and employed with all the bewitching forwardness of youthful vivacity, to deepen, from time to time, the impression she had made on the king's heart. Henry pressed, with ardour, the accomplishment of his wishes; but this the fair one, with a dignified modesty, resisted. She had, at first, put a high pecuniary value upon her favours; and the king had obtained from Sully no less a sum than a hundred thousand crowns, which had been paid over to her as the agreed equivalent; but she had no sooner obtained this sum than her maiden modesty returned, and money had no value in her estimation, when compared with that virtue which she was urged to resign. She did not omit, nevertheless, to employ every allurements which could inflame the king's desire to obtain what he so much coveted. At length she avowed to the impassioned monarch, that her high birth, her sexual delicacy, and the fearful displeasure of her family, who would conceive their fame stained, were

she to become, permanently, his mistress, and that it was only on receiving from his majesty a written promise to marry her within a year, that she could consent to assume that character. She had the address to add, that the king's honour rendered it superfluous to reduce this promise into writing, were it not that she should be thus able not only to show it to her relations, as an excuse for her fault, and best to satisfy her conscience towards heaven, and her honour towards the world; and that, in this view, it was indispensable.

Henry was weak enough to comply; he promised to accede to the request, and to have the engagement drawn up with all despatch.

There was no important act of Henry's life of which he did not make Sully the confidant; and one morning, when preparing to go to the chase, he called upon his minister, at Fontainebleau, and put the paper containing the above promise, into his hands. Sully read it with motionless astonishment—the feelings of his mind were visible as his eye followed the paper; when he had come to the end, he, with considerable agitation, returned it, but said nothing. The king, who had watched his countenance while he was reading it, pressed him to give him his sentiments upon it. Sully, who knew the utter inutility of advice on such an occasion, especially to a sovereign, declined offering any opinion. Henry urged him to speak his mind frankly, assuring him that nothing that he should say would give him offence; finding that Sully still hesitated, he earnestly repeated this assurance; upon which Sully, taking the paper from the king's hand, tore it in pieces, without uttering a word. "Morableu," said the king, startled at the boldness of the act, "what have you done? why you certainly must be mad!"—"It is true, sire," replied Sully, "I am mad; but would to God that I were the only madman in your majesty's dominions." This honest servant had resolved rather to abide the consequences, be they what they were, than betray his duty to his royal master on a point which affected his interests so deeply. And, notwithstanding the flush of anger with which

the king took the torn fragments from his hands, he began to reason with him on the fatal consequences to himself, and to his kingdom, of persisting in such a pledge. The king heard him patiently to the end; but the conflicting sentiments which filled his mind, did not leave him sufficient coolness to reply, and he retired without speaking.

Sully now resolved to expedite the divorce, and without delay to seek a suitable consort for the king. His majesty's agents at Rome made, therefore, an immediate overture of marriage to the princess Mary of Medicis, daughter to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Henry suffered this negotiation to proceed; the articles were drawn up and signed, and on the following year the marriage was solemnized.

The death of Queen Elizabeth of England happened about (A.D. 1603), by which event Henry lost a steady personal friend, and a devoted political ally. He resolved to send Sully in the quality of envoy-extraordinary to King James, her successor, since no person could be found so thoroughly acquainted with the affairs which occupied this negotiation, nor so well qualified by his prudence and address to conduct it to a successful issue. The rumoured appointment of Sully to this embassy brought a strong remonstrance from the Holy See, and created a vehement jealousy on the part of Spain. To send a Protestant ambassador to treat with a sovereign of the same religion, and more especially when intrusted with full powers, was not only placing the church in jeopardy, but was pregnant with serious danger to the state.

Henry, however, was not to be overpowered by this cabal, and refused to revoke his nomination. But to soothe the difficulties and to soften the dissatisfaction which prevailed, he gave to Sully in writing, and in the public council, only such general instructions as had for their object to preserve a good understanding with the new monarch, and to strengthen the existing ties of peace and amity; and while he furnished him secretly with such credentials as should ensure the purport of his mission, all the propositions which he was to make to the King of England were enumerated, and no suggestion was omitted that might lead to secure

his compliance. The principal object of these private instructions was to form an alliance between the two kingdoms of England and France. It was the fear that such an alliance was intended that had alarmed the jealousy of Spain, and stirred up the partisans of the Spanish crown in France and in Rome.

In this embassy Sully succeeded to the utmost of his hopes. On his departure, his Britannic Majesty presented him with a chain set with diamonds of great value.

We must not, however, omit the mention of the presents which had been sent by Henry to the court of England, as several of them will appear, at this distant day, of rather a singular description. Sully furnishes us himself with the detail. "That to King James was six fine horses, in high condition, and richly caparisoned; to this present was added another, which ought to be estimated as of still greater value, which was, Saint-Antoine himself, the most complete horseman of the age. That to the Queen was one of the largest and most beautiful Venetian glasses that had ever been seen; the richly gilt frame of which was studded with diamonds. To the Prince of Wales was a golden lance and helmet, embossed with diamonds, a fencing-master, and a theatric dancer. The Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Sidney, Secretary Cecil, and several other nobles were presented some with boxes, trinkets, rings, and chains of gold and diamonds. Several ladies also received rings, aigrettes of pearl, and pearl necklaces. The value of all these presents, including a sum of twelve hundred crowns which I left behind with Beaumont to be distributed in certain quarters, amounted to sixty thousand crowns. Henry's object in expending so much in presents, a considerable part of which was even *continued as pensions* to some English lords, was to retain them, and to attach them more strongly to his interests. I made them, some from my own knowledge of the parties and others by the recommendation of Beaumont, being anxious so to distribute them as that neither the English lords might be jealous of any preference, nor King James conceive any suspicion of their purpose. To guard against the latter,

I had previously asked his majesty's permission to make some slight acknowledgments of the services I had received at his court."*

The terms of a treaty having been agreed upon and mutually signed, Sully set off on his return to France.

This treaty was afterwards authenticated in due form. The Spanish ambassador, from some cause of delay or other, had not reached London till after Sully's departure. He was sorely chagrined to learn on his arrival all that had passed between King James and Sully, and the extreme discontent of the Catholic party in England at his not having been earlier in the field.

Sully now began to resume the business of government, and to apply himself with his usual assiduity to reforming its administration. It was now that the first attempt was made to establish the silk manufactures in France. Henry was at all times anxious to encourage whatever brought wealth into the kingdom, and contributed to its commercial greatness. Sully opposed their introduction, principally, perhaps, from an impression that the climate of France was not calculated for this species of manufacture, and further, that it would tend to lure the country people from the plough to the loom, and thus to exchange a vigorous and robust peasantry for a weak and unhealthy race of artisans. He was, moreover, of rather a sturdy way of thinking, as to what constitutes the wealth of nations. He was an avowed foe to luxury, as bringing in its train all the evils of domestic ex-

travagance, rivalry in expense, and all those vagaries of opulent idleness which waste the strength and weaken the principles of a great people.

Sully considered that in France there was already more of gold and embroidery in the dresses of the men, than fitted them for the breed of useful citizens. But although his notions may not square with the received doctrines of political economy, we must still admit that there is a vein of good sense running through them, which should save them from reproof. His majesty was not in this instance to be moved from his purpose. "What! are these all the sound reasons you have to offer me?" said Henry, goodhumouredly. "Why I would rather fight the King of Spain in three pitched battles, than have to contend with all the men of law, all the creatures of the desk, and all the city merchants, with their wives and daughters, that your whimsical notions would bring upon my back." Sully withdrew his opposition, persisting, however, that time would show that he was in the right.

Could he revisit this earth, and behold the perfection to which the silk manufactures have been brought in France, notwithstanding the instinctive repugnance which a prime minister has to acknowledge himself in the wrong, he would be forced to confess that the projectors were in the right, and that the culture of silk may flourish in a nation, without interfering with its moral worth or its military greatness.

S.

VALENTINES RETURNED.

BY INCOGNITA.

UNHAPPY Valentine! neglected saint! Once, gladly welcomed by the high-born damsel, and now scarce greeted by the village maid. The hearts of lovers no longer throb responsive, when the postman's knock announces an effusion inspired by thee.—How are old customs dying away! and old associations losing their charm!—It is no longer the *fashion* to pay homage unknown, at the shrine of beauty or of talent: it is no longer the *fashion* to give unexpected pleasure: it is no longer the *fashion* for the young to indulge their sportive fancies, and o'erflowing hearts. To account for these Valentines of last February falling into our

* *Memoires*, liv. xvi. p. 318.

hands, it may be necessary to say, that when rejected by those to whom they are addressed, the postman is at liberty to dispose of them as he pleases. Tremble, then, ye who have rudely returned the unopened Valentine! What long hidden hopes and fears may be thus betrayed! what treasured feelings may be thus revealed! From a pile of these effusions, purchased "for a song," we will now select a few of the most attractive. The first, evidently written with a tremulous hand, is on paper richly embossed, with a female figure leaning on an anchor, and other emblems of hope. It runs thus:

To T— C— Esq.

And can it be, and shall I dare to sing,
To pour my strain upon the perfect ear,
Of him, who sung the maid of Wyoming!
Of him, whose exile claims the patriot's tear.

Of him, who tho' he proudly takes his stand,
The foremost spirit of a foremost age;
Who, tho' he wears the laurel of the land,
Can, in the glad companion, sink the sage.

Oft have I heard the owl's discordant hoot
Between the snatches of the night-bird's song;
Alas! too like my lay! while to thy note,
More than the night-bird's witcheries belong.

When I have ponder'd o'er thy pure bright page,
From the mid-day till the dark dead of night,
Heedless of time! such thy sweet pow'r t'engage
The mind, with words of love and dreams of light.

Then, have I thought, tho' HOPE was all thy theme,
(And *her* bewitching charms,) I owed to thee,
Joys far beyond *her* dear delusive dream,
The best, the purest, of *reality*!!

The next, which claims our notice, is sweetly scented with violets; and in the middle of a wreath of those flowers are traced these words:

To "THE UNKNOWN" Author of "THE UNREVEALED."

While thou art telling of the Unreveal'd,
The "Unreveal'd" reveals a tale of thee!
Like modest violet which lay conceal'd,
Till its own worth betray'd it, so 'twill be,
For trace the songster by his own sweet song,
And the "*Unknown*" shall be *well known* ere long.

Then, with due gratitude for pleasure given
And some sad hours beguiled, (whether by thee,
Or whether we receive the boon from heaven
Lull'd by some warbling bird's wild minstrelsy).
We hail thee!—and we deem Time will reveal
All that retiring genius would conceal,
And fair renown shall be the "*Unknown's*" lot,
When many now *well known*, shall be forgot!

We come now to one curiously ornamented on one side with emblems of the chase. On the other with unstrung lyres. A figure is seen standing in some dilemma, between the goddess of the bow and a graceful muse, but leaning rather towards the former. It is, perhaps, addressed to some one who sacrifices the smiles of the Muses at the shrine of Diana.

Valentines Returned.

To — S — N, Esq.

O'er thy neglected lyre friendship weeps,
 While in her dark retreat pale envy joys,
 Delighted, that the master spirit sleeps,
 Which bade the "silent river" *make a noise*.

The next is addressed

To — G — N, Esq.

"The Heiress of Bruges." It came
 I eagerly turn'd o'er its pages,
 For, oh, I was caught by thy name!
 A name which has charms e'en for sages!

But believe me, that if 'tis your end,
 To furnish your *purse* and your brain,
 Tho' it seem strange advice from a friend,
 You must take to the "High-ways" again!

We have selected those which we believe to be addressed to literary characters as the most likely to be generally interesting; the last we now offer seems to be an equal tribute to beauty and talent.

To THE HON. MRS. N — N.

Lady, I love thy wildly pleasing strain,
 (What tho' unstudied as the night-bird's song)
 Who hears thee once will sigh to hear again,
 And deem, that to those witching notes belong
 A heart all love, a soul all harmony,
 A form, a face. Oh such as met my eye,
 When by thy genius and his own inspired,
 *Beechey bequeathed to future years the charm
 Of those dark locks that proud young brow inspired,
 Those classic features, and that cheek all warm
 With the heart's current! Such I thought should be
 The form of her who sung sad Rosalie;
 And gazing on thee, deemed that eye betrayed
 The soul, the energy of soul, that bade
 Th' inspired daughter of a deathless race,
 The scion of immortal Sheridan;
 Win in the records of these isles a place,
 And give the world her own "Undying One!"
 Oh welcome Genius to so fair a shrine!
 But lady, while those proud young charms of thine
 Tell, that to be beloved must be thy lot
 Are those the lips that murmured forth "Love not."†
 They are! they are! but, while that eye (revealing
 The hidden treasures of a bosom fraught
 With all we love) unconsciously is stealing
 O'er captured spirits, and o'er ravished thought,
 'Tis mock'ry in those lips to say "Love not."

* It may not be generally known, that Sir William Beechey's magnificent picture of the lady in St. Swithin's chair is a poetical likeness of the fair descendant of Sheridan.

† A beautiful song by the author of the "Undying One."

THE MISERIES OF AN AUTHORESS.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which sings I must *indite*;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which *motions* me to *write*."

Parody on Tickell's Lucy's Ballad.

"No, Arabella," said the old lady, taking off her spectacles, and depositing them carefully between the leaves of the volume with which she had been occupied for the last two hours: "I will have no young authoress in *my* family; *read* books, my dear, but do not attempt to *write* them. You may be as original as Byron, as impassioned as Sappho, and as polished as Campbell (which, by the way, I may fairly assume that you are *not*); still I say, be any thing but *literary*.—What! can you, in the bloom of youth, and the age of hope, look comportedly on the prospect of slight and mortification which such a career holds out? the "damning with faint praise" from one critic, who may have promised the third cousin, of your friend's friend, to "say something civil for poor Miss Arabella's harmless little production;"—the "carving-knife" criticism of another, who has been requested by a jealous acquaintance "to take down the conceit of the authoress a little:" the blighting silence of a third, who excuses himself on the plea of "sparing lady-writers;" the affected alarm of your female associates, lest you should "put them in print;" and the avoidance of the other sex, lest you should "set them down." If any doggerel fill the "Poet's corner," in the county paper, bad alike in execution and intention, it will be at once ascribed to you, and a score of voices will *kiss* simultaneously, "It must be Miss Arabella, for you know she *writes*." If an ill-natured skit, or an envenomed lampoon, cause heartburnings or dissensions in the place which you inhabit, busy whispers at once couple your name with the deed, and *will not* be dissuaded from the belief. These are the *social* miseries of female authorship; but believe me, Arabella, there are a host of *literary* ones to undergo, ere you may be allowed to *hope* that you will have grown into sufficient consequence among your friends, to have the few which I have enumerated, inflicted upon you. Of course, in the outset, you send your *first* pro-

duction to the leading periodical of the day, or that which you individually consider as such; nay, you hesitate for a whole morning, perhaps a day, which quarterly or monthly work you will favour so far as to *patronize* with your genius—a weekly one is of course beneath all speculation! You despatch the treasured packet at length, be it Poem, Essay, or Sketch; you pay the postage of a huge, over-weight enclosure, send with it a carefully-written note, half-haughty, and half-humble—"you require *no* remuneration—you voluntarily cast your chaplet of bays at the feet of the editor, and he is at full liberty to place it on his brow. You only stipulate for an early reply to your communication," and you dream every night for a week of his answer, and your own liberality—what ensues? day follows day; and you have already talked mysteriously among your acquaintance of the profound research, and palpable superiority of the individual journal which possesses your embryo production, over every other journal in the United Kingdom; week succeeds week, and you hear nothing of your enclosure—anger follows anxiety, and you write to demand the restoration of your article; you find your reply in the Journal itself, when the next number is put into your hands, under the head of "To Correspondents.—A. B. or Y. Z. (as the case may be) must surely be strangely ignorant of the multitude of *verses* with which we are inundated, to imagine that we can preserve all MSS. of which we do not avail ourselves. Contributors should really be more reasonable, and retain transcripts of all the effusions which they inflict on us monthly. Of all epidemics, *we* have reason to know that the *cacoethes scribendi* is the most hopeless." It is your first literary disappointment; you pout, shed a tear or two, resolve to say nothing about the matter—retranscribe the "rejected" article, which you console yourself by feeling convinced is infinitely better than

many papers you have read in the lately vaunted Journal; and finally, address it to another periodical, with a prettier note, written in a neater hand than the first; then come more postage, more hopes, and more suspense—the sight of the letters causes you a fit of epilepsy, and you count the days, to calculate whether you were in time for the current number. At length, perhaps, the answer arrives, written in a cramp law-hand, is opened with avidity, and contains these words: “The Editor of — is obliged by the offer of the *Lay of a Robin Redbreast*, and the *Ode to a Snowdrop*, but returns them, as they are not suited to his work.” You turn in despair to reperuse the direction, when the only thing that affords you any information, is the post-mark, by which you learn that the servant has disbursed on your account, two shillings and eleven pence.”

“I flatter myself, Ma'am,” commenced Arabella—“All young writers do, my dear; it is their ‘vocation;’ they are all Baillies, Hemanses, and Mitfords at their own hearths; but, believe me, the penalty of authorship comes before its praise, in this world. Well; I will suppose that you are satisfied with your knowledge of the manners of the ‘Monthlies;’ and with a shade less confidence, you forward your production to a ‘Weekly,’ with the mortifying consciousness that, after tossing about upon tables and sofas for seven short days, it is laid smoothly on a shelf in the library until the end of the year; then bound for form’s sake, and put into its place—your own ‘article’ buried in oblivion, and the very fact of its existence forgotten; while the name of the journal figures in gold letters on a calf-skin binding, and does not even hint at the gem which lies imbedded in its literary mine. In five or six days, you probably receive an acknowledgment of your contribution; a smooth, silvery, polite agreement to insert your offering, and to follow it up in each number, on condition that you supply the editor with several papers beforehand, to prevent disappointment and irregularity; for which *trifling* accommodation on your part, he very liberally tenders to you, *unsolicited*, a copy of his Gazette weekly! In conceding this point, you must be careful not to touch

on poetry, biography, or any other subject already appropriated by some unacknowledged favourite, whose interests or whose vanity might suffer from the contact. Should you do this unwittingly, it is probable that some note may be appended by the editor to the offending article, in which he will request the indulgence of his readers for ‘the flourish of sentiment’ in which you have indulged; and although he may, in reply to your deprecatory letter on the subject, write *per post*, to assure you that ‘he thinks the Essay a very pretty one,’ and that ‘you have misconceived his meaning,’ his offending note has, nevertheless, gone forth to the world, and like a hedge-burr clinging to a court-dress, it has sufficed to raise a smile, where effect only was sought, and to blend contempt with admiration;—or, it may be, that it will remain within his desk, a dead letter; an offering to the spirit of monopoly and favouritism. You must bear this—if you do not, but write sharply and caustically, the result is soon told: your connexion with the journal ceases. Write anonymously elsewhere if you will; but once venture to affix your ill-omened name to any article in another publication, so as to put all doubt of your identity aside, and your *quondam* correspondent, your late literary gentleman-usher, will spring on you at once; tear your unhappy contribution piecemeal, laugh at your pretensions as an author, or pass your work over, whatever its merits, with a quiet sneer. Perhaps, my dear girl, I have here painted an extreme case, but trust me, by no means an impossible one—such things have been.

“Now, I will suppose that the ambition fires you to become *de facto* an author—in fine, to write a book! Your first copyright is naturally of too much importance to be disposed of to a bookseller. If you were to sell it for a hundred pounds, or even for two hundred, only imagine the mortification of seeing the work run through thirty editions, and pay for Mrs. M——’s or Mrs. C——’s opera-box every year! No, no, you must print it—superintend the whole process yourself; and herd with devils and compositors for three or four hours every day until it reaches its completion—trifling inconveniences and anxieties must attend such an occu-

pation—but what are they to the result?

'Tis something, sure, to see one's name in print;

A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in't.

Then comes the 'hotpressing' and the 'boarding,' and the 'binding' for particular friends; the pride of knowing that names have been left at the printer's by distinguished characters, with a request that the work may be forwarded to them immediately on its appearance. And then the bustle of discharging bills which amount to three-fourths more than you were led to expect—letters of thanks from the other extremity of England, from 'the few select' to whom you had presented the work, the parcel having previously cost them more than the sum that they would have paid for the volume, which some among them consider dear at any price, and probably never read—and finally, the deduction by your printer of the copies sent to the distinguished characters; for which, by some unaccountable oversight, they have altogether forgotten to pay. All this is bad enough, but you are young and sanguine; and persevere. Your anonymous writings are copied from the journals in which they appear, into newspapers and collections. You learn that editors may be gentlemen, and experience kindness and support where you never looked to find them; your mind is active, and your habits industrious.—You consult history, you languish through legends, you pore over the old poets, you loiter in picture-galleries, you collect traditions; and, finally, you shut yourself up, set fairly to work, and within eighteen months you produce an historical romance. You have inscribed your name in the temple where stand enshrined Sir Walter Scott, Jane Porter, and their followers! Now, indeed, your literary career is fairly commenced; you are the creator of three goodly volumes, and you exclaim with Shakspeare

Let us merrily to London.

You cannot hesitate for a moment to whom you will offer your precious manuscript; you drive to the door of your chosen bookseller, with a beating heart, and a flushed cheek; the literary M. C. is in his library; you send up your card,

and are admitted to an audience; the apartment is hung round with portraits of the living poets in oil. The master is seated at a table crowded with books and letters, and beside him stands a glass of Maresquino and a sponge biscuit. He is polite—very polite; courtly—regrets that he is overstocked with copyrights—reads the title of the work—has no doubt that it is highly creditable to the author's talents—laments that the taste for literature is so sensibly on the decline in England—alludes to the weather—rises from his seat, and bows you out. So far you have made no progress; but there are so many booksellers in London, that your case is far from being hopeless. On the morrow you take a male friend with you to play dummy, and start again. After having decided, at the close of a sleepless night, to whom you will next offer your cherished manuscript. You can see Mr. —; he will be with you in one moment—you sit for half an hour in suspense, with difficulty sustaining a disjointed conversation with your friend. At length Mr. — enters; bows, seats himself on the opposite side of the table which stands in the centre of the apartment, and with extreme suavity listens to your explanation of the motives which have induced you to visit him. When you have concluded your statement, he unfolds the manuscript; runs the leaves rapidly through his fingers, and then turns to the titlepage—*Antrocometo*, or the Lord of the Green Palace; an Historical Romance.—A bad speculation, Ma'am; Sir Walter has appropriated that department of literature *in toto*—competition is idle—Lord of the Green Palace—the *Green Palace*! a legend of the *Green Park* were a better thing, if it were founded on a little court intrigue—no palace is so taking now, Ma'am, in *fashionable* literary circles at St. James's; and it is *ours*, almost from the great entrance to the back stair. *Antrocometo*—the name might do, for it is uncommon enough, if we could manage to *imply* an *alias*; but the Historical Romance spoils all. If you could even contrive to steer clear of Sir Walter you must infallibly run foul of Mr. James, or Horace Smith—depend upon it, an historical romance is a *bad* speculation. In fact, every branch of literature has become as it were private property, in the

present day. We have Lady Charlotte Bury, and Mr. Bulwer, for the fashionable novel, and a host of others. Our military tales are written by men with swords by their sides, and spurs on their heels: and our naval legends are appropriated by Cooper, Maryatt, and Glasscock; we have Mesdames Norton and Hemans for our poetesses, and our domestic novel department is in the hands of Theodore Hook. Thus, Ma'am, I really do not know what to advise with regard to your work. I fear the case is hopeless.'

"Hopeless indeed!" would probably be your reply, as with trembling fingers you attempted once more to enclose your illfated manuscript in its brown covering to bear it off.

"But you are not yet across the threshold, and Mr. — speaks again. 'A book, Ma'am, I scarcely require to remind a lady of your discernment, will not sell without a name:—pardon me (a smile), I do not allude to the name of the volume, but to that of the writer: for example, were I to publish a work by —, though the town have already received three novels from his pen with distinguished favour, and I have actually the third edition of one of them now in the press—were I, I say, to publish another work by this favourite writer, without an avowal that it was *his*, and to deprive it of certain little preliminary announcements in some of the leading journals, it would probably not pay me the expense of print and paper; and then, Ma'am, I must make the ungallant admission that there is a prejudice against female writers—yet I do not positively say that I *decline* your work. I will put it into the hands of my reader, who is a gentleman of great ability, and perfectly unbiassed in his judgment by extraneous and adventitious circumstances; and should he advise the purchase, I shall be happy to make you an offer for the copyright, in which

case you may rest assured that the work will have every chance of success, as I have several leading periodicals in my pay, and do a great deal with the Sunday papers. Still, I confess to you, that I could have wished it had been more particular in its subject—a Satirical Sketch of High Life, or a Peep into the Pavilion, by a *Diplomatique*—those are the subjects, Ma'am, they *sell*.' Do you believe, my child, that you have yet made any progress in the disposal of your manuscript? No; you might as well have remained quietly at home by the side of your own fire. But I see that you weary of the subject; I seek to warn rather than to weary you, and I have almost done. You think that I have exaggerated the 'Miseries of an Authoress;' you wrong me—I have only detailed to you the events of the first three literary years of an actual life. You smile incredulously; throw the little poem which you hold in your hand into the flame which is rising so gaily yonder from the grate, and I will tell you a secret: you think that your old maiden aunt indulges rather in precept than practice. Well, it may be so now, but I have paid dearly for the privilege. I had stout nerves, and an unconquerable spirit; and I am now correcting an old copy of 'Antrocometo,' before the fifth edition goes to press. I grew humble after an experience of three years. I looked for honesty rather than fashion in my bookseller; and I sold my copyright to a gentleman, who, if he *said* less than the one I have just described to you, *did* more; and through a long life I have sailed quietly along the sea of literature, taking care never to venture beyond my depth; but I have suffered enough, nevertheless, Arabella, to dread similar trials for you, and to warn you, which I do most earnestly, never to volunteer an encounter with the 'Miseries of an Authoress!'"

S. S.

WALKS ROUND OUR LIBRARY.

NO. II.

IMITATION.

Pore was an eternal imitator. No poet, of equal celebrity, has stolen thoughts, sentiments, imagery, &c. with such profusion. The image in the following lines,

from his *Eloisa*, which Warton praises so highly, is obviously borrowed from Dryden's *Theodore and Honoria*.

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose :
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green :
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And *breathes a browner horror on the woods.*

Now read Dryden's lines :

While listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immur'd within the wood :
At once the wind was laid ; the whispering sound
Was dumb : a rising earthquake rock'd the ground ;
With *deeper brown the grove was over-spread,*
A sudden horror seized his giddy head,
And his ears trickled, and his colour fled.

Dr. Aikin, not a very masculine critic by the by, but judicious here, I think, pronounces the above lines of Dryden to be "one of the finest examples of the verse modulated to the subject."—(See the Doctor's *Letters on a Course of English Poetry*.)

PETER FINDAR.

When this eccentric genius was at Truro school, he had given to him, by Dr. Polwhele, well known by his various publications, the following beautiful Latin Epigram upon Sleep, to translate into English, as an evening exercise :

Somme levis quanquam certissima mortis imago
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori ;
Alma quies, optata veni : nam, sic sine vitâ
Vivere, quam suave est ; sic, sine morte, mori.

In a few minutes the boy produced the following version :

Come gentle sleep, attend thy votary's prayer,
And, tho' Death's image, to my couch repair ;
How sweet, tho' lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And without dying, oh how sweet to die !

ADDISONIANA.

The character of Aristæus, in the *Tatler* (No. 176) by Steele, was designed for Addison.

Addison declared that he had never read Spenser, when he gave his character in the account of English Poets, addressed to his old friend Sacheverell.

It was the practice of Addison, when he found any man invincibly wrong, to flatter his opinion by acquiescence, and sink him yet deeper in absurdity.

The daughter of Addison passed the greater part of her time at her paternal seat near Rugby. To the last she continued in her early opinions of her father's Spectators—that she could not admire them !

ROME.

Horace Walpole says of Rome and its environs, "our memory sees more than our eyes ;" and Gray adds (*vide* his *Letters*), "this is extremely true ; since, for realities, Windsor or Richmond Hill is infinitely preferable to Albano or Frascati." Can this be true ?

ORIGIN OF THE TERM ROUNDHEAD.

The fanatics in the reign of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text of Scripture, "Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair," cut theirs very short. It is said, that the Queen once seeing Pym thus cropped, inquired who that *round-headed man* was ; and that from this incident the distinction became general, and the party were called "Roundheads."

ADMIRAL BYNG.

In the vault belonging to the Torrington family, in the church of Southill, in Bedfordshire, is the following epitaph upon the monument of Admiral Byng :

To the Perpetual Disgrace
of Public Justice,
The Honourable John Byng,
Admiral of the Blue,
Fell a Martyr to Political Persecution
March 14, in the year 1757.
When bravery and loyalty
Were insufficient securities
For the Life and Honour of
A Naval Officer.

A REPENTANT REFORMER.

"During my life," said Thomas Day to a friend of his, from whom I had the anecdote, "I have contributed my mite to throw more power into the hands of the common people ; but I am now convinced they would make a bad use of it, if they had it." Every demagogue, I suspect, might make the same confession, if he were honest enough to do so.

From a friend of Sir William Jones, then a young man, and Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, I remember to have heard the following anecdotes :

DR. JOHNSON.—Jones, speaking of Dr. Johnson, said, "Johnson is like my tom-cat ; stroke him the right way and he is pleased ; stroke him the wrong way and he'll bite you."

Johnson observed once, to Mickle, "Sir, till I knew Jones, I believed the life of your countryman, Crichton, to be fabulous."

DR. KENNICOTT.—The Doctor, soon after the commencement of his great work, the Hebrew Bible, was travelling to Oxford, in the common stage-coach. The conversation happened to turn upon his erudite labours. One person inquired "what success they were likely to have?"—"Not much," replied a second—"indeed, what can you expect from the son of a cobbler?"—"I beg your pardon," observed Kennicott, mildly, to the no small astonishment and confusion of the gentleman, "my father was always reckoned a good shoemaker—I never heard that he *cobbled* his work."

GRAY'S ELEGY.

In the following line,

Their *furrow* oft the stubborn glebe has broke.

Ought it not to have been,

Their *harrow* oft the stubborn glebe has broke.

The *harrow* being the implement by which the clods of the earth are broken, and the *furrow* the state in which the ground is laid by the ploughing of it ?

TAUTOLOGY.

This figure of speech is not always a blemish, though commonly stigmatized as such. It is so only when there is a repetition of words, without any striking effect being produced by it. Could the most captious critic, for instance, reject as useless, or condemn as inelegant, the following lines :

By *foreign hands* thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By *foreign hands* thy decent limbs compos'd ;
By *foreign hands* thy humble grave adorn'd,
By *strangers* honor'd, and by *strangers* mourn'd.

THE PREMIER.*

WE return to this all-important book with an appetite for the study of the human character, and the contemplation of human frailty; and we know not where to find the one more clearly developed, or the other more fearlessly exposed. For our parts, we do not cherish any political feeling, and we are not quite sure that the author has a public bias. There is an air of bitter reproach on the dishonesty of statesmen, pervading several chapters, but it falls alike on whig and tory; and the cutting irony, the blasting sarcasm, the overpowering flow of execration which sweeps some of the great party leaders from the ranks of honest politicians, will astonish many who, in the fancied security of their rank and talents, will be altogether unprepared for the bold and uncompromising language of the writer.

It is curious that we, who disclaim politics, should extract one of the most political chapters in the work for our next example; but who that can remember poor Canning's martyrdom could resist. We all know that when the late king made Mr. Canning "Premier," by authorizing him to form an administration, the whole of the high tory party resigned.

A week had not elapsed, from the time of turning themselves out of office, before the cabal were the most gall-oppressed knot of gentlemen in the King's dominions.

They had overshot their mark. They as little believed that Cranstoun *would* be able to form such a ministry as would be acceptable to the King, as that he could have persuaded the Archbishop of Canterbury to waltz with a figurante at the opera. They expected, too, there would be such a clamour from one end of the country to the other; such consternation and dismay; such symptoms of slender minorities swelling into overgrown majorities, in parliament, that the Sovereign himself would be at their feet, and the throne under their feet. They had pouted and sulked like a spoiled mistress—gone away in a pet—and expected to be brought back, with kissing and coaxing. But, alas! none of these things happened. Their royal master resented the indignity offered to himself by strengthening the hands of the minister *he* had chosen and *they* had spurned. The country was neither in hysterics nor convulsions. The parliament vindicated the King's choice. And the throne, so far from falling before the incantations of the mighty wizards, did not even shake sufficiently to ruffle the royal plumage of prerogative, that phoenix-like attribute of monarchy.

"Can these things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud!" exclaimed the astonished and mortified malcontents. What was to be done? The loss of office, and with it the sweets of power and patronage, were bad enough; but it was infinitely worse to see how patiently the nation bore the calamity. This was wormwood to them. Swift has compared a minister coming into office, and the same minister going out, to a man approaching the water-side for the purpose of taking a boat, and the same man landing from the boat. In the former case, all is eager bustle and confusion to wait upon him; in the latter, he is allowed to walk away with no more notice than would be bestowed upon a tinker's cur. The truth of this comparison was exemplified in the fate of the cabal. It did not, indeed, require exemplification; but we are all of us such important fractions of creation, in our own esteem, that we can never apply to ourselves the excellent wisdom we keep in readiness for every one else.

It was not to be endured, however, that the band of illustrious patriots, who had made such a noble sacrifice in the cause of their country, should fall out of memory thus. A besotted, an ungrateful, an apathetic people must be roused into a sense of their loss. The empire must be made to feel that its own salvation depended upon the speedy restoration to the King's councils of those peerless statesmen who had turned their backs upon their King, for his and his subjects' especial good. It must be taught that they, and they alone, were competent to promote its welfare, protect its dignity, and assert its rights.

And how was all this to be done? By means of some of those "vulgar mysteries of state," which we have already unfolded. The PRESS—the mighty, the omnipotent, the omnipresent, the omniscent press—was put into requisition. It is—there *are* exceptions—we *know* them—and, if called upon to do so, can *name* them—but, saving these exceptions—it is the Swiss of modern times, which, like law and logic, (as an old writer has

* Second notice.

said,) " may be hired to fight on any side." A mercenary, however, is sometimes a better soldier than a volunteer ; for, if he have not the ardour and spirit of daring enterprise which belong to the latter, he has, perhaps, more experience, more steadiness, and less honour to trouble him.

The supple, obsequious press was therefore put into requisition ; and creatures who had fawned grossly upon Cranstoun only a month before, spit upon him now, taking hire from the cabal for their filthy work. A chorus of stipendiary voices was heard, all at once, denouncing the man whom, till they had their cue, they had almost deified. In their blind zeal to deserve the wages of their iniquity, they denied him the possession of those rare qualities which his political adversaries, in the hottest conflicts of party, had never been so besotted as to question. He was no longer a finished orator, or a profound statesman, but had degenerated, as if by magic, into a mere specious debater, and a shallow minister. He was not even a Christian—for *some* there were, base enough to brand him with infidelity!

Nor was it an apostate press alone which begrimed itself with this infamy. A special engine of calumny was set to work ; one provided for the occasion, and exclusively employed to sound a flourish of trumpets in honour of the self-martyrs who had abjured all the allurements of office, all the temptations of power, and all the solid benefits of salary, because—what? Because, forsooth, their consciences, their honour, their patriotism, would not allow them to be the King's servants, if Cranstoun was " viceroy over them !!!"—that same Cranstoun *with* whom they had served for years, and *under* whom they were, by nature, placed, as necessarily as inferior minds must always be subordinate to superior ones.

The torrent of abuse, ridicule, falsehood, and malignity, which this confederate crew of pensioners on the purses of the cabal poured forth from day to day, sometimes from their own reservoirs of purchased hostility, and sometimes as the channels only of the blacker passions of their employers, filled with unmeasured disgust every person who was not qualified by a kindred spirit to enjoy the rancorous warfare. But it was not confined to the press. Within the walls of Parliament, it assumed the same debasing qualities. It was not the minister, who was opposed, it was the man, who was reviled, branded, hunted down, by the blood-hounds of faction. His measures were less assailed than his motives ; his government less questioned than his character ; his political adherents less attacked than his personal friends were persecuted.

Sir George Ardent was among the latter. At Cranstoun's urgent solicitations, and prompted by a chivalrous desire to lend such feeble aid as it was within even his competence to do, he had suffered himself to be drawn from the circle of private life, where hitherto he had passed the best years of his own, and accept an office under the Crown with a seat in Parliament. He was too wealthy, too independent in mind, too disconnected with political parties and the intrigues of power, to be obnoxious to the specious imputation of having sought power, now, for its own sake ; but he found, and writhed beneath the discovery, as might be expected from a man of his sensitive temperament, that, in the shocks of party virulence, it is safer to wear the armour of corruption than of honesty. The one covers you all over, as Sancho Panza says of sleep, " like a cloak ;" but the other leaves you vulnerable to shafts which, though they destroy not, lacerate.

He was taunted with his mature fitness for official duties ; complimented, sarcastically, upon his devotion to his friend ; condoled with, ironically, upon the sacrifice he had made, in exchanging studious ease for the turmoils of public duty ; and openly ridiculed, sometimes as the *Man of Feeling*, smarting from wounds which only a person who had been flayed could feel, and at others, as the *preux et hardi chevalier*, the very Bayard of politicians, whose motto was HONOUR, emblazoned on a milk-white shield, emblematical of its own purity.

Cranstoun, himself, opposed the energies of a consciously superior mind, goaded beyond its strength, almost, by the magnitude of the danger, and exasperated into fierceness by its low malice, to this storm of paltry passions. The mental anxieties, and bodily fatigue, of the station he occupied, are sufficiently exhausting, when no studied difficulties are prepared to heighten them ; so exhausting, that only the promptings of honourable ambition, the insatiable lust of dominion, or the cravings of inordinate vanity, could ever induce a man, who knew the nature and value of true happiness, to grasp at the splendid slavery. But tenfold greater were those mental anxieties in Cranstoun's case ; for every hour teemed with some fresh annoyance, some impending danger, some newly-discovered intrigue, that divided with his days and nights the harassing toil of his official duties. He would have surmounted all, however, and triumphed proudly over his degenerate enemies, had his physical powers for the struggle been equal to his moral and intellectual. But, alas ! they were not.

His family and friends,—all who loved, admired, and venerated him,—all who felt that the exigencies of the country demanded the presiding wisdom of a master-mind, all who could feel sorrow at the sad spectacle of a great man tottering to premature decay, saw, with grief, how the shattered frame of Cranstoun was making feeblér and feeblér efforts to withstand the assaults of disease. In vain, they wished for him that repose which *might*, perhaps, arrest its fatal progress. In vain, some among them implored him to make the sacrifice that *might* preserve his life. He was the only one that could not see he was in peril. He knew he was ill; but he looked forward to the approaching prorogation of Parliament as an interval of comparative ease, which he believed would recruit his declining health. If not, there would then be time to consider whether he would relinquish the prize he had so hardly gained, and lie under the imputation of its having been wrested from his grasp by a more powerful rival, or fall beneath the weight of its glory, and breathe his last overshadowed by its laurels.

It is too certain, the mysterious union of that which is mortal in us, with that which is indestructible, produces a fearful sympathy between the two. Is the mind upon the rack? Look at the body, and mark how it answers to the tortured thoughts in every fibre. Is the body languishing with some malady beyond the reach of medicine to assuage? Look at the mind—ay, even at the mind, that emanation from the Deity himself, that unseen, that undiscoverable something which we know is, but know not what—and note how it is fretted by the humours that gall its tenement of dust. It was even so with Cranstoun. Sickness and pain, corporeal debility, unquiet nights, and days of restless languor, had unstrung the nobler portion of himself, and left him at the mercy of his enemies, by superinducing, a diseased sensibility to the virulence of their attacks. He felt them the more acutely, because they struck at a mind already irritated by its fellowship with an enervated body; as a limb already wounded or broken, quivers at the slightest touch. Every blow, therefore, worked its mischief with redoubled certainty.

"I cannot," said Cranstoun to his friend Sir George Ardent, as he was one evening walking home with him from the House of Commons, the last time it was ever graced by his presence—"I cannot," said he, "fathom the motives of this unrelenting persecution. I have lived long enough to know, for I have witnessed it, that party-rage, in its most excited state, is a species of insanity, impelling men to words and actions which only a present madness could inspire; and I have treated it accordingly. But here, are former friends leagued in a conspiracy, not merely against myself, but against the throne; and assuming an attitude of insolent dictation to the Crown, such as has had no parallel in modern times. An obnoxious minister is the fair object of political combinations for his downfall; and if I were made to feel that I am such a minister, I should look for such combinations. But it is not so. The country is with me, as much perhaps as it can ever be with any minister; of Parliament, too, I may say the same; and yet, because I—George Cranstoun—*am* the minister, there is no perfidy, no malice, no insult, no baseness, no weapon of hostility so unmanly, that is not employed by those who were my associates, and by their vindictive followers, to crush me!"

"My dear Cranstoun," replied Sir George, "I have perhaps had better opportunities of reading man, aloof from the crowd, than you, who have always been one of the crowd. We are—(by nature, I am afraid, but, at any rate, impelled to it by the example of the many)—willing to forgive any thing but superiority. The eagle only can look upon the sun with an undazzled eye,—and minds, whose mental vision is of a kindred quality, can alone survey, without pain, the brightness of intellectual light in whose blaze their own burns pale and dim."

"If I could accept the compliment," answered Cranstoun, "I should be compelled to reject the hypothesis as a solution of the enigma."

"Well, then," rejoined Sir George, "I will take a meaner ground. Twelve or twelve hundred men—(for the principal is the same in one as in all)—are hungry. The thirteenth secures the meal that would feed them. Has he any right to expect he should be allowed to feast himself, without an incessant struggle, a perpetual vigilance, to keep off those who are as hungry as himself."

"But there are other tables covered—other viands, within their reach," said Cranstoun.

"Granted," answered Sir George;—"but when the eye caters for the stomach, it is not what we can, but what we wish, that is food for the latter. Your epicure is dainty; and though he may be compelled to satisfy nature with humble fare, he resents the better fortune of him who can pamper her with luxuries. I will drop the metaphor, and speak plainly. You are in the place that others want, and not only want but believe they deserve better than yourself."

"This can apply only to a few," observed Cranstoun. "There are and must be many of those who are now arrayed against me, to whom, if it lay within their reach, it would

be injustice to suppose they would have the arrogance to stretch forth their hands. Why, then, should they be so implacable?"

"Why are *your* friends so steadfast?" replied Sir George. "Because they love, or respect, or fear you. From your own firmness, they borrow theirs;—from your own example, they catch the tone of their fidelity to you. Believe me, were *you* capable of employing the means you reprobate, you would not be long before you found appropriate instruments for doing so. What follows?—The Duke of Strathsay, Sydney Oxford, Lord Delonne, and the rest, have *their* friends as steadfast to them as *yours* are to you; and, like the latter, they adapt their services to the known wants and inclinations of those they support. The impulse is received from *them*; but, instead of running itself clearer as it advances, it corrupts itself with the foulness of the channels through which it passes. There is, in this world, a base, as well as a noble, excess of zeal."

"There is!" exclaimed Cranstoun with a sigh, "and I am its victim!"

Here, then, we have done with politics, and proceed once more to the narrative on which the tale, if tale it may be called, is founded. In the records of private life there is a touching tenderness of style: fine pictures of nature in her fairest robes, exquisitely-wrought scenes of sorrow and of joy, vary the pages, and lead us on with interest, which thickens as we proceed. Our next quotation is from the sufferings of one of those victims to the unnatural injunctions of parents, against the indulgence of deep-rooted affection; and the close of an amiable life is thus described:

Sir George, Lady Ardent, and Charles, (but the first especially,) had yielded to the most sanguine expectations of Louisa's recovery, from the transient gleam of renovated health that dwelt upon her countenance, and gave animation to her manner, when they were suddenly plunged into the utmost consternation by a change that seemed to betoken her speedy dissolution.

They were seated at a window which opened upon a delicious landscape. The sun had set; but they lingered a roseate flush in the sky, and upon the lofty tops of the hills that rose majestically in the distance. Louisa had watched the flaming orb descend behind these mountains, like one entranced.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Look at yon dark and stormy ridge of clouds, whose edges are bright with dazzling gold, while, between them and the further west, the clear sky is of a pale, soft blue colour, deepening in some parts into a mild saffron hue! Then, as the gusty wind sweeps along, masses of transparent clouds are driven to and fro, of a vivid crimson, like chariots of the sky careering over the heavens, with angelic messengers despatched to do the bidding of the Almighty God! And see—the glorious change in this sublime spectacle! The sun, too dazzling to look upon, emerges from the stormy ridge, flings round him a blaze of indescribable splendour, and sinks in magnificent glory, to carry light and gladness to other worlds! To *other* worlds? Where are they?"

The attention of those present had been directed to the objects she was so fervently apostrophizing; but the faint and hardly articulate manner in which she uttered the last words—"to *other* worlds—where are they?"—excited the notice of her father. He turned hastily round, and perceived that she was reclining in her chair as if asleep. He spoke to her. She did not answer. He instantly seized her hand, to feel her pulse, while Lady Ardent gently raised her, so that her head might rest upon her bosom.

"She has fainted," said Sir George. "The flutter of her pulse is scarcely perceptible."

Stimulants were applied to her temples and nostrils, and the doors of the apartment thrown open, which produced a refreshing current of air; but it was some time before there appeared any symptoms of returning animation. The interval was one of dreadful forebodings to her alarmed family. At length, she heaved a long, deep, broken sigh, and unclosing her eyes, turned them upon her father with a strange, bewildered expression.

"Where have I been?" said she, in a whisper.

"You have had a slight fainting fit, my dear love!" replied Lady Ardent.

"Occasioned, I have no doubt," added her father, "by the over-excitement of your feelings, in contemplating the gorgeous spectacle which so violently affected you."

"I have seen wonderful things!" she said, in the same low voice.

"What is it you mean, my child?" answered Lady Ardent.

Louisa remained silent for a moment, as if ruminating upon images then present to her mind. After a while she spoke.

"I was in bed, methought, and there came into the room two figures as of women, but with angelic countenances. They were clothed in white, and from their shoulders parted large swan-like wings. They carried a coffin which they placed beside my bed, and bend-

ing over me they raised me, with such a sweet smile upon their radiant features, and laid me in my coffin. This done, they went away. But then I saw you, my dear father, and you, my mother, and you, Charles, standing round me, weeping. It seemed just such a sunny evening as this has been; for though it was twilight in my chamber, a faint effulgence of the setting sun diffused itself around. I thought I wondered why you wept, when I felt so happy; but before I could speak, the whole scene vanished. It was very strange!"

Sir George struggled hard to conceal the emotions he felt. A tear from Lady Ardent fell upon Louisa's brow. She looked up.

"You *are* weeping, my mother!" she exclaimed,—“and I! —I am without grief! So was it all the foreshadowing of a truth.”

“No, no, my dear Louisa!” said Charles, forcing a melancholy smile,—“not so—for we are not standing round your coffin—and besides, you see, I shed no tears—and our father looks upon you with eyes that are not wet.”

The voice of Charles, as he spoke, betrayed that, if his tears fell not, there was a strife between them and his words; while Sir George averted his face to conceal those which were trickling fast down his cheeks.

“You are right, my brother,” replied Louisa calmly, “I am not in my coffin; but, when to-morrow’s sun sinks behind yon hills, that now look so gray and dim in the shadows of evening,”—

“Hush—hush—my love!” interrupted Lady Ardent. “I cannot bear to hear you talk thus. I know it is the mere effect of disease—of the long illness which has worn down your buoyant spirits, and imparted a mournful character to your feelings; but, indeed, we must not allow you to indulge in those feelings. They will retard your recovery.”

“My recovery!” exclaimed Louisa. “I wish I could not only make you believe that I should be sorry to think such a thing possible, but possess you with those sentiments which have long made *me* consider it undesirable. I feel very weak, and should like to go to bed.”

Leaning on the arm of her mother, she withdrew to her apartment.

She slept better that night than she had for many preceding months. Her cough did not trouble her. She breathed tranquilly; and while asleep, there was no restless movement of the limbs, no profuse perspiration, nor any rambling of the mind manifested by sudden, incoherent expressions. When she awoke in the morning, her eye was bright, and her whole appearance indicative of that rallying which is the consequence of sound, undisturbed repose.

The day passed without any visible change in these favourable symptoms; but the conversation of the preceding evening had produced in the mind not only of Lady Ardent, but of Sir George and Charles, a sad presentiment of an approaching bereavement. It seemed to them, as if the very hour of their affliction had been defined. In vain they strove to resist the impression, as emanating from week and superstitious feelings. Many times did they look at the sun pursuing its unclouded course along the heavens, and silently shudder at the idea of seeing it descend towards the west. This anxiety was heightened by the frequent questions of Louisa during the day, to know what hour it was, and by the meaning expression of her eye, as she saw the first glance of its declining beams penetrate into her room, which, from its situation, was exposed only to its afternoon rays.

It was then that she wrote on a slip of paper, with a pencil, the following words:—

LOUISA ARDENT.

IMPLORA ÆTERNA QUIETE!

and beckoning to Charles, who was alone with her, she gave it to him.

“I should like,” said she, “to be buried near the grave of Juliet. Our story has some resemblance! And on my monument let no more be said than I have here written. Nay, my dear brother, why do you grieve? Surely, surely, I do not deceive myself when I say, that had it been my task to see you die, and I had seen you so rejoiced as I am, I should have rejoiced with you. Do not forget to deliver the letter I gave you before I left England—and you may say—for I shall do so—that my last effort was to breathe his name—and bless him!”

A few hours afterwards, the sun went down—and, even as her gentle spirit had been mysteriously forewarned, her father, her mother, her brother wept round her bed in the faint effulgence of its parting rays! So peacefully did she resign her life to Him who gave it—it did not seem as if it were death, but a sweet sleep that had come over her; and in that sleep her soul had taken its flight!

Colonel Asper, having received intelligence of Louisa's illness, and anticipated the worst, found that his inflexible parent, whose mandate had blighted the fair blossom in its beauty, had relaxed when he heard of the danger which hovered over the daughter of his once friend, Sir George Ardent, and even hurried the departure of the Colonel for the abode of wretchedness. In Italy the Colonel was taken ill, and was delayed a week.

He found little difficulty in obtaining such information on the road as enabled him to trace Sir George and his family to Verona, which city he entered in the middle of the night. Fain would he have sallied forth instantly, even at that unseasonable hour, to greet his mistress with the joyful tidings of which he was the bearer, had he consulted the impulses of his own desires alone. But he restrained himself, retired to bed, and watched in the morning, that seemed to dawn upon him with more than Italian beauty, as if the very elements reflected the smiling hopes that played around his own thoughts.

With a bounding step—with a heart that could hardly contain its joy—with looks that proclaimed how a lover's raptures can fling energy over a disease-stricken body, and impart the flush of health to the pale features of sickness, he hurried along the principal street of Verona.

What gorgeous solemnity is that? What magnificent funeral train comes slowly on, in sad mockery of human splendour, feeding the eyes of idle gazers who throng the way, or crowd the windows on either side? He stands apart to let it pass. One wandering, one impatient look is turned upon the mourners. His sight thickens—a cold tremour runs through his veins—his strength is gone—he falls senseless to the earth! Good God! It is the corpse of his well-beloved borne to the tomb!

Is there, in language, power to describe THIS misery? Father—mother—kindred—a fond and doting husband even, widowed in the first joys of his bridal month,—may shed tears at which angels themselves might weep in pity; but their whole sum of grief could not reach the single sorrow of him who sees the being he adores carried to her grave, in the very moment (ay, as if the only moment that could strike him dead, were selected by some fiend to do it) when his heart is bursting almost, when every pulse is inflamed with hopes, new-born, of leading her to the altar! Teach a man to imagine bliss on earth that comes near the fancied joys of heaven,—let its anticipated fruition so fill his soul, that it or nothing constitutes his desire to live,—make it the deep unchangeable, all-absorbing and passionate dream of his existence,—place it before him,—let him believe he has only to stretch forth his hand and seize the matchless treasure;—then dash it for ever from his eyes, and some notion may be formed of the withering feelings which now blighted a spirit whose sufferings, after all, remain untold!

We will not dwell upon those sufferings. We wish it had not been our task to record them; but we could not substitute fiction for truth. There are many now living, who, if they read these pages, will recognise the fidelity with which we have traced a narrative whose principal events they well remember; there are *two*, in whom the benumbing hand of Time has not been able to deaden the acute misery they caused, as often as Memory, in the too faithful discharge of her office, brings them freshly before their minds; and there is *one*, who, having sought death wherever he was most busy, but could never meet him, now moralizes upon the fabulous notion, that hearts can break under the weight of any worldly grief.

Colonel Asper recovered slowly from the relapse of fever and delirium occasioned by the disastrous blow beneath which he reeled and fell. And when he recovered, what was his state? He seemed to stand alone in the world. In no human heart was he the first and dearest object. Alas! when that is the case, we soon lose all interest in our own fate. Valueless to others, we become so to ourselves. Most heavily, and most wearily our days follow each other, forgotten, when they are passed, and connecting themselves by no link with those which succeed.

The situation of the Colonel,—the deep anguish of his first feelings,—the settled melancholy, the fixed despondency which afterwards appeared, were keen aggravations of the upbraidings that tormented Sir George Ardent. The grave had closed over one victim whose wrongs were his accusers, in the gloomy silence of his thoughts; here was another, a living wretch, in whose miserable looks he still saw the work of his inordinate self-love,—in whose sighs he heard the voice of ceaseless reproach,—in whose shattered frame he beheld the ruin he had wrought. The struggle was fierce and incessant which his presence caused: but he honoured him for the nobleness of his conduct, he pitied him for the severity of his sufferings, and he could not be selfish enough to deny him such consolation as he seemed to derive from his society.

As soon as Colonel Asper's health was sufficiently reinstated, it was determined to quit

Verona. Before their departure, he entreated Charles to accompany him to the tomb of Louisa. Unable to dissuade him from a design which must open every wound of his lacerated heart afresh, he consented.

"You have told me the manner of her death," said he, "and I feel that it would be soothing to my feelings to stand beside her grave, at that evening hour, in those dim shadows of twilight, which she so loved when living."

"It shall be so," replied Charles, pressing his hand affectionately, "and this evening."

"This evening!" repeated the Colonel, without any of the slightest perturbation of voice or manner.

At sunset the two friends set forth upon their sad pilgrimage. As they passed along the principal street, where the Colonel had met the funeral bier of his beloved, he grasped, with a firmer hold, the arm of his companion, to sustain his unsteady steps. They entered the church. They were alone within its vast walls. Through the upper compartments of a lofty and richly emblazoned window, the sun's parting rays were streaming in bright and varied hues, borrowed from the brilliant colours of the stained glass. Charles led him onwards till they stood opposite the tomb.

"There!" said he, in a stifled whisper, while his own tears flowed freely.

Colonel Asper fixed his eyes upon the white marble tablet, which bore the inscription prepared by the hand which was mouldering beneath.

LOUISA ARDENT!

IMPLORA ÆTERNA QUIETE.

He approached nearer—leaned against the monumental stone—covered his eyes with his hand—shedding no tear, breathing no sigh—but oh! unveiling to his secret thoughts such pictures of mingled gladness and misery! He saw his beloved, as he had once seen her, with sparkling looks and glad some smiles—and then—the memory of hopes that had hung delighted on those looks and smiles passed over him! He saw her, as his distracted fears had often pictured her, when learning from Caroline, and the brother of his beloved, what havoc grief was making—and then—came again the agony of those days when he only feared he *might* lose her! He saw her, even as though the grave had opened before him—in her shroud—coffined—dead—pale, cold, and wasted,—and then came the mightiest agony of all, in the consciousness that he *HAD* lost her—that she was decaying into kindred dust at his feet, and that never, never more, in this world, could he look upon her—never, never call her his!

This thought overcame him. He wept bitterly. His tears fell upon the marble tablet as with a fond, lingering kiss, he pressed his lips upon the adored name it bore, and turning to his friend, whose sorrow was hardly less than his own—"Now," said he, "let us go; I am satisfied!"

Charles hesitated.

"Nay," continued the Colonel, "we will tarry here till midnight, if you will; for I can find fit thoughts to keep me company."

"My brother!" exclaimed Charles—"and if the sainted spirit of her who lies here can have communion with the earth, it would delight her to hear me call you by that name—this seems the moment when I can best discharge me of a trust confided to me by my dear sister, before we left England."

"What do you mean?" said the Colonel. "Whatsoever it is, let me know; for, whatever it may be, it can never find me in a fitter mood than now, to listen."

Charles drew from his pocket the letter of Louisa, and gave it to him. He broke the seal impatiently, and read—

"I AM writing what will never meet your eyes, dear Henry, till *mine* are closed in death—what will never cause a pang to *your* heart, till *mine* has ceased to beat! You will read it, therefore, as a voice from the tomb.

"Be comforted, love! Think, that every sun which rises after I am gone, is the farewell to a day that must be counted ere we can meet again, and the herald of another that is passing away!

"I will not bid you forget me, Henry. Love like mine would be dishonoured if you could, for I am going to the grave, because I *cannot* forget you.

"What a sweet consolation I feel at this instant, in the idea, that perhaps it may be permitted that I shall hover round you—look upon you—bless you with an holier love than now,—an angel's love—while your poor weeping eyes peruse these farewell words! No more: *but* farewell, till you are as I shall be *when* you peruse them.

"THINE! Henry—THINE!

LOUISA."

It is now time to close our remarks. The author of the *Premier* has cause, perhaps, for remaining in the background, for he incurs no small responsibility by

his method of treating persons of high and mighty influence. Of course the work has already been attributed to many, and among those, some who would eat their hats, to be able to write the poorest chapter in the three volumes; others connected with the late cabinet have been mentioned, but we know not with what authority; but our knowledge in negatives may assist others; we will be sworn, then, that the *Premier* was not written by any of the novel-mongers of the last ten years. It would be hardly justice to omit noticing that the work is beautifully printed, on excellent paper, as though destined in all its parts, to be worthy of adoption as a standard book.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

BY A BOOKWORM.

There are certain moral maxims that strike the understanding with evidence as irresistible as mathematical truth. — *DR. MACHALE.*

KNOWLEDGE.

To receive instruction and knowledge is as natural, as to receive the light of the sun when we open our eyes. — *Dr. Whitchote.*

Wisdom is an open fountain, whose waters are not to be sealed up, but to be kept running for the benefit of all. — *W. Penn.*

One part of knowledge consists in being ignorant of such things as ought not to be known. — *Cicero.*

It is a difficult thing to know much, and not know it too much. — *R. Venning.*

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance. — *Jer. Taylor.*

Man is allied to the invisible and spiritual world by thought; it is the medium of communication between them. But how little worn is the pathway of thought. — *Rich. Whatley.*

Knowledge without charity, is light without heat: it is a frosty moonshine. — *Nath. Church.*

TRUTH.

Truth is born with us; we must do violence to nature to shake off our veracity. — *St. Evremond.*

We must deal ingenuously with the truth, and love it for itself. — *Dr. Whitchote.*

What we have in us of the image of God, is the love of truth and of justice. — *Demosthenes.*

Error was never born a king; God and nature have put sovereignty into the hands of Truth. — *Dr. Whitchote.*

It is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, that we should respect and reverence; whether it be the first-born of time, or the last. — *Rich. Venning.*

To restore a common-place truth to its primitive lustre, translate it into action. — *Coleridge.*

VIRTUE.

The only way that man has to render himself like to God, is to be virtuous, to do good, and to speak truth. — *Pythagoras.*

Virtuous deeds are trophies erected in the hearts of men. — *Xenophon.*

Virtue has its reward, and vice its punishment, arising out of itself. — *Dr. Whitchote.*

If there be any nectar in this life, it is to be found in the sufferings endured for virtue. — *Owen Felltham.*

REASON.

Nothing can give peace to that man who is at enmity with his own reason and conscience. — *Dr. Whitchote.*

The total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. — *Cowley.*

No man is free who does not command himself. — *Pythagoras.*

To seek to soothe a ruffian by reason, is to attempt to bind a buffalo with a garland of flowers. — *Arabian Proverb.*

PASSION.

Passion is the fever of the mind, which always leaves it weaker than it found us. — *Owen Felltham.*

Every misgovernment of ourselves is a punishment of ourselves. — *Dr. Whitchote.*

PRIDE.

Every man has just as much pride as he wants sense. — *Owen Felltham.*

The seat of pride is in the heart, and only there; if it be not there, it is neither in the look, nor in the dress. — *Lord Clarendon.*

HUMILITY.

As pride arises from ignorance, so does humility from a more intimate acquaintance with true excellence.—*Dr. Whichcote.*

There is many a humbled mind, which is not a humble mind.—*Rich. Venning.*

RICHES.

Poverty and riches are but the names of want and sufficiency: he who wants cannot be accounted rich; he who wants nothing, ought not to be called poor.—*Democritus.*

If you live according to nature you will never be poor; if according to opinion, you will never be rich. Nature desires little; opinion, infinite.—*Epicurus.*

CONTENTMENT.

The gods stand in need of nothing; and that man most resembles the gods, who requires least, and contents himself with the fewest necessities of life.—*Socrates.*

He is richest, who is contented with least; for contentment is the riches of nature.—*Plato.*

If the means of enjoyment are given thee, enjoy: but whether thou draw water from the sea, or from a fountain, thou canst but fill thy vessel.—*Arabian Maxim.*

It is not in our power to bring our conditions to our minds; but it is our duty to bring our minds to our conditions.—*Dr. Whichcote.*

LABOUR.

Exertion, like virtue, is its own reward.—*Sir W. Scott.*

We ought to aim at such pleasures as follow labour, not to be studious of such as precede it.—*Antisthenes.*

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I should say indolence. He who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest.—*Lavater.*

PLEASURE.

Contemplate pleasures as they depart, not as they come.—*Aristotle.*

Days of pleasure are but too often only the vigils of repentance.—*Gratian.*

HONOUR.

True honour is not derived from others; we are indebted for it to ourselves alone.—*Cicero.*

Honour is the richest coat of arms in the heraldry of heaven.—*Nich. Breton.*

DESERT.

We ought not to inquire from what place a man comes, but of what place he is worthy.—*Aristotle.*

The value of every man is the good he does.—*Arabian Maxim.*

Though we may not obtain the recompense we deserve, still is it not a kind of recompense to have deserved?—*Rich. Venning.*

MISFORTUNE.

The greatest of all misfortune, is not to be able to endure misfortune.—*Bion.*

Adversity is our mother, prosperity is only our step-mother.—*Montesquieu.*

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy is to do those things voluntarily, which others do from compulsion or through fear of the law.—*Aristotle.*

A philosopher without virtue, is a blind man holding a lamp.—*Sadi.*

He who loves the company of the wise, is already half in possession of wisdom.—*Arabian Maxim.*

PATIENCE.

Patience is the courage of virtue.—*Bern. de St. Pierre.*

There are many who suffer long, and yet who are not long suffering.—*Rich. Venning.*

It is but a poor kind of patience that cannot outlive the t'other odd vexation.—*Nath. Church.*

Patience is a golden key that opens every door.—*Persian Proverb.*

He stands most in need of another's patience, who has none of his own.—*Lavater.*

Impatience is more irksome than patience.—*Ali.*

What! be a man, and yet want patience!—*Arabian Apophthegm.*

PERSEVERANCE.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Confucius.*

Resolution beats the march and sounds the charge to all great actions; wisdom is her guide, and will her servant.—*Nich. Breton.*

Action is the crown of virtue, and perseverance the crown of action.—*Nath. Church.*

A LETTER TO THE KING.*

WE hate politics, but in a work which essentially belongs to the court circle, it would be an odd kind of neglect to omit all notice of "A LETTER TO THE KING."

The pamphlet which was last week published under this title, is the work of a sound tory of the moderate school; and though he designates himself *the Silent Member*, he seems determined to *speak out*.

The object of this letter is to call the attention of his Majesty to the real nature of the struggle now making for reform, and the true character of the persons busily employed in exciting the public. It is not for us to say how far his Majesty is enlightened by the letter upon topics which have doubtless been well considered by him before those measures which *THE SILENT MEMBER* reprobates were taken. As, however, we must not shut our eyes to the work, we shall merely select a few passages which will show the spirit in which it is written. After describing some of the horrors of the Belgian and French revolutions, the writer asks,

Do I borrow this picture of the gains of revolution from the pencil of some alarmist, or of some "pensioned aristocrat?" Is it the language of some bigoted slave of ancient institutions, or monarchical prejudices? No such thing. It is the calm, and I am sure unexaggerated, representation of an enthusiastic apostle of reform—of a furious inciter to constitution-making—of a prostrate worshipper of the *vox populi*—provided the cry be loud enough to reach the sanctuary of his self-interest, and inviting enough to convince him the people can pay better than their rulers. It is the statement of the *Times*—your Majesty's loyal, your Majesty's unwearied, panegyrist; of that same *Times* which *now* offers up the incense of its adulation to the illustrious virtues of William IV. with a fervour surpassed only by the rancour with which it *once* flung base and revolting calumnies upon the character of the Duke of Clarence, at a period when defending an accused Queen bore a higher premium than asserting the cause of innocence and justice, of private morals, and of public decency.

The same kind of allusions are made in respect to Lord Brougham and Sir T. Denman, allusions which we shall not further notice; the other passages mark the feeling of the author, who may be regarded as the most able and forcible writer in behalf of the tory interests. It is, we apprehend, not very likely that his premises will be all conceded; for "silent," though he be, he says,

In 1789, Louis XVI. gave his consent to a measure which annihilated, at a single blow, and by a single vote, and after a single debate, tithes, manorial rights, game laws, and many other laws and customs, of which the people complained. Louis XVI. then became a patriot king; and he was idolized by his grateful subjects; and he was hailed as the saviour of his country: and he went, amid the adoring acclamations of the good Parisians, to celebrate *Te Deum* on the auspicious occasion; and every body said a revolution was *prevented*, by what they called a magnanimous yielding to the just demands of a loyal nation. What followed? The loyal nation soon discovered there were many other just demands to satisfy; and the ill-starred monarch discovered, *too late*, that what he had been taught to consider as a magnanimous exercise of regal prerogative, was only taking the first step in his descent from the throne to the scaffold.

We regret that at a period of such extreme excitement, when even our readers must look anxiously at passing events, we cannot make longer extracts. There is an admirable passage which describes the reformers, or remonstrants, in the reign of Charles I., whose professions were precisely the same as those of the reformers of 1831. All *they* wanted was to uphold the dignity of the crown, and restore the confidence of the nation; and the gradations from these professions down to the martyrdom of the unhappy monarch are strikingly given. The writer infers, that when those who *mean* well have joined those whom we fear mean far differently, and obtained for them what they now demand, and what we are told they must have to satisfy them, they will have created a power stronger than they can

* By "the Silent Member" of Blackwood's Magazine. Hatchard and Son.

† See the first leader of the *Vicar-of-Bray Journal* for Tuesday, April 5.

afterwards control, and he then observes, and with this passage we conclude our extracts,

I may be told, perhaps, that the persons who were instrumental in bringing Charles I. to the block, and overturning the established church, were very different from those who are now seeking reform. Perhaps so; but I shall be in a better condition to acquiesce in this assertion, when I know WHAT PROPORTION SECTARISTS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS bear to the followers of the church of England, among the thousands who have signed petitions in favour of reform, and the tens of thousands who are represented as favourable to it. Would to God it were practicable to obtain this information. I could almost go so far as to say, I would become a reformer myself, if the result proved that DISSENTERS constituted only a *large* MINORITY.

It would be vain to deny that the pamphlet contains some facts and inferences, which we think it will be difficult to parry, and a more bitter exposure of political inconsistency in a few of those, who, when the King had nothing to give, could find no language too gross to apply, and who now fawn and cringe with a meanness and servility perfectly alien to manliness and common decency, we have not often read.

TALES OF TIECK.*

The Old Man of the Mountain; The Love Charm; and Pietro of Abano.
Taken from the German of Tieck.

THE writings of Tieck, which enjoy a distinguished reputation in his own country, where many critics have placed him above Schiller and Goëthe, are comparatively unknown in England, through the medium of translation. The present volume, which professes only to be "taken" from the German, not translated, consists of the three tales above-mentioned. We are not informed by whom they have been so "taken;" but though we cannot bestow upon the anonymous "taker" the praise of having carefully performed his task, we are quite willing to allow he has transfused into his labours no small portion of that ardent feeling, rich fancy, and quaintness of thought, which belong to the original. Of the three tales, we like the first, "The Old Man of the Mountain," the least; it has less unity of design, and is altogether less intelligible, even as a narrative of mystic wonders, than the other two. Nevertheless, there is great power manifested in parts; a shrewd and biting tone of morose philosophy, and, what could hardly be expected from a mind of so caustic a quality, some delightful touches of simplicity in the delineation of the female character (Rose). The second tale, "The Love Charm," is founded upon one of those wild and sanguinary superstitions which were devoutly believed by our forefathers. The main incident is well described; but the characters of *Emilius* and *Roderick* are so admirably drawn, so vividly discriminated, and so justly sustained throughout, that it becomes a matter of painful regret to see so much fine thinking, and really profound knowledge of human nature, linked with a narrative more adapted to the nursery than the closet of the student. "Pietro of Abano," is the most elaborately conducted, and the most perfectly brought out, of the three, though a tale of pure magic and enchantment. Many portions of it reminded us of some of the more striking scenes in *The Five Knights of St. Alban's*. The character of the deformed dwarf, *Beresguth*, is almost Shakspearian, occasionally, and what higher praise can we bestow? The hag, too, who had stolen the twin sister of *Crescentia*, is nearly as much of a poetical creation, in her ideas, language, and feelings, as *Caliban*. There is great vigour in the conception, both of *Beresguth* and the beldame, and much originality in the sentiments given to them; sentiments just suitable to such beings, as we at once feel, after we have surrendered our judgment to the possibility of their being real existences. The incantations of the sorcerer *Pietro*, in evoking the spirit of *Crescentia* from the tomb, the

* E. Moxon.

appearance of Crescentia herself, the description of the charmed life she bears, and the scene in the church where she returns to the state of death, are all powerfully executed.

We need hardly add, after what we have said, that this is a highly interesting volume; but, before we conclude, we will advert to certain Ritsonian peculiarities of orthography, which we know not whether they are chargeable upon the writer or the printer. We allude to such fopperies as spelling masked, clasped, fixed, winked, laughed, &c. &c., *maskt, claspt, fixt, winkt, laught*, and so on; *hight*, for height; *firy*, for fiery; and compound words, such as party-walls, wonder-working, rose-leaf, &c., uniformly spelled *partywalls, wonderworking, roseleaf*, &c. If this be meant for improvement it is silly affectation.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

WE have received a communication for the *Royal Lady's Magazine*, purporting to be from the pen of Mr. Galt; and we have done our best to ascertain whether the Mr. Galt who forwarded it, is Mr. John Galt, but without being able to satisfy ourselves upon the subject. In this dilemma, we will throw ourselves upon the judgment of our readers; not by publishing the tale of *The Val Demonica*, for that would impeach our own judgment, but by extracting from it a single paragraph (a perfect sample of the whole), and leave them to decide whether it could have been written by the author of the *Ayrshire Legatees*, the *Annals of the Parish*, *Sir Andrew Wylie*, &c.

"Duke Cosmo had a beautiful sister, the pride of her family, and the admiration of Palermo. None could behold her without love, nor hear her fate without sorrow. Young, gay, and blooming, it was natural that her brother should anticipate some high addition to the princely connexions of his house; but, before she had attained her sixteenth year, an event occurred which convinced him that his hopes were in peril,"—and so on to the end.

Any decently intelligent girl or boy of ten years old would write in this way. Mr. John Galt could not if he would. Why, then, has it been attempted to palm such rubbish upon us under his name? If Shakspeare were living, and if Shakspeare could write thus, the pages of the *Royal Lady's Magazine* would be closed even to the author of Hamlet. That there is either fraud or impertinence in the business, we are convinced; and we have met it accordingly.

1.—*Epitome of English Literature; or, a Concentration of the Matter of Standard English Authors. Edited under the superintendence of A. J. Vulpy, M. A. Philosophical Series. Paley's Moral Philosophy. Vulpy.*

2.—*The Siege of Missolonghi, and other Poems. By a Young Gentleman, fourteen years of age.**

3.—*The Deliverance of Switzerland. By H. C. Deakin, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co.*

4.—*The Dramatic Annual. By F. Reynolds.*

5.—*The Albanians, a Dramatic Sketch, and Miscellaneous Poems. By G. I. Bennett, of Covent Garden Theatre. W. Kidd.*

6.—*Landon's Poems. E. Moxon.*

7.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library. Vol. III. Egypt. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. Simpkin and Co. London.*

8.—*The Sailor's Bride. Charles Tilt.*

1.—This is the first volume of a new undertaking, whose object, like that of the various "Libraries," is, to place knowledge within the reach of the many at a moderate charge. So far, it is entitled to approbation; but the principle upon which

it proceeds must inevitably exclude it from that large class of readers to whom the *Classical Library*, the *Divines of the Church of England*, and other similar works, are an undoubted acquisition. Epitomes, essences, abstracts, and such like skeletons of standard works, can never satisfy a genuine reader; can never answer the wants of a real student, or lover of literature. The great objection to them is this, that we set out by surrendering our own taste, judgment, and sagacity, to those of the individual from whose hands we receive these essences. The very things he omits, or condenses, may be precisely what would please and interest us the most; and a recurrence to the complete works of our author, thus concentrated, becomes indispensable. For ourselves, if we could not get at the whole author, we would rather have his *Beauties* than his epitome; because, as far as *they* went, we should know we were reading the author himself, and not his meaning, conveyed to us in the language of another. In fact, we can never feel sure that we are actually reading Paley, Johnson, Gibbon, Locke, or Bacon; and this uncertainty is alone sufficient to destroy the whole value of such books, except to persons who are content to read any thing, without troubling themselves about the writers.

We will select, from the volume now before us, two or three examples of what we mean.

At p. 99, we meet with the following note:

"The above *seems* to be Paley's meaning; his words are," &c. &c.

What are we to infer from this? That the text is *not* Paley's; and that it is only when Mr. Valpy is in doubt whether he has expressed his meaning correctly in a condensed form, that he places what Paley does say in his own language, in a note.

Again, at p. 127, is this note:

"In combating this objection, as Paley's language and logic are equally obscure and unsatisfactory, his meaning could only be *guessed* at in his words;"—and then come the words; so that the text is of course Mr. Valpy's!

At p. 260, we find this note:

"As the arguments by which Paley proves this assertion are, if intelligible, unsatisfactory, they scarcely admit of condensation, and are, *therefore*, given entire below!"

And it is proposed, we see, to publish what will be called the works of Bernet, Clarendon, Hume, Bacon, Locke, Addison, Goldsmith, Swift, Milton, Johnson, &c. &c., after this fashion. It is in no unfriendly spirit that we make these remarks; but it is impossible we can bestow upon a publication, chargeable with such signal defects, the same meed of applause that we have given to others of Mr. Valpy. To literary persons, this projected "epitome" must be utterly useless; if for no other, at least for the one sufficient reason, that they could neither refer to, nor quote from it, with confidence.

2.—Undismayed by our flagellating propensities, where bad, middling, and no-poetry, are concerned, the writer of this little volume has had the hardihood to come into our presence; willing, we suppose, rather to be flayed alive, like poor Mr. Montgomery, than go without our notice. Well, well, "young gentleman," stand forward, then, and receive your sentence. In the first place, we order you to inform your father and mother, brothers and sisters, schoolfellows, friends and acquaintance, that you have our authority for considering yourself a better writer of rhymes than Mr. Robert Montgomery, author of "Satan," "Oxford," &c. &c., because, though a boy only, you have already learned to think; an act which the said Robert Montgomery has not yet been able to acquire. In the second place, you may declare upon our authority, that you write quite as well as the poets and poetesses of the *Literary Gazette*. In the third place, you may affirm in all companies, that if, ten years hence, it should turn out you write ten times better than you do now, you have our authority for maintaining, that in ten years more (always supposing your talents and age keep together, side by side), you will be entitled to rank among whatever poets it may then be our good fortune to possess. But, in the fourth and last case, if your mind remain at fourteen, while your body goes on to twenty, thirty, and forty,—or if your mind should only take a one-year stride, for every ten that your corporeal matter takes, then you have our positive com-

mands to leave off writing the moment this fact becomes apparent, and betake yourself to some more creditable, as well as more profitable calling. This is our judgment, from which you are to understand there lies no appeal to any other tribunal, because there exists no tribunal of higher or more competent jurisdiction in his majesty's dominions.

3.—Mr. Deakin is a genius: he has immortalized himself in the poetical department of *La Belle Assemblée*, and is regularly thanked in the notices to correspondents, for his valuable monthly favours. To be serious: from a writer who is content to be lauded and used by a work, certainly not intended for any woman who has mind enough to discriminate between sense and nonsense, the public will not expect much, and therefore will not be disappointed. *The Deliverance of Switzerland* is a feeble variety of the story of Tell, not without some perfectly original ideas, such as,

“Up, up, brother, up to the marble wilds of air!” &c.

However, the poet very properly and elegantly says, in his preface, that “an author is more likely to be benefited by justice administered with kindness, than with those unfeeling licks with the rough side of the tongue, which are too often resorted to.” Therefore, in kindness we will do justice to Mr. H. C. Deakin. The poem is fully as good as could be expected from a writer in *La Belle Assemblée*. The paper and printing are excellent.

4.—A very neatly got up volume, with all the attributes of an annual, *excepting* variety and moderately good writing. For, it consists of only one ill-told tale of a very silly young man, who pants to be an author; travels with a companion to improve himself, and collect incidents for a drama; returns and finds that he has been a long time deeply in love; writes his play, and gets married. There are many anecdotes not very new, dovetailed into the narrative in a manner not very old, but the whole thing is meagre and commonplace. We were thoroughly disappointed.

5.—Mr. Bennett is not so good a poet as he is an actor; but his book will nevertheless be read by many, and is better worth the reading than nine-tenths of the poems which teem from the press. His minor pieces are highly amusing, though not the most elegant that we have read.

6.—We only notice this volume briefly, by way of apology for delaying our review till next month. We had read the Gheber, and made up our mind that Landon was not so good a poet as a prose writer; but on turning carefully to the minor poems, which form the chief of the work, we saw enough to strongly recommend the book, and too much to do justice to this month.

7.—This volume, which contains nearly 500 pages, is exceedingly interesting, and presents under the title of a “View of Ancient and Modern Egypt, with an Outline of its Natural History,” a well condensed account of all that is known respecting a country from which, perhaps, all other nations derived their knowledge of literature and the arts. The wood-cuts are good for the purpose of illustration, but so-so as works of art.

8.—An affecting little tale which comes home to every bosom; no bad present for the younger branches.

We are somewhat concerned that we have been unable to avail ourselves of numerous invitations to the various sights and exhibitions which are now open: a splendid Model of the City of London, with upwards of seventy-thousand houses; a singular Collection of Pictures formed by pieces of coloured cloth; a magnificent addition to Miss Linwood's needle-work gallery, which, by the way, has been visited by Her Most Gracious Majesty; the Water-Colour Exhibition, and the National Repository, are objects which have excited general attention; and the Russian Horn Band, which has at length established daily concerts, is perhaps not less entitled to notice, as a singular and pleasing musical treat.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

SINCE the accession of her Majesty, a fresh stimulus has been given to the proceedings of this institution. We hope that through her patronage it will obtain those immunities which shall place it on a footing of equality with the Royal Academy of Painting. Unless this is done, the Academy of Music will not be fairly dealt with. We suspect the management of the society wants looking after; the professors include in their number, some of the very first men in the country; but there is no uniformity in the direction of the pupils' studies—each professor has a way of his own, and teaches his pupil accordingly. We also suspect that non-professors have the power, or are at any rate allowed, to interfere with the course of education which may have been agreed upon by the professors, and this is not calculated, amongst other things, to promote that respect towards their instructors which is so desirable on the part of students. If this be true, it may account in some measure for the conceited manner and self-sufficient air we have observed in some of the pupils at their occasional concerts. Things of this nature have been passed over, from a feeling of indulgence towards an institution in a state of infancy as it were: but it has now been established for nearly ten years, and the public will henceforward watch it with a stricter eye. It has been stated, that one of the youths has assumed the title of "Composer to her Majesty:" if any such appointment has really been made, the sooner it is rescinded the better. Nothing could be more absurd, mischievous, or insulting;—insulting to the profession at large, many of whom have *proved* themselves worthy of such an honour by their works: mischievous to the youth himself, from his incompetency for the situation, and the consequent disappointment of the public, who will naturally expect much from him: mischievous also in its effect on other pupils who may have equal claims to such a distinction: mischievous in its effect on the pupils generally, as they will fancy themselves superior to their teachers; and absurd, as while the appointment supposes the individual appointed to be competent, he yet continues to be instructed by those who themselves are deemed incompetent. These remarks are made in no spirit of hostility towards the academy: on the contrary, we feel a strong interest in its welfare, and are anxious to see those objections removed, which we know are urged against it by its enemies.

The last monthly concert which occurred in Lent, the selection consisted principally of sacred music. The overture to the *Messiah* was very fairly played; the points in the allegro movement were well taken up. The band is now a very efficient one; indeed all along the academy has been more successful in its instrumentalists than its vocalists. The best thing in the performance was Mozart's *Mass*, No. II.: the exquisite "Dona nobis" was given with admirable effect, and Mr. Seguin, with his glorious voice, exerted himself successfully in keeping the chorus-singers together. This sublime composition of Mozart's is alone worth going five miles to hear, even were it performed by an orchestra of much less pretensions than that of the Royal Academy.

A *MS. Magnificat* of Lord Burghersh's was performed on this occasion, which we have no doubt will add to his reputation as a composer. It has been objected, that it is of too cheerful a character; but this pleasing defect, if such it be, is not likely to militate against its success when brought before the public, which we hope will be the case before long. It is for the most part written in the florid style; towards its conclusion, however, there is a good fugue subject, of which more might have been made. Notwithstanding the sneers of some of our brother critics, at every thing which Lord Burghersh writes, we do not hesitate to say that this *Magnificat* would reflect credit on any musician of the present day.

Miss Turner is by far the best singer of Handel's music in the academy; we remember hearing her with pleasure at one of the Lent concerts last year: on this occasion she sang "If guiltless blood" with proper feeling. Miss Williams, who distinguished herself by the brilliant manner in which she executed Mozart's "Porgi amor," during the dramatic representations in December, has evidently

had no drilling in Handel, and in consequence, her singing of "O Lord whose mercies" was a failure. It is a characteristic of most of this great composer's songs, that they seem to require a shake at their final cadence, and in this commonplace ornament Miss Williams is deficient.

The bass song, "Oh ruddier than the cherry," was on the whole well sung by Mr. Seguin, but he must contrive to infuse a little more animation in his manner, particularly in such songs as this. A false accentuation of the composers, occurring in the word *than*, was made still more absurd in its effect, by the additional stress laid on it by Mr. Seguin. The original defect might be somewhat mitigated, if a greater stress were laid on the words "ruddier" and "berry." In the following trio, "The flocks shall leave the mountains" (one of the most masterly things Handel ever wrote), Mr. Allan was heard with good effect: his voice is a high tenor, clear and sweet. This gentleman made a good representative of Basilio, when Mozart's *Figaro* was performed by the pupils. The two last pieces we have mentioned, from *Acis* and *Galatea* are stated in the bills, to have had additional accompaniments put to them by Mr. C. Potter. This gentleman may be a very good professor, and is an excellent conductor of these concerts, but he is by no means qualified to improve Handel. It is true Mozart added many beauties, to parts of the *Messiah*, but Mr. Potter is not a Mozart—he has only succeeded in marring that, which he intended to embellish.

Instrumental solos are apt to be very tiresome affairs: this was not the case, however, with Mr. Lucas's performance on the violoncello, which showed him to be a worthy pupil of his great master. His tone is rich and full, his execution neat, and his bowing free and graceful. Miss North played part of one of Hummel's compositions, and met with well-merited applause: to speak the truth, this pianoforte playing was evidently the great attraction, with all the young ladies present, and there were not a few of them.

The concert wound up with the Amen chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," from the *Messiah*, a noble piece of choral and instrumental writing. The audience showed their good taste by not shuffling out of their seats before its performance was concluded.

1.—*A Selection of Classical Compositions from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Dr. Crotch, &c., arranged for the Organ or Piano Forte by the late Benjamin Jacob. Dedicated by permission to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Edited by W. Horsley, Mus. Bac., and Vincent Novello.*

2.—*Forget me not. A Ballad. The words by T. K. Hervey. Music, by J. G. Patrick. Goulding and Co.*

1.—We have been favoured with an early copy of this work, and are happy in being able to give it our warmest commendation. Mr. Jacob was the celebrated organist, for many years, of Surrey Chapel, and latterly of St. John's Church, Waterloo Road: he was, beyond all doubt, the finest performer of Handel's music we ever heard. The present arrangements have been made with the skill of one well conversant with the capabilities of his instrument. The selections are made with great taste, and will prove a valuable acquisition to organ-players, in particular, and to the admirers of good, sterling, and classical music in general. There are specimens of composers not much known in this country, such as Gluck, Kozebach, and Rigghini. We have not time to particularize at present, but we cannot conclude even this brief notice, without calling attention to that perfect gem, the *Andante* in F. from *Beethoven's Symphony*, in C. major.

2.—A sweet and plaintive air in the key of D, in every way adapted to the words, which are some of Mr. Hervey's happiest, and selected from his Poetical Sketch-book. It seems quite the fashion to get up songs with a profusion of typographical ornaments, of which this is a beautiful specimen.

APOLLONICON.—Independent of the miscellaneous performances on Saturdays, there have been performances of Sacred Music on Wednesdays, since the commencement of Lent. It is a great treat to hear the productions of the great masters on this magnificent instrument.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.—We have visited this exhibition again and again, and have made up our mind that it is the best the new society has produced. There are many pictures a good deal above mediocrity, and some excellent. We are, however, unable to do any thing like justice this month to many of the works. We would, nevertheless, point out a few which deserve attention. "The Covenanters," G. Harvey; "The Festival of the Law," S. A. Hart; "The Enchantress Armida, from Tasso," F. Y. Hurlstone; "The Eleventh Hour," E. Prentis; "The Gravedigger," N. Liversege; "Grand Entrance to Rouen Cathedral," D. Roberts; "A Dutch Coast, &c.," J. Wilson; "Exeunt Omnes," H. Pidding; "Minna and Brenda," Inskip; "The Shrew," "Rebecca," "Juliet," and "The Blind Bagpiper," Miss F. Corboux; "Temptation," Miss L. Corboux. But there are so many to which we are even now doing injustice by omission, that we have much to answer for till our next.

MR. HAYDON'S NAPOLEON.—The exhibition of this piece of art possesses an interest with many persons beyond the mere contemplation of the picture, which is as successfully managed as any of Mr. Haydon's works. It is curious; for the emperor has his back to the spectator, and shows but a small portion of the profile. It is more elaborately finished than any of the artist's large works, and the effect is good. It is said to have been painted for Sir Robert Peel.

The following is a list of the principal purchases and purchasers, at the last exhibition of the British Gallery.

<i>Subjects.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Purchasers.</i>
The Interior of the Picture Gallery,		
Greenwich Hospital - - -	J. S. Davis - -	Lord Farnborough.
View in the Wood at Bromley Hill - -	F. R. Lee - -	Rev. W. Long.
Holm Wood, Bognor Road - -	P. Nasmyth - -	Earl of Essex.
The Young Devotee - - -	A. G. Vickers - -	Ditto.
The Forum of Nerva, Rome - -	G. Jones, R.A. - -	Ditto.
American Canna, Citrons, &c. - -	G. Lance - -	W. Wells, Esq.
A Fruit-piece - - -	Ditto - -	R. Vernon, Esq.
The Widow - - -	C. Hancock - -	Lord Nugent.
The Calabrian Shepherd - - -	T. Uwins - -	Lord Glenorchy.
The Presepio - - -	Ditto - -	Sir M. W. Ridley.
A Nutting Party - - -	W. Collins, R.A. - -	— Thorp, Esq.
The old Boat-builder - - -	Ditto - -	Hon. Gen. Phipps.
Child and Flowers - - -	Miss Kearsley - -	Rev. J. Charington.
Gil Blas discovering himself to Camilla	M. A. Shee, jun. - -	Marquis Lansdown.
Teniers painting the Temptation of St.		
Anthony - - -	A. Fraser - -	Lord Northwick.
The faithful Dog - - -	T. Uwins - -	C. Morton, Esq.
Going to Mass - - -	S. A. Hart - -	Lord Northwick.
H. M. S. Excellent, engaging the Sal-		
vador del Mundo - - -	W. J. Huggins - -	A. Denny, Esq.
Mercury playing Argus asleep, in order		
to release Io - - -	B. R. Haydon - -	*
The Fair-day - - -	T. Webster & F. R. Lee - -	Lord Northwick.
The Catholic Question - - -	T. Webster - -	M. Martyn, Esq.
The Culpit - - -	Ditto - -	Ditto
Falstaff's Assignment with Mrs. Ford - -	G. Clint, A.R.A. - -	R. Vernon, Esq.
Too hot - - -	E. Landseer - -	Hon. G. A. Ellis.
The Highland Cradle - - -	Ditto - -	G. Morant, Esq.
Umberleigh Mill, on the Taw, Devon - -	F. R. Lee - -	Earl of Essex.
The Lame leading the Blind - - -	C. Hancock - -	W. Miles, Esq.
Low Life and High Life - - -	E. Landseer - -	R. Vernon, Esq.
Cottage Industry - - -	Ditto - -	Duke of Bedford.
Highland Game - - -	Ditto - -	R. Vernon, Esq.
The Return from the Chase - - -	J. Nash - -	B. Cooper, Esq.
The Chase - - -	C. Hancock - -	T. Griffiths, Esq.

* Where we have not filled in the names, the book kept at the Institution is deficient.

<i>Subjects.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Purchasers.</i>
The Toilet - - - - -	G. S. Newton - - - - -	C. Heath, Esq.
Landscape (composition) - - - - -	— Dessoulavy - - - - -	Sir M. W. Ridley.
Cottage Child - - - - -	T. Barker - - - - -	Ditto
A Study - - - - -	C. R. Stanley - - - - -	- - -
Magdalen College, Oxford - - - - -	A. G. Vickers - - - - -	C. Martin, Esq.
Statue of a Falconer - - - - -	J. E. Carew - - - - -	Earl of Egremont.
A View near the Wrekin - - - - -	W. R. Earl - - - - -	— Barker, Esq.
Reflection (a study) - - - - -	J. Wood - - - - -	- - -
Captain Macheath - - - - -	H. Liverseege - - - - -	- - -
Children playing at Cards - - - - -	W. Gill - - - - -	F. M. Martyn, Esq.
Windsor - - - - -	C. R. Stanley - - - - -	J. Coindet, Esq.
Abelard's first Word of Love to Heloise - - - - -	H. Fradelle - - - - -	Lord Northwick.
The Spring Nosegay - - - - -	Mrs. W. Carpenter - - - - -	J. P. Ord, Esq.
Walnuts - - - - -	A. J. Oliver - - - - -	J. Renshaw, Esq.
Apples - - - - -	Ditto - - - - -	Ditto.
Sunset—Evening Breeze - - - - -	G. W. Butland - - - - -	G. Smith, Esq.
Preparing for the Portrait - - - - -	T. Clater - - - - -	S. Archbutt, Esq.
Trout - - - - -	G. Hilditch - - - - -	W. Horsley, Esq.
The Poacher's Snare - - - - -	W. Kidd - - - - -	J. Slater, Esq.
Stable in Hampshire - - - - -	G. Jones, R.A. - - - - -	C. B. Wall, Esq.
Sketch for an Altar-piece - - - - -	W. Ety. R.A. - - - - -	Ditto.
A Couple of Woodcocks - - - - -	G. Stevens - - - - -	— Kirkpatrick, Esq.
The Fugitive - - - - -	J. Inskipp - - - - -	Marquis of Stafford.
Mamelukes and Arabs at the Well - - - - -	C. Hamilton - - - - -	T. Alcock, Esq.
Scene at Dolgien, N.W. - - - - -	F. C. Lewis - - - - -	Rev. E. B. Lewis.
Cottage Scene, near Dulwich - - - - -	P. Nasmyth - - - - -	G. Hibbert, jun., Esq.
Vessels on the Shore, Southampton - - - - -	C. Fielding - - - - -	S. Hibbert, Esq.
A Study from Nature - - - - -	C. Steedman - - - - -	G. Walker, Esq.
A Scene on the Flemish Coast - - - - -	J. Wilson - - - - -	Ditto.
Amiens - - - - -	C. R. Stanley - - - - -	Ditto.
Moonlight - - - - -	S. Pether - - - - -	Ditto.
Lavinia - - - - -	Sir M. A. Shee - - - - -	Ditto.
Chapel on Mount Vesuvius - - - - -	W. Havel - - - - -	J. Taverner, Esq.
A View of Plymouth - - - - -	J. Tingcombe - - - - -	R. Eales, Esq.
Shall I fight, or not? - - - - -	A. Chisholme - - - - -	J. Gully, Esq.
Life Guardsman - - - - -	W. Derby - - - - -	W. A. West, Esq.
A Woman of Mexico - - - - -	J. Boaden - - - - -	Viscount Deerpur.
Boy and Whittings - - - - -	Miss E. Jones - - - - -	R. Ingleby, Esq.
Ware Hare! - - - - -	A. Cooper, R.A. - - - - -	N. W. R. Colborne, Esq.
Mount St. Michael - - - - -	C. Stanfield - - - - -	J. P. Ord, Esq.
Horses at Play - - - - -	T. R. Davis - - - - -	Major Newland.
The Bitter Morning - - - - -	R. W. Buss - - - - -	Lord C. Townsend.
The faithful Steward - - - - -	J. Partridge - - - - -	G. Cholmley, Esq.
Italian Peasant and Child - - - - -	H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. - - - - -	Duke of Devonshire.
Damon and Pythias - - - - -	F. C. Turner - - - - -	C. Burfield, Esq.
Dead Hare - - - - -	S. Campione - - - - -	T. Webster, Esq.
A Cottage Child asleep - - - - -	T. Barker - - - - -	Rev. E. J. Bury.
Tragedy - - - - -	R. Farrier - - - - -	C. S. Ricketts, Esq.
Pallas directing the Steps of Ulysses to the Palace of Alcinous - - - - -	P. Rogers - - - - -	J. H. ———, Esq.

Drama.

THE all-absorbing subject which gives a turn to every thing else had at length affected the playhouses; accordingly, we had a green-room notice at each of the patent theatres, that in consequence of the excited state of the public mind, &c.—these are not the exact words—there will be performances only three

times a-week. Thus one of the blessings instantly entailed on the numerous labourers in the theatrical vineyards was a diminution of their income one-half, for the *reformed houses* only pay while they play. However, this signal promise of forthcoming blessings, and proof of blessings already arrived, have been or

are to be for cogent reasons suspended, and (for so we are now informed) we are to have plays every night. In the mean time the minor theatres are pushing their advantages with vigour. The French Plays at the Haymarket—Matthews and Yates at the Adelphi—Elliston at the Surrey—the usual Jack-the-Giant-Killer wonders at the Coburg—and the Equestrian Troop at Astley's, are all so many magnets drawing different ways, and all neutralizing the attraction of "the two houses."

On Tuesday the lords of Covent Garden and Drury Lane announced that the houses would be closed in consequence of the (Lord Mayor's) illumination; but whether some friends or some authority gave the hint, the indecent manifestation of political feeling was withdrawn. We are the last in the world who would interfere with those who love to foot away their money in lighting up their houses; but we have large objections to being thereby obliged to forego our visit to the theatre, and we doubt not but it was the prevalence of this opinion which induced the good people to drop their politics, or at least the manifestation of them. The only things that have made a decided notice necessary at the large theatres are the *Maid of Honour* at Covent Garden, and Planche's *Legion of Honour* at Drury Lane, to both of which we devote a few lines. The latter, which is a translation of *Le Centenaire*, was as successful as most of the popular French pieces are. They seem to go down much better than any other *procurable* dramatic writing, and no one will rack his brain for originality, at the risk of its being unsuccessful, while a translation of a tried French drama is almost certain. We saw nothing in the *Legion of Honour* to justify a long run, and the audience were in a good humour the night it was produced, or ———. However, it has been altered for the better and succeeds.

At Covent Garden, Miss Fanny Kemble has not yet improved her elocution so much as we could have wished; yet we do believe her to be mending, albeit but slowly. The revival of Massinger's *Maid of Honour* was not a very judicious business. The play, as originally written, was a fine specimen of the Old English Drama; but, although the re-

finement of it was admirably adapted to "a family library," the play was not calculated to run on the stage. Miss Kemble played Camiola as well as she plays any thing; and it is in new characters that she has such fine opportunities of shaking off those blemishes which, from repetition in other parts, it is difficult to abjure. Still the eternal provincialism, the occasional attempt at unmeaning novelty, the apparent carelessness with which some fine passages are delivered, offend us marvellously. Miss Kemble, however, upon the whole, performed with considerable tact, and the diversity which the character possesses gave to her acting a strength and variety which few other—even favourite parts—admit of. The play was well sustained in other parts; Mr. C. Kemble and Bennett, the latter especially, coming in for a large share of applause: still it cannot have a run.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE whole weight of the Opera for some time past has been resting on the toes of Taglioni: the singing has been far below mediocrity. Without mentioning the wretched exhibition of the little Dutch woman, who for one evening shuffled through the part of *Rosina*, we have had no *prima donna* since the departure of Mrs. Wood; and yet the public have been quite satisfied. This result is exceedingly flattering to the national taste: what are *arias* or *duos*, compared with *pas seuls* or *pas de deux*; and who would hesitate in preferring a *pirouette* to a *cavatina*? The one only tickles our ears, whilst the other has direct reference to our understandings. Madame Mozart was right after all; "Tis true," said she, "my husband knows how to write music, but you should see him dance!" The manager seeing that the public were in a dancing fit, made Madame Lalande do the singing, and he might safely have engaged one worse than her, so long as the salutatory humour lasted. She never was, and certainly never will be, fit for a first woman's part; her voice has a general feebleness which never can be overcome, and a tremulousness which prevents her preserving the proper pitch in notes which ought to be sustained. To these defects must be added a wiriness in her tone, which becomes quite piercing, when no higher than F or G, and a

total want of expression. As an actress, Madame Lalande has not the slightest pretensions—all characters are alike to her: whether she be the *Queen*, in *Semiramide*, or *Ninetta*, in the *Gazza Ladra*, she moves about the stage in the same lady-like manner, and with the same pleasing countenance. The joyous *Di Piacer*, or the solemn scene in the funeral procession, she executes with the calmest equanimity. We cannot admire Madame Lalande's taste in coming forward as the representative of the *Maid of Palaiseau*, considering the appearance of her figure at the present moment.

After several false alarms, Signor Rubini has arrived, to take the part of *Primo Tenore*. He made his *début* as *Gualtiero*, in Bellini's Opera, *Il Pirata*. This opera was produced last season, with Donzelli for its hero. The music is written in the style of the worst school, and is distinguished for its flimsiness and hacknied harmonies: there is no design, no instrumentation—nothing but a few snatches of commonplace melodies, accompanied from time to time with a prodigious noise, in which the drums and bass instruments have no sinecures. The first movement in the overture is one of the best things in the whole work—there is a flowing melody in it, of the most pleasing kind. Signor Rubini is a first-rate singer, as far as knowledge, skill, expression, and good taste, can make a man so: his voice is full, round, and rich, but we cannot say it is sweet. The effect is such as we should imagine would be produced by fixing the end of the tongue against the roof of the mouth—it has a sort of vulgar twang about it. The signor's register voice has sufficient volume, but is of no great compass, and we are therefore surprised to find his falsetto so weak and thin. In the first act he does nothing remarkable; but to-

wards the conclusion of the second, nothing can exceed the admirable manner in which he acquires himself. *Tu vedrai la sventurata*, was sung by him with exquisite taste and feeling: that and the following air were unanimously called for a second time by a crowded audience. In comparing Rubini with Donzelli, we give the preference to the latter, on account of the matchless sweetness of his tone; at the same time we regret he has not the refined taste and feeling of Rubini. Donzelli had no notion of acting; whereas Rubini has no mean abilities in that branch of his art. Of Madame Rubini we shall say but little. Her great merit seems to consist in being the wife of her husband: she has a great compass of voice; for although she had no difficulty in going through the part of *Imogene*, which is written for a *soprano*, she seems capable of executing with equal facility in her way, a part written for a *contralto* voice. Madame Rubini has no objection to sing widely out of tune; she will persevere with the greatest coolness, for a dozen bars, in singing in a different key from that in which the band are accompanying her.

If the interests of the Opera are to be sacrificed to a *jeu de pieds*, Taglioni is of all others best calculated to make us look with a lenient eye on the sacrifice. No description of this admirable *danseuse* can come up to the reality; she is the perfection of elegance in all her attitudes and movements: *tours de force* in her hands, or rather feet, become *tours de grace*. The most difficult steps are executed by her with the greatest ease: she makes every thing subordinate to grace and elegance. The beautiful manner in which she floats over the stage in the *Tyrolienne*, is constantly encored by all parts of the house. Taglioni's figure is, if possible, more symmetrical than it was last season.

Fashions.

ST. JAMES' COURT DRESS.*

A DRESS of white crape, embroidered with gold, over a white satin slip; the body fits close to the shape, and ornamented with a double falling tucker of

blonde lace, à la *Vandyck*. The train of a rich violet satin, and splendidly embroidered with a pattern of embossed gold, terminating with a gold fringe.

Head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers,

* See first Plate.

with a diadem of brilliants and emeralds. A long pendant chain of similar jewels adorns the neck, the two ends meet in the centre of a superb stomacher of precious stones, which divides the stomacher in front. White satin gloves; shoes of gold tissue. *Blonde lappets.*

BALL DRESS.

A pink crape dress, embroidered with silver, the *corsage* is plain, and cut *en cœur*; a narrow quilling of *blonde* decorates the top, and the borders of the epaulettes. Short sleeves, very full, trimmed with a double edging of *blonde*, falling as low as the elbow. Sash of pink gauze ribbon, edged with silver, and fastened on the side by a gold clasp, the ends of the *navel* are very long, nearly reaching the bottom of the skirt. Coiffure *en corbeille*; with a French gold comb, surmounted by a large *bouquet* of roses, with silver foliage; a smaller *bouquet* is placed on the side.

1.—MORNING DRESS.*

Morning dress of amaranth-coloured *gros de Naples*. The body made close to the shape, with a square collar trimmed with leaves, to fall back in the lappel style, so as to display a *chemisette* of fine net, with a full quilling of net, fastened at the throat with a star of green and pink gauze ribbon. The skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce, cut in large scallops at the bottom, and finished at the top with large leaves, held together by rich folds. The sleeve is made very tight to the arm at the bottom, and very full at the upper part; the fulness let into the lower sleeve, which is cut in a novel style.

2.—ST. JAMES' COURT DRESS.

Petticoat and body of pink satin, richly worked in gold lama, and wrought crape, the *corsage à la Marie d'Orleans*; sleeve in the *beret* style, with a full trimming of *blonde* and wrought crape. Train of British *blonde*.

3.—WALKING DRESS.

Pelisse of rose-coloured satin, richly trimmed down the front of the skirt with a garniture *à la tulippe*, gradually becoming smaller towards the top. The body is made plain, and finished with a cape *à la Louise*. Sleeve divided into three parts at the top, which are united

by rounded leaflets interlacing each other. The lower sleeve is made close to the arm, and cut so as to fall over in two points at the elbow.

4.—BALL DRESS.

Evening dress of jonquil-coloured aerophane crape, over a white satin slip. The dress made full, and trimmed at the bottom with a scroll trimming, mixed with stars and ends of sapphire-blue satin ribbon. The body plaited, and laced on each side with a rich cordon of silk, and finished at the bust with a bias cut fulling, edged with blue satin, braced over the shoulders, and ornamented with stars of ribbon. The sleeves are cut *à la couronne*, and trimmed with ribbon.

5.—WALKING DRESS.

Pelisse of *gros de Naples*, colour, Polish earth. The *corsage* made to set close to the shape, with a double *pèlerine*: the first, partially covering the bust, is edged with vandykes of corded satin, the same colour as the pelisse: the second is cut so as to form a novel and elegant epaulette. Both *pèlerines* end in a point at the waist, in front and back. The skirt is a little gored at the top, and trimmed down the front with leaves of satin, fastened down by *languettes* of the same materials as the pelisse. The sleeve is made quite tight to the arm at the lower part, and divided into six *languettes*, which cross each other; the upper part of the sleeve is made very full.

6.—MORNING DRESS.

Dress of Parma violet-coloured *gros de Lyons*. Body made high, with a *pèlerine* of an entirely new pattern. It is made so as to show the body of the dress on the shoulder, and ends in a point at the throat, and at the top of the back. Four bands are placed at equal distances on the shoulder. The sleeve is large at top, and cut so as to form circular openings, through which a full under-sleeve is seen. It is terminated at the elbow by a scalloped ruffle of silk, crossing in two ends at the front of the arm. The skirt is cut in large scallops, rather below the knee, with three large leaves in each, and finished

* See second Plate.

with a deep *volant* set in rather full, and turned up at the bottom with antique points.

Paris, 25th.—We have here nothing worth mentioning in the fashionable world; we have had a name for inventing, but our changes are few and those merely trifling varieties of the same style. It will amuse some of your ladies to know that the only dresses worth looking at as specimens of taste are made by about three good houses which are supplied regularly with models from London; the host of imitators of course soon obtain these; the little periodicals which swarm here copy ugly varieties of the same things, and your London magazines imitate them again, without even the variation of a flounce, a frill, or a feather. I assure you there is nothing to be picked up worth sending you; and half the stuff which is crammed into the *petits journaux*, and translated with such earnestness for your newspapers and magazines, is no more a feature of what goes on in the now miscalled fashionable

world of Paris than it is of the follies of any other capital in Europe. In short, we are here months behind all your higher classes; and for this reason: you have no works which by publishing original English fashions could transfer them to Paris in three days, for us to copy them while new, and your secondary classes of fashionables all over the kingdom (for we see no exceptions in your works) imitate our variations of your best things. For instance; your nobility have novelties invented at home, we obtain and imitate before your own middle classes see them; they then find their way to our common dressmakers, and through their means are copied into our periodicals; these periodicals are copied by yours, so that when they are disseminated throughout England, we have all the credit of their originality. We are beginning to look gayer than usual, but all the spirit is gone; every countenance appears thoughtful or excited; but there is none of that animation which won for us the appellation of the gay city.

VARIETIES.

RIGHTS OF ARTISTS.—It appears, by the following extract from *Le Globe*, that the right of painters to give or to withhold permission to engrave their works, even when sold, which has been for some time the subject of warm discussion in this country, has been brought under the consideration of a legal tribunal in Paris. "Does the right to have an engraving made from a picture belong to the purchaser of the picture, or does it remain with the painter, even after the sale of the picture; and, by consequence, does an engraver, who engraves a picture by the sole authority of the purchaser, expose himself to prosecution for piracy, either by the painter, or by any one whom the painter may have empowered to engrave his work? This was the question brought before the court with reference to an engraving of M. Gérard's picture of *The Battle of Austerlitz*. The court decided in favour of the painter's exclusive right."

FRENCH DRAMA.—From the 1st of January, 1809, to the 31st of December, 1830, there were represented at Paris 3553 new dramatic pieces. During the last ten years M. Scribe has produced 135; M. Théaulon, 94; M. Brazier, 94; M. Armand Dartois, 92; M. Carmouche, 92; M. Mélesville, 80; M. H. Dupin, 56; M. Benjamin Autier, 55; M. Dumersan, 53; M. Frédéric de Courcy, 50.

Fossil Bones Found Near Brighton.—The fossil remains of a large quadruped, supposed to belong to the genus *mastodon*, have been recently discovered about four miles north of Brighton, a few feet below the surface. Among them are two teeth, each weighing about eight pounds and a half. They are, we understand, in the possession of Richard Weekes, Esq., of Hurstperpoint.—*Literary Gazette*.

ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S,

AND FASHIONABLE NOTICES.

(Continued from p. 283.)

LADIES.

Bertie (C).—A beautiful white crape dress, embroidered in bouquets over a satin slip; body and sleeves richly trimmed with blonde; train of white watered silk, trimmed with satin and tulle, with rich matille of blonde; head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds.

Brownlow (Dowager).—A white satin dress, handsomely trimmed with blonde; train, emerald-green satin, lined with white satin, and trimmed with blonde; ornaments, emeralds and diamonds.

Byron.—Dress of blue satin, ornamented with a wreath of marabouts and gold; magnificent corsage of real blonde, and superb white satin train, trimmed with gold.

Curtis.—A gold and white crêpe imprimé dress, trimmed in a nouveau genre; the body and sleeves richly trimmed with mantilla and sabots of beautiful blonde; a handsome manteau of evening primrose satin, lined with gros de Naples, and trimmed with torsade of gold and leaves of blonde lace; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds, blonde lappets.

Doyle.—An embroidered dress in gold lama and green vine leaves, over a rich white satin slip; sleeves and body trimmed with blonde; train, straw-coloured gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Dunstanville.—A white satin dress, covered with crêpe, embroidered with a mount, and trimmed with a blonde flounce; sleeves à la Sévigné, mantilles and sabots of blonde; a watered silk train colour, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Arabella Fane.—A dress of figured vapeur China crape, elegantly trimmed with blonde; train of cerise velours epingle, lined and trimmed to correspond; head-dress, feathers and diamonds, with lappets of blonde.

Gomm.—A richly embroidered white crape dress, over rich white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; a train of emerald green velvet, lined with silk, and elegantly trimmed with gold; magnificent plume; ornaments, emeralds and diamonds.

Gore.—A very elegant white crape dress over satin, trimmed with a rich gold rouleau, body and sleeves ornamented with blonde; train of a beautiful lilac, silk-trimmed tulle; head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds.

Halkett.—A white crape dress worn over white satin, embroidered in different coloured velvet and gold lama; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde and blonde sabots, looped up with diamonds; train of white Terry velvet, embroidered to correspond with the dress; head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds; necklace, ear-rings, &c. of the same.

Hamilton.—A white aerophane dress, richly embroidered with silver, the corsage decorated with a profusion of blonde and silver, over white satin slip; train of Adelaide satin, lined with white, and trimmed with silver; head-dress, silver blonde lappets and diamonds.

Laurie.—White satin dress, embroidered in gold lama, a demi-colonnes, with béret sleeves, and corsage drape embroidered to correspond; epaulettes and manteau of verte de pomme satin, surrounded by a garniture of gold lama, and ceinture of gold; head-dress, lappets, feathers, and chrysolites; ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets, en suite.

Augusta Milbank.—White crape dress, embroidered in green and gold flowers, over white satin manteau, of pink gros de Indes, elegantly trimmed; mantille and sabots of blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Francis Osborne.—A rich striped black gauze dress, court sleeves and mantilla of blonde, over a black satin slip; black satin train, superbly trimmed with blonde; head-dress, court toque, with ornaments of diamonds and feathers.

Ouseley.—A rich Urling's lace dress, with a handsome flounce, headed by a silver fringe, raised on the right side, and fastened with a splendid silver bouquet; the body trimmed with blonde and silver, over a rich black satin petticoat; train of black watered silk, lined with black satin; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and lappets.

Owen.—A richly figured blonde dress, over a satin slip, ornamented at the bottom with a flounce of blonde, surmounted by a wreath of white satin leaves; a costly fall of blonde round the shoulders and sleeves; train of white satin, lined with white, and trimmed with elegant blonde to correspond with the flounce; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, turquoise and gold.

Hyde Parker.—A ponceau crape dress, richly embroidered in different colours, over a white satin slip, trimmed with blonde; train of ponceau satin, trimmed with tulle, and lined with white gros de Naples; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and blonde lappets.

C. Paulet.—A white crape dress over satin, splendidly embroidered in green and gold, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of emerald green silk, trimmed round with satin and gold to correspond; mantilla of rich blonde; head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, diamonds, and pink topazes.

Philippa.—A white aeroplane dress over white satin, embroidered in gold and floss silk; sleeves of the same, with blonde lace ruffles; body to correspond with a deep cape richly embroidered in gold; a train of rich vapour satin, lined with white, and elegantly embroidered in gold; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Pringle.—A dress of rich colonnade white satin, with a handsome embroidery of the rose, thistle, and shamrock; a deep flounce of queen's blonde; body and sleeves trimmed to correspond; a train of lilac gros de Naples, finished with an elegant trimming of gauze riband.

Rolle.—An elegant striped black gauze dress, with a deep blonde flounce and handsome jet trimming; body and sleeves ornamented with blonde satin slip; train of black velvet, lined with silk, and trimmed with a beautiful jet fringe; head-dress, black feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds.

Georgiana and Louisa Russell.—White blonde dresses with deep flounces, trimmed with bunches of lilac; blonde epaulettes; trains of very beautiful white watered silk, trimmed with white lilac; feathers, and a beautiful display of precious stones; blonde lappets.

Drummond Smith.—Rich white satin dress, double flounce of queen's blonde, headed with a plat of silver crystal; body trimmed with blonde and silver, lilac Victoria; silk train, lined with rich white satin, and trimmed with embroidered silver and fringe; toque of silver tissue with diamonds and plume, and queen's blonde lappets.

Southampton.—A magnificent white satin dress, trimmed with two beautiful blonde flounces, which nearly covered the dress, sleeves à la Sévigne, with blonde seduissantes to correspond with the flounces; a train of the same satin as the dress, trimmed with a rouleau of blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Mary Stanley.—A superb silver lama dress, worn over white satin; body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with blonde; train, rich blue satin, lined with silk, and trimmed with silver; magnificent plume; ornaments, turquoise, set with diamonds.

Trollope.—A gold and white crêpe imprimée dress, trimmed with a deep volant of queen's blonde; corsage and sleeves elegantly trimmed with mantilla and sabots of rich blonde lace; a lilac mauve satin manteau, with a superb trimming of blonde and satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Wrottesley.—A white crêpe dress, embroidered with green velvet encased with gold; train of amethyst satin, surrounded with gold; Spanish cheruse in blonde sabots; lama toque, with ostrich feathers and blonde lappets.

Wyatt.—Net dress, magnificently embroidered in green and gold, à colonnes; blonde epaulettes; train of rich green velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with gold lama; plumes of ostrich feathers, brilliants, and blonde lappets.

HONOURABLE MISTRESSES.

Carleton.—A white crape dress, embroidered with gold and silk, ornamented with blonde; a rich velvet train, garnet colour, trimmed with satin; head-dress, plumes and diamonds.

Dundas.—A silver tissue dress, trimmed with silver palms, fastened with silver wheat ears; the body of the dress ornamented with beautiful deep blonde; a train of rich immortelle velvet, trimmed with satin and silver: a splendid plume of feathers.

W. Booth Grey.—A white figured poplin dress, trimmed with blonde; train of blue figured silk, trimmed with tulle and satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

Hamilton.—A superb blonde dress, ornamented with a pink and silver wreath, worn over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; a train of pink terry velvet, lined with white satin, trimmed with silver; magnificent plume; ornaments, splendid diamonds.

Thompson.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silver columns intermixed with lilac; a lilac silk train, trimmed with rouleaux of silver; head-dress, silver gauze, plumes, and a tiara of diamonds, blonde lappets.

MISTRESSES.

James Alexander.—A white crape dress, trimmed with satin and blonde, rich mantilla, and sleeves of blonde; a sash made of flowers; beautiful satin train, colour Adelaide; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Archer.—A white figured gauze blonde, over white satin; train of watered blue silk, trimmed with a ruche of tulle; Spanish chernise in blonde; blonde toque, with feathers and lappets.

Bartlett.—A rich white figured satin dress, trimmed with blonde; train of lilac satin, lined with white; magnificent plume and diamonds.

John Bastard.—A rich brocaded white gros de Naples dress, trimming of satin; rich train of Philippienne silk, immortelle colour, trimmed with blonde and satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Richard Beadon.—A white gros de Naples dress, embroidered in silver; floss silk body and sleeves, trimmed with blonde; train of apricot-coloured satin, lined with sarsenet, trimmed with silver lama, with a richly embroidered belt; head-dress, toque of apricot and silver tissue, with bandeau to correspond; feathers, diamonds, &c.

R. Blunt.—White aeroplane dress, embroidered with gold, the corsage trimmed with blonde over white satin; train of apricot poplin, lined with white sarsnet, with a bordering of gold lace; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Broadhead.—A white crêpe dress, embroidered and fastened to a white satin slip, mantilla and sabots of British blonde; a grey satin train, trimmed with the same; head-dress, plumes and blonde lappets.

W. Canning.—A white crape dress, trimmed with rouleaux, mantilles and sabots of blonde; a rich blue satin train, trimmed in the same style; head-dress, diamonds, plumes, and lappets.

Carr.—A gold lama dress, trimmed with blonde, over a white satin slip; train and epaulettes of ponceau satin, ornamented with gold lama, and lined with white gros de Naples; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and lappets.

Channon.—A robe of white satin, embroidered in gold colonnes; garniture of queen's blonde; corsage drappe à Sévigne; manteau of Adelaide satin, trimmed with gold rouleaux, bouquets of lama and marabouts; head-dress, feathers and diamonds, with a mantilla of blonde.

Thos. Chaplin.—A white colonnade satin dress, trimmed with queen's blonde, with blonde mantilla; a beautiful train of amethyst-coloured Irish poplin, lined with white; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Col. Clements.—White satin dress, bordered at the bottom with point net and gauze riband, un cartaux; bodice and sleeves of the same, trimmed with point lace; train of emerald satin, lined with white silk; head-dress, feathers, diamond wreath, and point lappets.

Col. Ferguson.—A white crape dress embroidered with silk, fastened to a satin slip, forming a mount and a tunique; blonde mantilles and sabots; train of green and white satin columns lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets.

Gray.—A white figured silk dress, with a deep flounce of queen's blonde, corsage trimmed profusely with the same material; train of violet satin, lined with white, finished with gold lace; a gold girdle and tassels ornamented; head-dress, gold, blonde lappets, and diamonds.

Gore Langton.—Dress of white satin, with a flounce of queen's blonde, embroidered in silver; body and sleeves trimmed with lace to correspond; train of amethyst satin, ornamented with silver; head-dress, feathers, diamonds and lappets.

W. Maberly.—A white brocaded Irish poplin dress, blonde mantilla, and sabots to match; train of blue velvet, trimmed and lined with white; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Robert Mangles.—A dress of white satin, ornamented with two flounces of blonde, and rouleaux of satin in waves; seduizantes of blonde; manteau of pink satin, lined with white, trimmed with blonde, and headed by rouleaux of satin; head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Morritt.—A net dress, embroidered in violet and silver, à colonnes; blonde epaulettes; a superb train of violet velvet, lined with white satin; feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.

Mundy.—A black satin dress, trimmed with deep blonde, a rich black velvet train, lined and ornamented with satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Wilson Patten.—An elegant white crape dress, embroidered in silk; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; epaulettes and train of figured English gros de Naples, lined with white satin, and trimmed with satin and tulle; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and blonde lappets.

F. Pellin.—Dress of rich brocaded white ducape, trimmed with fancy gauze riband, mantilla of rich blonde, sabots of the same; train of green gros de China, ornamented to match the dress; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Ayckford Sanford.—A rich white ducape dress, embroidered and colonnaded willow branches, beautiful mantilla of blonde, and sabots to match; train of Adelaide coloured satin, lined with white satin, and trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds.

John Smith.—A superb blonde lace dress, over white satin, a magnificent green velvet train, lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets of blonde.

R. N. Stanhope.—A dress of white crape, embroidered with silk and gold, trimmed with gold and white flowers, mantilles, and seduisantes of blonde; a beautiful watered silk train, trimmed with satin and gold rouleaux; head-dress, plumes and blonde lappets.

Stewart.—A decoupe black gauze dress, over satin, with a garniture of gold; manteau of black satin, embroidered in gold, and trimmed with rich British blonde lace; head-dress, a splendid plume of ostrich feathers, jewels, brilliants, and pearls.

Stuart.—Black crape dress, over black silk, trimmed with riband; trains of black watered ducape, lined and trimmed with black aerophane; head-dress, ostrich feathers, and lappets.

General Vansittart.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silver, and a mantilla of blonde with court sleeves, over a white satin slip; train of rich brocade silk, ornamented with silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds, with blonde barbes.

Howard Vyse.—Dress of queen's blonde, in colonnade, ornamented with a flounce of the same material, and festoons of marabout feathers and gauze riband; train of rich Adelaide satin, trimmed with marabout feathers and gauze riband, to correspond with the dress; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.

C. Kemys Tynte.—A robe of satin, with train to match; the corsage trimmed with gold and silver tissue, and mantilla of blonde; head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds, and rubies, blonde lappets.

MISSES.

Alexander.—A crape dress, trimmed very elegantly with satin and flowers, rich blonde mantille and sleeves; a train of rich white watered silk, trimmed with satin rouleaux and columns; head-dress of feathers.

Archer.—A white crêpe dress over white satin, richly embroidered; train of white watered silk; a Spanish cheruse done in queen's blonde and sabots; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Broadhead (the two).—White crape dress, embroidered with a single wreath of flowers in silk and gold in the front, continuing round in the form of a double chain of dead and bright gold; sleeves à la Sévigne, covered with British blonde; pink silk trains; head-dresses of feathers.

Julia Campbell.—A rich white watered gros de Naples dress, ornamented with ribands and bouquets of lilacs; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of rich lilac watered ducape, lined with silk, and beautifully trimmed with lilacs; magnificent plume; ornaments, splendid amethysts and diamonds.

Carr.—A white crape dress, embroidered in gold and beads, over a white satin slip; body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with blonde; epaulettes and train of green watered gros de Naples, trimmed with gold lama and tulle, and lined with white satin; head-dress, pearls, blonde lappets, and feathers.

Fanny Carr.—A white crape dress, embroidered in gold and beads, over a white satin slip; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; epaulettes and train of pink watered gros de Naples trimmed with gold lama and tulle, lined with white satin; head-dress, pearls, blonde lappets, and feathers.

Curtis (Mrs. and Miss Sabine.)—Elegant gold and white crêpe imprimæ dresses, beautifully trimmed with mantilla, and sabots of rich blonde; a beautiful manteau of rich white moire gros de Naples, with elegant trimming of gold and satin; head-dresses, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Sylvia Doyle.—A white gros de Naples gown, richly embroidered in silver lama; train azure blue watered gros de Naples; garniture, silver rouleaux; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Gray (the Two.)—White aerophane dresses, elegantly embroidered with silver, the bodies ornamented with blonde and silver, over white satin slips; trains of rich pink watered silk, lined with white satin, richly finished with a wreath of silver; head dresses, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Hamilton.—White aerophane dress, ornamented with a wreath of pale blush roses and green feather leaves, the bodice handsomely finished with blonde, over white satin; train of rich white San Marco, with a bordering of flounces to correspond with the dress; head-dress of feathers, lappets, and pearls.

Hughes.—Net dress, magnificently embroidered in green and gold à colonnes; blonde epaulettes; train of rich green velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with gold lama; feathers, brilliants, and lappets.

Caroline Gore Langton.—A rich white embroidered aerophane crêpe dress over white satin, ornamented with a garland of primroses up the front; body and sleeves trimmed with queen's blonde; train of *moire gros des Indes*, colour morning primrose; head-dress, feathers and pearls, with blonde lappets.

Montague (the Two).—White crape dresses, embroidered with white silk, forming a wreath of bunches of grapes; sleeve à la Sévigne, covered with blonde and mantilles; rich satin trains of pale pink; head dresses, plumes and blonde lappets.

Morrill.—A white crape dress, elegantly trimmed with silver and flowers; blonde epaulettes; train of white satin, ornamented with silver lama; head-dress of ostrich feathers, brilliants, and lappets.

Mundy.—A white crêpe dress, tastefully trimmed with white hyacinths; a rich white *gros d'Orlean* train; head-dress, feathers, and blonde lappets, with pearl ornaments.

Laura Mundy.—The same.

Constance Mundy.—The same.

Pole.—Black crape dress over black silk, trimmed with riband; train of black watered ducape, lined and trimmed with black aerophane; head-dress, pearls and lappets.

Pringle.—A white crape dress, richly embroidered and trimmed with gold fringe; body and sleeves ornamented with blonde; an elegant train of rich white *gros de Naples*, tastefully trimmed with gauze ribands.

Smith and Miss Caroline.—Dresses of white crape, embroidered in silver lama, trimmed with blonde; trains of rich white satin, lined and trimmed with silver lama; head-dresses, feathers and diamonds, with blonde lappets.

Stanley.—A white crape dress, richly embroidered in silk and gold; blonde epaulettes; train of white watered silk, trimmed with gold lama; feathers, brilliants, and lappets.

Trollope.—A white crêpe dress, over white satin, embroidered with gold; a train of white satin, trimmed with gold Spanish cheruse; head-dress, feathers, with ornaments of turquoise and diamonds.

Tynite (the Two).—White aerophane dresses, trimmed with a wreath of silver and blue convolvuli, the bodies tastefully ornamented with blonde, over white satin petticoats; trains of white satin, trimmed with blue and silver; head-dresses, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Vyse.—A rich colonnade dress of queen's blonde, terminating with a flounce elegantly ornamented with a wreath of silver flowers, over white satin; train of *amaranthus* satin, superbly trimmed with silver and blonde; head-dress of silver blonde, lappets, feathers, and diamonds.

Rosabella Wilson.—Dress of white blonde gauze, in colonnade, over a rich white satin slip, trimmed with white gauze riband and blue flowers; train of white satin, ornamented with a wreath of white gauze riband; head-dress, feathers and pearls, with blonde lappets.

On Saturday, the 26th of March, in the evening, about seven o'clock, the Princess Augusta, and the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, arrived from town on a visit to their Majesties.

The Duchess of Kent entertained a distinguished party to dinner, at her apartments in Kensington Palace.

On Sunday, the 27th, their Majesties their visitors, and suite, attended Divine Service in St. George's Chapel. The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Cust, the canon in residence, officiated.

On Monday, the 28th, in the evening the Provost, Vice-Provost, and Masters of Eton College, had the honour of dining with their Majesties. Colonel and Mrs. Vyse also dined with their Majesties.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria walked for some time in Hyde Park, attended by their Lady in Waiting.

The Duchess of Cumberland took an airing in the Regent's Park, for the first time since her Royal Highnesses indisposition.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester honoured Mr. Watson Taylor with their company to dinner.

On Tuesday, the 29th, in the afternoon, the whole of the royal party took an airing. The King was in a close carriage, accompanied by the Princess Augusta and the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg. The Queen rode on horseback, attended by Prince George of Cambridge, Sir A. D'Este, Sir A. Barnard, Miss Bagot, &c.

THE KING'S LEVEE.

On Wednesday, the 30th, the King arrived at St. James's Palace, from Windsor, about one o'clock. Having refreshed himself after his journey, about two o'clock his Majesty entered the Royal Closet, and gave audiences to the Field Officer in Waiting, and the Colonel of the Guard. Afterwards his Majesty gave audiences to Viscount Goderich, Marquis of Winchester, Earl Grey, Lord Hill, Viscount Melbourne, the Duke of Devonshire, the Rt. Hon. Charles Grant, Viscount Althorp, Viscount Palmerston, Lord Foley, Lord Durham, and the Duke of Northumberland.

Lord James O'Bryen and Sir Robert Otway were the Lord and Groom in Waiting.

The company having the privilege of the *entree* were then received. They consisted of the following official persons:—the Russian, Austrian, French, and Netherlands Ambassadors; the Russian, Danish, Neapolitan, and Bavarian Ministers; the Lord Chancellor, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Lord Privy Seal, the Secretaries of State for the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Departments, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Board of Control, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Lord Chamberlain, the Groom of the Stole, the Master of the Horse, Lord Foley, the Captain and Mr. Thomas Hancock, Clerk of the Cheque, of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners; the Master-General of the Ordnance, Lord Hill, gold stick in waiting; Colonel Cavendish, silver stick in waiting; the Master of the Ceremonies, the Attorney-General, the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, Under-Sheriff Richardson, and Under-Sheriff Willoughby.

The following persons were specially presented:

Barrett, Mr., by the lord mayor; Bodkin, Mr. W. H. by the attorney-general; Compton, Mr. H., on his appointment to be chief justice of the supreme court at Bombay, by the right hon. C. Grant; Freke, Mr. P. E., grenadier guards, by lord Carbery; Furneaux, capt. royal navy, by vice-admiral sir R. King, bart. K.C.B.; Glanville, lieutenant. W. Fanshawe, R.N., by capt. lord H. J. S. Churchill; Graves, lieutenant. T., on his return from a survey of the straits of Magellan, &c., by rear-admiral sir T. M. Hardy; Hancock, Mr. T. clerk of the cheque to the hon. corps of gentlemen pensioners, by lord Foley; Houlton, lieutenant-col. by lord J. O'Bryan; Hudson, lieutenant. grenadier guards, on his appointment, by col. Woodford; Larpent, Mr. G., by the lord mayor; Lloyd, lieutenant. H., Bengal army, by sir T. Bowles; Majoribanks, Mr. S., M.P., by the lord

mayor; Martin, Mr. J., M.P., by the lord mayor; Pitt, cornet, royal horse-guards, by lord Hill; Polkinghorne, capt. R.N., by sir J. Pecheil, bart. C.B.; Prescott, Mr. W. G., by the lord mayor; Richards, Mr. R., by the lord mayor; Rickford, Mr. M. P. for Aylesbury, by lord Nugent; Shiffner, Mr. T., on his appointment as gentleman usher in quarterly waiting to the king, by the lord chamberlain; Stuart, maj.-gen. hon. P., on being appointed to the command in Scotland, by lord Hill; Thornton, Mr. S., by lord Bexley; Wemyss, capt. R.N., by the earl of Rosslyn; Wollaston, rear-admiral, on his promotion, by the duke of Norfolk.

LIST OF THE GENERAL COMPANY.

Earls.—Carlisle, Glasgow, Morley, Radnor.

Viscount Howick.

Lords.—Carbery, Foley, Yarborough.

Sirs.—G. Cockburn, W. Cosway, J. W. Lubbock, C. Marshall, W. H. Poland.

Bishop of Exeter.

Generals.—Sir A. Bryce, sir H. Grey, hon. P. Stuart.

Admirals.—Sir R. Otway, sir J. Wells, K.C.B., Wollaston.

Colonels.—Bowater, Dalrymple, Douglas, Houlton, J. M. F. Smith, Sutherland, sir C. W. Thornton, Wynyard.

Captains.—Sir C. Cole, B.N., hon. H. R. Duncan, Furneaux, B.N., Meynell, B.N., Pearce, Polkinghorne, B.N., Thornton, B.N., Wemys, R.N.

Lieutenants.—W. F. Glanville, T. Graves, Hudson, H. Lloyd.

Cornet Pitt.

Messrs.—J. Barnett, Barrett, W. H. Bodkin, G. Cuttriss, G. Dyke, G. A. Ellis, P. Evanslicke, P. Grenfell, T. Hancock, G. Larpent, Loyd, S. Majoribanks, M.P., J. Martin, M.P., Pendarves, W. G. Prescott, R. Rickards, Rickford, M.P., Robarts, M.P., T. Shiffner, J. Smith, M.P., Solly, A. H. Thomson, S. Thornton.

Numerous addresses were presented to his Majesty.

Shortly after the Levee was concluded, his Majesty left town for Windsor, attended as on his arrival.

On Thursday, the 31st, the Duchess of Gloucester and the Princess Sophia visited the Duchess of Cumberland at her residence in St. James's Palace.

Prince Leopold left town for Claremont. The Duchess of Kent, Princess Victoria, and suite, left Kensington Palace for Claremont, on a visit to Prince Leopold.

On Friday, the 1st of April, being Good Friday, their Majesties and Royal Households attended Divine Service in the Grand

Music Room, after which their Majesties, the Princess Augusta, and the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg received the Sacrament, which was administered by the Bishop of Chichester.

On Saturday, the 2d, Lord Valletort arrived at the Castle on a visit to their Majesties.

On Sunday, the 3d, the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Grand Music Room of the Castle, after which they again partook of the Holy Sacrament, which was administered by the Bishop of Chichester.

On Monday, the 4th, in the evening, there was a concert of instrumental music in the Grand Music Room, by the chamber band of the Queen. This was the first occasion on which the Queen's band have officiated since the return of the Court to Windsor.

On Tuesday, the 5th, the musical performances of the Queen's band were repeated in the evening.

The Duke of Cumberland dined with the Members of the Catch Club, at the Thatched House Tavern.

On Wednesday, the 6th, the Royal dinner-party was increased by the presence of Lords Grey and Sefton. In the evening, Lord Sefton returned to his residence at Stoke, but Lord Grey slept at the Castle.

On Thursday, the 7th, the King left the Castle at one o'clock, in a travelling chariot, and proceeded to Littleton, near Laleham, the seat of Colonel Wood, where his Majesty partook of a splendid *déjeuné*, and joined in a select party which had been invited to meet him. In the afternoon, the Queen rode out on horseback, attended by Sir A. Barnard, Sir Augustus d'Este, Colonel Fox, and her ladies in waiting.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, attended by Lady Catherine Jenkinson, Baroness Letzen, and Sir John Conroy, left the residence of Prince Leopold, at Clarendon, for Buxted Park, to pass some days with the Earl of Liverpool and the Ladies Jenkinson.

Prince George of Cambridge will, during the summer, give a *fête champêtre* to the young gentlemen of Eton. The entertainment will take place in the Little Park, and will be on a splendid scale.

On Saturday, the 9th, in the morning, the Queen, Prince George of Cambridge, and the royal suites, rode on horseback. His Majesty gave audience to Sir Henry Hotham.

Lord A. Beauclerk left the Palace after a visit of two days; and the Earl of Mount Edgcombe arrived on a visit to their Majesties.

The Duke of Cumberland attended the performance of the Italian Opera. His

Royal Highness was accompanied by Baron Linsengen.

Prince Leopold arrived in town from his residence at Clarendon.

On Sunday, the 10th, their Majesties, accompanied by Prince George of Cambridge, their Royal Highnesses Princess Augusta and the Landgravine, and the Earl of Mount Edgcombe, attended St. George's Chapel, where divine service was performed by the canon in residence, the Rev. C. Digby.

In the evening, a select party dined with their Majesties.

The Duke and Duchess and Prince George of Cumberland heard Divine Service in their apartments at St. James's Palace.

On Monday, the 11th, their Majesties arrived in town at half-past one o'clock, in a carriage and four, escorted by a party of Lancers, from their Palace at Windsor. The Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia visited the Queen.

In the evening, the Princess Augusta entertained the King and Queen, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and a select party, at dinner, at her residence in the King's Palace, St. James's. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, with their suite, returned to the King's Palace, at Kensington, from visits to Prince Leopold, and the Earl of Liverpool.

Prince Leopold gave a grand dinner to a numerous party of the Nobility and Gentry, at Marlborough House.

On Tuesday, the 12th, his Majesty gave a grand dinner at St. James's Palace, to the Knights Grand Crosses of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath.

The entertainment was given in the banquetting-room; the table was laid for fifty-four.

The King took his seat in the centre of the table. The party included the Civil Knights Grand Crosses, as well as the Naval and Military Knights Grand Crosses. The Knights appeared in the star, riband, and jewel of the order, but did not wear the collar.

The following were the Knights Grand Crosses present:

The Duke of Cumberland, Prince Leopold, Field-Marshal Sir Alured Clarke, Earl Donoughmore, Sir J. Saumarez, Lord Howden, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Northesk, Hon. Sir A. F. Cochrane, Sir George H. Barlow, Viscount Strangford, Viscount Beresford, Lord Lynedock, Lord Hill, Hon. Sir Edward Paget, Sir G. Nugent, Sir J. Doyle, Marquis of Londonderry, Sir Alexander Hope, Sir George Murray, Sir W. Clinton, the Earl of Clancarty, Sir James Kempt, Sir Robert Liston, Sir G.

Cockburn, Sir Thomas Hislop, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Thomas Foley, Sir Charles H. Knowles, the Earl of Rosslyn, the Duke of Gordon, Lord Farnborough, Sir George Martin, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir John Oswald, Sir Edward Thornborough, Sir Henry Fane, Sir Archibald Campbell, Sir E. Codrington, Sir Frederick Lamb, Sir Stratford Canning, Sir T. Martin, Sir James Hawkins Whithed, Sir Philip Charles Durbane, and Sir William Houston.

Officers of the Order.—The Dean of the Order; Sir George Nayler, Garter, Genealogist of the Order; A. Greville, Esq., Bath King of Arms; Captain Michael Seymour, Registrar and Secretary; George F. Beltz, Esq., Gentleman Usher; James Pulman, Esq., Deputy Bath; W. Woods, Esq., Secretary to the Knights Commanders and Companions.

The Duchess of Cumberland and the Duchess of Gloucester visited her Majesty.

In the evening, the Queen and the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg dined with the Princess Augusta, at her residence, in St. James's Palace.

The Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Charlotte St. Maur and Sir John Conroy, visited Mr. and Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis, at their house in Spring-gardens, and her Royal Highness stood godmother to their youngest son.

On Wednesday, the 13th, the King held a Levee at his Palace at St. James's. His Majesty entered the state rooms at the usual hour, accompanied by the Duke of Sussex and Prince Leopold, when those persons having the privilege of the *entrée* were introduced. Lord Grantham had an audience and kissed hands on being appointed aide-de-camp to the King. M. M. Tourqueney and Klastine were introduced by the Russian Ambassador; and Mr. Fletcher Wilson, Danish Consul-General, by the Danish Minister. The following official persons were among the *entrée* company:

The Russian, Austrian, French, and Netherlands Ambassadors; the Russian, Swedish, Danish, Neapolitan, Sardinian, Wirtemberg, Mexican, and Austrian Ministers; the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishop of London; the Lord President, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Lord Privy Seal, the Secretaries of State for the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Departments, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole, the Commander of the Forces, the Master-General of the Ordnance, the Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, the Captain of the Yeoman Guard, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for

Ireland, the Master of the Horse to the Queen, the Treasurer of the Household, the Master of the King's Hounds, the Judge Advocate-General, Sir A. Barnard, Principal Equerry to the King; General Macdonald, principal Equerry to the Queen; Sir A. d'Este, Equerry to the King; Master of the Ceremonies, and Mr. Hinnich, Lieutenant of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners.

The King gave audiences to the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis Clanricarde, Earl Grey, Viscount Melbourne, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Althorp, Lord Hill, Viscount Palmerston, and the Marquis of Winchester; also to the Field Officer in waiting and the Colonel of the Guard.

After the Levee the King held a Privy Council, at which Sir Edward Thornton was introduced and sworn in, and took his seat at the Board.

Lord Foley was sworn in Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Worcester, in the room of the late Earl of Coventry.

A Proclamation was agreed upon for the issue of a new coinage.

Afterwards the King held a Council for the purpose of receiving the Report of the Recorder of London of the convicts capitally convicted at the Old Bailey during the last February Sessions. The Lord Chief Justice of England attended the reading of the Report.

The Court broke up at six o'clock.

The following persons were specially presented at the Levee:—

Abdy, sir W. by the earl of Beauchamp; Anderson, capt. J. East Essex militia, by lord Melbourne; Angerstein, capt. by col. Woodford; Arnold, col. aide-de-camp to the King, on being appointed a knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, by lieutenant, sir Herbert Taylor.

Bacon, Mr. by the earl of Gosford; Bague, lieutenant, R.N. gentleman pensioner, on his appointment, by lord Foley; Barker, rev. S. chaplain to his royal highness the duke of Cambridge, by sir Herbert Taylor; Barnard, capt. grenadier guards, by sir A. Barnard; Barne, col. by gen. sir W. Clinton; Beaumont, Mr. Yorkshire hussars, by lord Grantham; Bendyche, lieutenant, R.N. sheriff of the county of Huntingdon, with a dutiful and loyal address to his Majesty; Berkeley, capt. hon. C. on promotion, by col. Berkeley; Bingham, lord, by lord Hill; Borrer, Mr. gentleman of his Majesty's most hon. privy chamber, by his grace the lord chamberlain; Broadwood, Mr. H. gentleman of his Majesty's most hon. privy chamber, by his grace the lord chamberlain; Brooke, the hon. sir F. by the lord in waiting; Buller, Mr. E. by lord De Dunstanville; Bulwer, Mr. H. L., M.P. attached to his Majesty's

embassy at Vienna, by viscount Palmerston; Butler, venerable archdeacon, D.D. by the lord bishop of London; Byng, hon. F. gentleman usher of his Majesty's privy chamber, on his appointment, by the lord chamberlain.

Calvert, Mr. F. by Sir H. Taylor; Carlisle, Mr. N. gentleman of his Majesty's most hon. privy chamber, by his grace the lord chamberlain; Carter, rev. I. by the rev. Dr. Keate; Cary, capt. by lord J. O'Bryen; Cary, capt. South Devon yeomanry, by lord J. O'Bryen; Cherry, lieutenant, by lieutenant-gen. Corner; Christie, col. sir Arch., on being appointed deputy-governor of Stirling castle, by lord Hill; Colville, sir C. sheriff of Derbyshire, by the duke of Devonshire; Cooper, Mr. advocate-gen. of Mauritius, by the earl of Fingall; Corbet, A. V. esq. capt. north Shropshire yeomanry cavalry, by gen. lord Hill; Croft, sir J. bart. by lord R. Manners.

Dashwood, Mr. by gen. Maitland; Dashwood, Mr. F. by gen. F. Maitland; Davys, rev. Dr. principal master to her royal highness the princess Victoria, on being appointed dean of Chester, by sir J. Conroy; Day, rev. C., LL.B. chaplain to the high sheriff for the county of Suffolk, by his grace the duke of Grafton; Douglas, adm. J. by capt. sir G. Westphal, R.N.; Drummond, Mr. H. lieutenant-col. Surrey Yeomanry, on receiving his commission, by the earl of Kinnoul; Du Pre, Mr. G. on his return from the British legation at Berlin, by viscount Palmerston.

Earle, Mr. R. by the hon. E. G. Stanley; Edgell, Mr. R. W. by sir W. Jolliffe; Eld, Mr. J. by adm. sir R. Otway.

Fitzgerald, Mr., M.P. for Seaford, by the earl of Fingall; Fitzharris, viscount, by the earl of Malmesbury; Fletcher, sir H. bart. by sir R. Frederick, bart.; Foley, adm. sir T. by the earl of Northesk; Fowke, sir F. G. bart. a gentleman of his Majesty's privy chamber, by his grace the lord chamberlain; Freeth, major, 64th regt. by Mr. G. Harrison; Fyler, Mr., M.P. by viscount Palmerston.

Gardiner, major, by sir P. Sidney; Gordon, Mr. by the duke of Gordon; Grant, Mr. H. T. by sir C. Cole; Grant, Macpherson Mr. by earl Gower; Grantham, lord, on his appointment as king's aide-de-camp; Grimston, lord, by the earl of Verulam; Grimston, Mr. by lord Verulam; Grosvenor, gen. by the earl of Wilton; Guille, col. on being appointed aide-de-camp to his Majesty for the service of the Guernsey militia, by lieutenant-gen. sir H. Taylor.

Hames, Mr. gentleman of his Majesty's hon. privy chamber, by his grace the lord chamberlain; Hamilton, commander J., R.N. by sir J. Graham; Hancock, capt. C.B.,

R.N. by sir J. Graham; Harris, lieutenant-col. N. on being made a knight of the Royal Order of the Guelph, by lord Hill; Harris, the hon. lieutenant R.N. by the earl of Malmesbury; Harrison, Mr. G. on his appointment to be a knight commander of the Royal Guelphic Order, by sir H. Taylor; Hart, lieutenant G. V., R.N. by gen. Hart; Hay, lieutenant-col. W. by sir H. Taylor; Hemsley, lieutenant H. on his appointment to the hon. band of gentlemen pensioners, by lord Foley; Herbert, Mr. H. by lord Ducie; Herse, capt. C. by sir L. Muller; Hook, Mr. R. by the earl of Guilford; Holden, Mr. by lord Byron; Honyman, lieutenant by his father, rear-adm. Honyman; Hornby, Mr. by lord J. O'Bryen; Hyett, Mr. by lord Ducie.

Jackson, Dr. state physician in Ireland, by the earl of Gosford; Jasler, lieutenant B. P. by sir J. Graham; Jones, Mr. by his father, lieutenant-gen. sir R. Jones.

Kilmaine, lord, by lord Waterpark; Knight, Mr. M.P. by sir F. Burdett; Kynaston, Mr. by the lord in waiting.

Lambton, Mr. H. by lord Durham; Lascelles, Mr. W. by lord Carlisle; Lewis, col. on being appointed aide-de-camp to the king, by sir J. Graham; Littledale, Mr. by earl Amherst; Littledale, Mr. H. by Mr. Littledale; Logan, capt. R. by lord F. Somerset; Louis, capt. R. A. on promotion, by the master-general of the ordnance.

Maitland, com. by sir R. Otway; Mackeller, rear-adm. on his promotion, and return from the continent, by sir J. Graham; Macnaghten, Mr. E. by lord J. O'Bryen; Martin, capt. R. by sir T. Martin; Mesham, rev. A. B. by the marquis of Downshire; Mildmay, sir H. by viscount Palmerston; Morris, lieutenant G. by sir T. Hardy; Munro, col. J. by the earl of Gosford; Musters, Mr. H. by lord Saltoun.

North, capt. by viscount Hood; Nugent, hon. T. H. by the marquis of Westmeath.

Ogilvy, hon. W., M.P. deputy-lieut. of Forfarshire, by the duke of Gordon; Oswald, lieutenant-gen. sir J. by gen. lord Hill.

Paterson, capt. on promotion, by lord F. Somerset; Pennefather, maj. on promotion, and return from the West Indies, by lord F. Somerset; Percy, capt. J., R.N. on his return from Ireland, by adm. sir P. Durham; Perkins, capt. Surrey yeomanry cavalry, by lieutenant-col. sir W. Jolliffe; Perkins, lieutenant, by lieutenant-col. sir W. Jolliffe; Poulden, lieutenant R. M. by col. sir A. Dickson; Preston, Mr. by sir W. Herries.

Ray, lieutenant R.N. by sir R. Otway; Robinson, lieutenant R.A., R.N. by sir J. Graham; Ruthven, Mr., M.P. by Mr. S. Rice.

Scovell, C. by sir W. Jolliffe, bart.; Selwin, Mr. by sir C. B. Vere; Shore, hon. F. J. by gen. lord Hill; Simmons, capt. R.A. on presenting his work on courts-martial,

by the right hon. sir H. Hardinge; Spurgin, Dr. by earl Ferrers; Stopford, lieutenant by adm. sir R. Stopford; Strouge, sir J. gentleman of his Majesty's most honourable privy chamber, by his grace the lord chamberlain; Sweetman, major, on promotion, by lieutenant-gen. sir C. Halkett.

Thompson, capt. J., R.N. by sir J. Graham; Tierney, sir M. bart. on being appointed physician to the Queen's household, by the earl of Errol; Trotter, capt. on promotion, by col. Fitzclarence; Teulon, lieutenant-col. 35th regt. on his promotion, by lieutenant-gen. sir J. Oswald, G.C.B.; Twysden, lieutenant H. D., R.N. by Mr. Holdsworth; Tyrell, Mr. to kiss hands.

Urmston, sir J. by sir G. Staunton, bart. Verschoyle, Mr. by lord Kilmaine; Vincent, sir F. bt. by the marquis of Clanricarde.

Waller, capt. by lieutenant-gen. sir H. Taylor; Ward, lieutenant R. O. by sir R. Gardiner; Watson, col. sir H. by lord Hill; Watson, sir F., K.T.S. by viscount Beresford; Welby, sir W. E. bart. by earl Brownlow; Wentworth, lieutenant R.N. by rear-adm. Dundas; West, col. by gen. Wynyard; Whichcote, sir T. by lord Saltoun; White, town-major, of the garrison of Portsmouth, by col. Higgins; Wilbraham, Mr. R. by lord Skelmersdale; Willoughby, sir H. by sir W. Freemantle; Wright, lieutenant by sir W. Pringle; Wright, rev. T. C. by the rev. Dr. Keate; Wynyard, capt. by gen. Wynyard.

Young, rev. J. C. by the lord in waiting. The following addresses were presented to his Majesty:—

Adams, Mr. high sheriff of the county of Carmarthen, with an address in favour of parliamentary reform.

Child, Mr. W. K. one of the magistrates of the county of Kent, with a humble and loyal address from the inhabitants of Tonbridge, expressing their satisfaction at the plan of reform introduced by his Majesty's ministers, by viscount Melbourne.

Danvers, Mr. B. high sheriff for Leicestershire, with an address from that county in favour of the reform measure introduced by his Majesty's ministers.

Ducie, lord, sir W. Guise, Mr. Hyett, col. Berkeley, and lord Sheridan, with the address from Gloucestershire, in favour of parliamentary reform.

Durham, lord, with addresses from Edmonton, in Middlesex, and Jolinshaven, in Scotland, in favour of parliamentary reform.

Errol, the earl of, with addresses from the moderator, office-bearers, and members of the society of high constables of Edinburgh, and from the landowners and inhabitants of Orkney and Zetland resident in Edinburgh, to thank his Majesty for the measure of parliamentary reform proposed by his ministers.

Fraser, Mr. of Torbreak, with an address from Inverness, by lord Melbourne.

Garratt, Mr. ald. with an address from the inhabitants of the ward of Bridge, in the city of London, in favour of the bill for reform in parliament.

Gordon, the duke of, with petitions from the counties of Elgin and Ross, against the reform bill.

Grey, earl, with the following addresses in favour of reform in parliament:—From the inhabitants of the town of Wigan and its vicinity; from the inhabitants of the royal burgh of Kerriemuir, in the county of Forfar; from the Feuars and other inhabitants of Larkhall, in the county of Lanark; from the congregation of particular Baptists at Worcester.

Maberly, Mr. with an address from Croydon.

Montrose, the duke of, with the Dumbar-toushire address.

Read, Mr. J. high sheriff of Suffolk, with a county address, by his grace the duke of Grafton.

Wellington, the duke of, with a petition from the mayor and citizens of Cork, praying that, in the reform bill, care may be taken for the safety of the Protestant church in Ireland.

The general company consisted of the following persons:—

Dukes.—Argyll, Gordon, Grafton, Manchester, Montrose, Richmond, Wellington.

Marquises.—Downshire, Hastings, Lothian.

Earls.—Brownlow, Carlisle, Cawdor, Erroll, Ferrers, Fingall, Guilford, Malmsbury, Rosslyn, Selkirk, Verulam.

Viscounts.—Acheson, Ashbrook, Beresford, Fitzharris, Hood.

Lords.—Bingham, Bridport, Byron, Clanwilliam, Ducie, Durham, Ellenborough, W. Graham, Grantham, Grimstone, Kilmaine, Maryborough, Saltoun, Seymour, Sherbourne, Skelmersdale, E. Thynne, H. Thynne.

Right Honourables.—Sir S. Canning, sir G. Murray.

Honourables.—G. Agar, F. Byng, sir F. Fisk, lieutenant Harris, R.N., G. H. Nugent, W. Ogilvy, M.P., G. J. Shore.

Sirs.—W. Abdy, F. Barlow, F. Burton, G. Colville, J. Croft, bart., C. Des Voeux, bart., T. F. Drake, H. Fletcher, bart., F. G. Fowke, bart., R. Frederick, bart., W. Guise, G. Naylor, W. Oglander, G. Staunton, bart., M.P., W. Stirling, J. Stronge, E. Thornton, M. Tierney, J. Urmston, F. Vincent, bart., F. Watson, K.C.S., W. E. Welby, bart., T. Whichcote, H. Willoughby.

Bishops.—Chichester, Rochester.

Dean of Windsor, archdeacon Butler.

Generals.—Capel, sir W. P. Carroll, Cor-

ner, Crosbie, Douglas, Foster, Grosvenor, Hart, sir R. Jones, Macdonald, Macdonnell, sir J. M'Mahon, F. Maitland, Meade, sir W. Oswald, sir E. Paget, hon. R. Taylor, sir C. Thornborough, Thornton, D. Wemyss, Wetherell, Wynyard.

Admirals.—Sir E. Codrington, Curzon, J. Douglas, T. Dundas, P. Durham, sir T. Foley, sir D. Gould, Honyman, sir W. Lake, Machellor, J. Martin, earl of Northesk, sir C. Ogle, sir R. Otway, Plampin, sir J. Saumarez, Walker, c.b., sir J. H. Whitshed.

Colonels.—Arnold, Barne, Belli, Berkeley, sir A. Christie, Cust, Custance, Dawkins, Douglas, Elliscombe, Gibbs, Guille, sir W. Herries, N. Harris, W. Hay, Hughes, sir W. Jolliffe, R. Jones, Lewis, J. Monro, O'Grady, m.p., Taylor, Teulon, 35th regt., sir C. Thornton, sir C. B. Vere, sir H. Watson, West, Whatley.

Majors.—Freeth, Gardiner, Irvine, Napier, Pennefather, Sweetman, White.

Commanders.—J. Hamilton, Maitland.

Captains.—J. Anderson, Angerstein, Arabin, Astell, Bernard, F. Barne, hon. C. Berkeley, Brace, r.n., C. B. Bullen, r.n., Cadogan, r.n., Carey, E. Curzon, r.n., Cuthbert, De Starck, Gill, L. Gower, A. P. Green, r.n., C. B. Hancock, r.n., C. Heise, Herringham, r.n., Hickey, r.n., Hoare, r.n., R. Logan, Louis, H. B. Martin, R. F. Martin, Nooth, Joseph O'Brien, r.n., Paterson, Rainier, r.n., c.b., M. Seymour, r.n., Simmons, r.a., Sykes, r.a., George Pechell, r.n., J. Percy, Perkins, sir John Phillimore, John Thompson, Thornbrough, r.n., C. B. Tobin, r.n., Trotter, Weller, sir G. A. Westphal, r.n., and Wynyard.

Lieutenants.—G. Bague, r.n., Bendyse, r.n., C. G. Butler, r.n., Cherry, C. Gosset, r.n.; G. V. Hart, r.n., H. Hernsley, Honyman, H. Hope, C. H. Gay, r.n., J. H. Maxwell, r.n., G. Morris, Perkins, R. M. Poulden, L. A. Robinson, Roy, r.n., B. P. Sadler, r.n., Stopford, r.n., H. D. Twysden, R. A. Ward, Wentworth, r.n., and Wright.

Cornet.—G. Scovell.

Messrs.—Adams, J. Alexander, Bacon, Bayford, Beaumont, Beltz, Borrer, H. Broadwood, E. Buller, H. L. Bulwer, m.p., Capel, F. Calvert, N. Carlisle, Rev. J. Carter, W. R. Child, Cooper, A. V. Corbet, B. Danvers, Dashwood, Davy, d.d., Rev. C. Day, H. Drummond, G. Du Pre, R. Earl, R. W. Edgell, W. T. Egerton, Egerton, John Eld, Everard, d.d., E. Faquiere, Fitzgerald, m.p., Fraser, W. Fraser, J. Frost, f.a.s., Fyler, m.p., alderman Garratt, Goodenough, d.d., Gordon, H. J. Grant, M. Grant, Grimston, D. Halford, Haines, G. Harrison, H. Herbert, Holden, R. Hooke, Hornby, Hyett,

Jackson, Jones, Knight, m.p., Kynaston, H. Lambton, W. Lascelles, Littledale, H. Littledale, Maherly, Rev. J. M'Evoy, E. Macnaghton, Rev. A. B. Mesham, H. Mildmay, A. H. Moreton, Morton, H. Musters, O'Hanlon, H. Parish, Rev. S. Parker, sir R. Peat, d.d., C. Pole, Preston, Pulman, D. Radcliffe, J. Read, Robinson, G. Russell, m.p., Ruthven, m.p., Sanctuary, Selwin, H. Seymour, Spurgin, Stanley, Staples, A. G. Stepleton, Sterling, D. Thompson, Tyrell, M. Ure, Verschoyle, Rev. J. C. Young, Welby, m.p., R. B. Wilbraham, F. Wilson, Smyth Windham, Woods, Rev. J. C. Wright, and Wynn.

The Queen honoured the performance of Ancient Music with her presence. Her majesty and suit were attended by a military escort.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, accompanied by the Duchess of Northumberland, visited the King and Queen before the Levee, and took luncheon with their majesties.

The Duchess of Kent entertained the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and a numerous party, at dinner.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

The Queen held a Drawing-Room at St. James's Palace, which was more numerously attended than any hitherto held by her majesty.

The Honourable Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners lined the presence chamber and the picture gallery, headed by Lieut. Hinrich. The guard chamber was lined by the yeoman guard, headed by Mr. Curtis, the Exon in Waiting. A guard of honour from the royal horse-guards occupied the great court-yard.

Their majesties entered the state rooms soon after two o'clock, accompanied by the Duke of Sussex, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and Princess Augusta, attended by their great officers of state. Their majesties proceeded to receive the presentations and congratulations of those who have the privilege of the *entrée*, as follows:

The Russian Ambassador and Princess Lieven, the Netherlands Ambassador and Madame Falck, the Austrian and French Ambassadors, Madame Bermudez, the lady of the Spanish Minister, the Prussian Minister and Baroness Bulow, the Swedish Minister and Countess Bjornstjerna, the Mexican Minister and Madame Goristiza, the Neapolitan, Danish, Sardinian, and Wirtemberg Ministers; the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishop of London; the Lord Chancellor, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretaries of State for the Home and Colonial Departments, and the First Lord of the Admiralty; the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole, the Captain

of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Secretary of State for Ireland, the Master-General of the Ordnance, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Treasurer of the Household, the Master of the Ceremonies, the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal.

LADIES PRESENT AND PRESENTED.

Acland, lady, by the countess of Morton; Agar, Mrs., by lady Imhoff; Agar, Miss, by her mother, Mrs. Agar; Alkett, Miss E., by the countess of Selkirk; Anson, hon. Miss, by lady Sherbourne; Anson, Miss, by the countess of Roseberry; Anson, Miss S., by lady Roseberry; Antrobus, lady; Astley, Miss.

Baile, Mrs., by lady F. Hotham; Balfour, Mrs., by the dowager duchess of Richmond; Balfour, Mrs. C., by the countess of Listowel; Balfour, Miss, by the dowager duchess of Richmond; Balfour, Miss J., by the dowager duchess of Richmond; Barham, lady C.; Barham, Miss; Barnes, Miss, by lady F. Hotham; Bathurst, Miss H.; Belhaven, lady; Berkeley, lady; Bingham, lady, by countess Howe; Birch, Miss, by Mrs. Stanley; Bishop, Miss; Bishop, Miss F.; Boutein, Mrs., by the dowager marchioness of Clanricarde; Bouverie, Mrs. D. P., by lady Radnor; Bowden, Miss; Bowles, the hon. Mrs., by the countess of Howe; Brabazon, lady T., by the countess of Meath; Bridport, lady; Brownlow, the countess of; Brownlow, Mrs., by lady F. Hotham; Bruce, lady M., by the marchioness of Winchester; Bruce, Miss; Buller, lady A., by the duchess of Northumberland; Buller, Mrs. E., by the dowager countess of Morton; Burdett, Miss; Burdett, Miss J.; Burdett, Miss K.; Bush, Miss G.; Bushe, Miss G., by her aunt, the countess of Listowel; Byron, lady.

Cadogan, Miss; Cadogan, Miss H., by Mrs. Cadogan; Caledon, countess; Calvert, the hon. Mrs., by the countess of Limerick; Calvert, Miss, by her mother, the hon. Mrs. Calvert; Calvert, Miss H., by ditto; Calvert, Miss M., by ditto; Campbell, lady E.; Campbell, Miss, by lady F. Somerset; Campbell, Miss J.; Capel, lady C., by Mrs. B. Paget; Carteret, lady, by lady J. Thynne; Chesterfield, countess of; Clare, dowager countess of; Clare, Miss H., by the marchioness of Wellesley; Clerk, lady; Clifford, lady; Clive, lady L., by the duchess of Montrose; Coborne, Miss R.; Cochrane, hon. Mrs.; Cockran, Mrs., by the hon. Mrs. B. Paget; Cockrane, Miss; Codrington, Miss J.; Colborne, Mrs. R., by the countess of Albemarle; Colborne, Miss R., by Mrs. R. Colborne; Corkran, Miss, by her mother; Corkran, Miss C., by ditto; Corkran, Miss F., by ditto; Corn-

wallis, marchioness of; Cornwallis, lady, by the duchess of Gordon; Cotes, lady M., by lady J. Thynne; Cotes, Miss L., by ditto; Cotes, Miss M., by ditto; Couper, Miss C.; Crawford, Miss S., by the hon. Mrs. Mundy; Croft, lady, by Mrs. R. Beadon; Cuthbert, hon. Mrs., on her marriage, by Mrs. Cuthbert; Cuthbert, hon. Mrs. J.; Cuthbert, Miss.

Daniell, Mrs. col., by the marchioness of Wellesley; Davy, lady; Dawkins, Mrs., by the dowager countess of Morton; Dawkins, Miss, by ditto; De Broke, lady W., by lady Feversham; De Dino, duchess of; De Dunstanville, lady; De Grey, Mrs., by the countess of Guildford; De Grey, Miss, by Mrs. de Grey; De Grey, Miss H., by ditto; Denby, countess of; Howe; De Ruthyn, lady Grey, by ditto; De Voeux, lady, by the hon. Mrs. Paget; De Voeux, Miss C., by ditto; Douglas, lady S., by the countess of Errol; Drake, lady F. E., by the countess of Haddington; Douglas, lady S.; Douglas, Mrs. K., by the countess of Selkirk; Duncombe, lady L., by the marchioness of Ely; Duncombe, Miss, by lady Feversham; Duncombe, Miss L., by ditto; Dundas, lady M., by the marchioness of Winchester; Dundas, Mrs. C., by the countess of Abingdon; Durham, lady H., by dowager lady Morton; Dyke, Mrs. G., by lady De Dunstanville.

Egerton, lady C.; Ellenborough, dowager lady; Errol, dowager countess of, by the countess of Errol.

Farquhar, lady; Farquhar, Miss, by lady Farquhar; Ferguson, hon. Mrs., of Pitfour, by the dowager lady Langford; Ferguson, Mrs. H., by lady De Dunstanville; Feversham, lady, by the lady in waiting; Fitzharris, viscountess, by countess Tankerville; Fitzroy, Miss, by lady Wrottesley; Foley, hon. G., by the countess of Selson; Foley, hon. Miss C., by ditto; Fraser, hon. Mrs. P.

Gage, Mrs. J., by the countess of Abingdon; Gage, Miss L., by her mother, Mrs. J. Gage; Gage, Miss S., by ditto; Gordon, duchess of; Gordon, Miss, daughter of lady W. Gordon, by the duchess of Gordon; Gower, countess of; Gower, Mrs. L., by her mother, lady H. Mitchell; Graham, lady E.; Grant, Mrs. H. J., by lady Guildford; Grant, Mrs. M., by Earl Gower; Grant, Miss, by Mrs. H. J. Grant; Graves, hon. C., by the hon. Mrs. Cuthbert; Guildford, countess of, by lady C. Lindsay; Gurney, lady H., by the countess of Errol.

Halford, Mrs. Douglas, by lady E. Drake; Halkett, lady K., by the countess of Selkirk; Halkett, Miss E.; Hardy, lady; Hardy, Miss E.; Hare, Miss, by the countess of Listowel; Harford, Mrs., by the hon. Mrs. Pelham; Harford, Miss E., by ditto; Hartwell, lady, by lady J. O'Brien; Hartwell,

Miss, by ditto; Harvey, Miss by Mrs. Lloyd; Hastings, lady F., by the marchioness of Hastings; Hastings, marchioness of, by viscountess Keith; Hastings, Lady S., by ditto; Herbert, hon. Mrs. W., by the countess of Denbigh; Herbert, Miss, by ditto; Hereford, Miss E., by the hon. Mrs. Pelham; Herries, lady; Hervey, Mrs., by lady Warburton; Holden, Mrs., by lady Byron; Holden, Miss, by ditto; Holden, Miss A., by ditto; Hood, viscountess, by lady Bridport; Hood, the hon. Miss, by her mother, lady Bridport; Hood, hon. Miss E., by ditto; Hornby, Mrs., by lady J. O'Bryen; Hornby, Miss, by Mrs. Hornby; Hornby, Miss E., by ditto; Hotham, lady F.; Howard, lady J., by countess Howe; Huntingdon, countess of, by the marchioness of Wellesley; Hutchinson, Mrs. H., by lady C. Lindsay.

Johnston, lady; Johnston, Miss; Johnston, Miss F., by lady Johnston.

Kenyon, Miss; Keppel, lady C., by the countess of Albemarle; Kibblesdale, lady; Kilderbee, lady L.; Kilmaine, lady, by the marchioness of Westmeath; King, Mrs. B., by the right hon. lady Petre; Kinloch, dowager lady; Kinloch, Miss; Kinnaird, Miss T.; Knight, Miss, by the right hon. lady M. Petre; Kynaston, Miss, by the dowager countess of Warwick.

Lansdowne, marchioness of; Langford, dowager lady; Lascelles, Lady C., by lady G. A. Ellis; Law, Hon. A.; Law, the hon. Mrs. C., by the dowager lady Ellenborough; Law, Mrs. W., by ditto; Legge, lady A.; Ley, lady F., by lady Belhaven; Ley, Mrs., by lady F. Ley; Ley, Miss; Ley, Miss M., by lady F. Ley; Listowel, countess of; Littledale, Mrs., by countess Amherst; Littledale, Miss, by Mrs. Littledale; Lloyd, Mrs., by the right hon. lady Nugent; Lloyd, Miss, by ditto; Lloyd, Miss C., by ditto; Lothian, marquis of; Lygon, lady, by lady Albemarle; Lygon, lady S., by ditto.

Macnaghten, Mrs. E., by lady J. O'Bryen; Majoribanks, Mrs. E., by the countess of Errol; Majoribanks, Miss, by ditto; Majoribanks, Miss G., by ditto; Martin, lady, by the lady in waiting; Martin, Miss, by lady J. O'Bryen; Mathew, Miss Bertie; Maxse, lady C., by lady Seymour; Maxwell, lady H., by the countess of Selkirk; Maxwell, Miss H., by ditto; Maxwell, Miss M. H., by ditto; Meade, hon. Mrs., by countess Howe; Meade, Miss, by ditto; Mecklethwait, Miss, by her aunt, lady F. Hotham; Meith, countess of; Mecklethwaith, Miss; Mitchell, Miss, by her mother, lady H. Mitchell; Montrose, duchess of; Moore, Miss, by her sister, Mrs. Hobart; Moore, Miss M. J., by ditto; Moreton, hon. C.; Moreton, hon. Miss E.; Moreton, Miss C., by lady Denbigh; Mundy, hon. Mrs., by

lady C. Wood; Munro, Miss, by lady Stronge.

Nelson, lady, by lady Ely; Nesbitt, Miss R., by Mrs. G. F. St. John; Newton, lady, by lady J. O'Bryen; Northesk, countess of; Northumberland, duchess of.

O'Bryen, lady E.; O'Bryen, lady H.; O'Bryen, lady J.

Paget, lady H.; Paget, Miss M.; Percy, Mrs. B., by the duchess of Northumberland; Petre, lady, by lady M. Petre; Petre, lady M., by the countess of Surrey; Petre, hon. Miss; Petre, hon. Miss A., by lady M. Petre; Phillimore, lady, by countess Howe; Pole, Mrs. C., by lady Byron; Preston, Mrs., by lady Herries.

Radnor, countess of; Rice, honourable C., by countess Howe; Rice, hon. Mrs. C., by ditto; Rice, hon. Miss C., by ditto; Riddlesdale, lady, by ditto; Roden, countess of; Rossmore, lady, by lady E. Campbell; Rowley, Miss H.; Rycroft, Miss, by the hon. Mrs. Pelham; Rycroft, Miss H., by ditto.

St. Alban's, duchess of; St. John, Mrs. G., by lady Knowles; St. Maur, lady H., by the countess of Albemarle; Sefton, countess of; Selvin, Mrs., by the countess of Caledon; Sherburne, lady, by lady Howe; Somerset, lady F.; Somerset, Miss B., by lady H. Mitchell; Somerset, Miss C., by ditto; Somerset, Miss L., by ditto; Stanley, lady, by the dowager marchioness of Clanricarde; Stanley, hon. Mrs.; Stanley, Miss; Stanley, Miss E.; Staples, Mrs., by the countess of Caledon; Starck, De, Mrs., by lady Seymour; Stephenson, lady, by the marchioness of Ely; Stephenson, the Misses, by ditto; Stewart, lady C., by ditto; Stratton, Mrs. J., by ditto; Stratton, Miss, by ditto; Stratton, Miss H., by ditto; Stronge, lady, by the hon. Mrs. Calvert; Stronge, Miss, by lady Stronge; Suffield, lady, by the marchioness of Ely.

Taylor, Mrs. T.W., by lady C. Wood; Tierney, lady, by the marchioness Wellesley; Tierney, Miss, by lady Tierney; Thonmond, marchioness; Thynne, lady E., by lady J. Thynne; Thynne, lady H.; Thynne, lady J., by lady J. Thynne; Trant, Mrs. W., by dowager lady Clare; Trotter, Mrs., by the hon. Mrs. P. P. Bouverie; Trotter, Miss; Tucker, lady, by the dowager marchioness of Clanricarde.

Underwood, lady C.

Vincent, lady, by the hon. Mrs. P. Fraser.

Wade, Miss, by lady Rossmore; Walpole, Miss, by the duchess of Northumberland; Walpole, Miss C., by the duchess of Northumberland; Webster, Mrs., by lady Wellesley; Wells, Mrs. H., by the countess dowager of Clare; Westphal, lady; Wheeler, lady, by the countess Nelson;

Whitshed, lady; Whitshed, lady H.; Wilbraham, Miss, by Mrs. Stanley; Wilbraham, Miss K.; Williams, lady; Wilson, Mrs. M., by lady Stephenson; Wrottesley, lady; Wrottesley, Mrs. M., by lady Wrottesley; Wrottesley, Miss M.

GENTLEMEN PRESENT AND PRESENTED.

Abbott, Mr., by his father, lord Tenterden; Acheson, viscount; Ackerley, lieut., R.N., by the duke of Richmond; Acland, sir T.; Agar, hon. G., by viscount Ashbrook; Agnew, sir A.; Andrews, Mr., by sir H. Halford; Anderson, capt. J., east Essex militia, by lord Melbourne; Angerstein, capt., by adm. sir G. Martin, C.C.B.; Antrobus, sir E.; Argyll, duke of; Arnold, col.; Arrol, col., on being appointed a knight of the Guelphic order, by sir H. Taylor; Ashbrook, viscount, by earl Howe; Astley, sir J. Dugdale.

Bacon, Mr., by the earl of Gosford; Bagne, lieut. G., R.N., on being appointed to the hon. corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, by lord Foley; Balfour, lieut.-gen., by the earl of Roslyn; Balfour, Mr. C.; Barlow, sir G., by lord Nelson; Barnard, capt., by sir A. Barnard; Baile, baron, on his appointment as one of the barons of the Exchequer; Berehaven, viscount, by the earl of Listowel; Bingham, lord, by lord Hill; Birch, Mr., by lord Saye or Sale; Blackford, lieut.-gen., by sir H. Taylor; Blayne, hon. Mr., M.P.; Borrer, Mr. J., by the lord chamberlain; Bosanquet, Mr. justice, by lord Tenterden; Bowles, colonel, by lord Macclesfield; Broadwood, Mr. H., Gentleman of his Majesty's Privy Chamber, by the lord chamberlain; Brewer, Mr. J. H.; Buller, Mr. E., by lord De Dunstanville; Buller, Archibald; Bulwer, Mr. H. L., M.P., attached to his Majesty's embassy at Vienna; Butler, Archibald, by the bishop of London; Byng, hon. F.; Byron, lord.

Caledon, earl of; Calvert, Mr. F., by sir H. Taylor; Campbell, lieut.-col. F., by sir J. Kempt; Campbell, col. J.; Canning, right hon. sir S.; Capel, Mr.; Carlisle, earl of; Carlisle, Mr. N., Gentleman of his Majesty's Privy Chamber, by the lord chamberlain; Carr, gen. sir W. Parker; Carter, Rev. J., by Dr. Keate; Cary, capt. by lord J. O'Bryen; Cathcart, sir J., 2d life-guards, by col. the hon. E. Lygon; Chesterfield, earl of; Chichester, bishop of; Chichester, sir A., by the earl of Belfast; Clarke, capt. W. S.; Clifford, capt. sir A.; Colville, sir C.; Connell, Rev. Mr. J.; Corbet, lieut., by lord Hill; Crawford, Mr. W., by lord Howe; Croft, sir J., bart., by lord R. Manners; Crosbie, gen. by the duke of Richmond.

Daniell, col., by marquis Wellesley; Daniell, Mr., by ditto; Danvers, Mr. B., by the right hon. sir W. H. Freemantle;

Dashwood, Mr., by gen. Maitland; Davys, Rev. Dr., by sir J. Courcy; Dawkins, Mr., by lieut.-gen. sir H. Campbell; Derby, earl of; Day, Rev. C., LL.B., by the duke of Grafton; Des Vaux, Mr.; De Tabley, lord, by earl Howe; Douglas, major-gen., by sir W. Heuston; Drake, sir T. F. E., bart.; Duncombe, Mr., M.P.; Dundas, Mr. C., by the earl of Abingdon; Du Pre, Mr. G., Attaché to the British Legation at Berlin, by viscount Palmerston.

Egerton, Mr. W. T.; Eld, Mr. J., by admiral sir R. Otway; Ellenborough, lord; Ellis, lieut.-col., by lord Byron; Ennismore, lord, by lord Listowe; Everarde, Rev. Dr., by the bishop of Chichester.

Fauquier, Mr. E., by major-gen. sir H. Wheatley; Ferguson, capt., R.N., by the duke of Gordon; Fitzharris, viscount; Fletcher, sir H., bart., by earl Home; Forbes, major-gen. viscount, by lord Maryborough; Forbes, Mr. J.; Fowke, sir F. G., bart., Gentleman of his Majesty's Privy Chamber, by the lord chamberlain; Fraser, the hon. W., by lord Saltoun; Frederick, Sir R.; Freeth, major, by sir G. Harrison, C.B.; Freke, Mr. P. E., by lord Carbery; Frost, Mr.; Furber, commander, by sir J. Graham.

Ganselee, Mr. justice, by lord Tenterden; Gordon, Mr., by the duke of Gordon; Gosford, earl of; Gower, earl of; Gower, Mr. L., by lord E. Somerset; Grant, Mr. M.; Grantham, lord, on his appointment as King's Aide-de-camp; Grosvenor, gen., by earl of Wilton; Guilford, earl of; Guille, col.; Gurney, Mr., King's counsel, by the lord chancellor.

Haines, Mr., Gentleman of his Majesty's Privy Chamber; Hall, capt. B.; Hanbury, Rev. Mr.; Hardwicke, earl of; Harrington, Rev. Mr.; Harrison, Sir G., on his appointment to be a knight commander of the Royal Guelphic Order, by sir H. Taylor; Hay, col. W.; Hay, capt., on being appointed Equerry to the Queen, by lord Errol; Hay, hon. capt. S.; Hemsley, lieut., on being appointed to the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, by lord Foley; Herringham, capt., R.N., by sir W. Lake; Hill, lieut., by lord Hill; Holden, Mr., by lord Byron; Holmes, Rev. W., Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, by the bishop of London; Holmes, Mr. T. K., by the duke of Buckingham; Honyman, lieut., by rear-admiral Honyman; Hood, viscount; Hornby, Mr., by lord J. O'Bryen; Howard, Mr. (of Corby), by the earl of Carlisle; Howard, Mr. P. H., by the earl of Carlisle; Hughes, lieut.-col., by sir W. K. Grant.

Jackson, Dr., by the earl of Gosford; Johnston, sir A.; Jones, lieut.-gen. sir R., by the bishop of Chichester; Jones, Mr., by lieut.-gen. sir R. Jones.

Keate, Mr. R., by sir H. Halford; Keynarden, Mr. B.; Kilmaine, lord, by lord Waterpark; Kinloch, Mr., 2d life-guards, by col. the hon. E. Lygon; Klusline, Mons., by the Russian ambassador.

Lake, sir W., vice-admiral, by lord J. O'Brien; Lamb, Mr. G.; Legg, capt., by sir E. Paget; Littledale, Mr., by earl Amherst; Lloyd, lieut. H., by sir T. Bowser; Macdonald, lieut. R., by major-gen. sir J. Campbell; Macdougall, Mr. A.; Mackellar, rear-admiral, by sir J. Graham; Maquire, Mr. E.; Maitland, commander, by sir R. Otway; Majoribanks, Mr. E., by the earl of Erroll; Manchester, duke of; Martin, admiral sir G.; Martin, sir H., by lord J. O'Brien; Masters, Mr. H., by lord Saltoun; Masters, Mr. W.; Masterton, Mr., by the lord in waiting; Maxwell, capt. B., *r.n.*, by the earl of Erroll; Maxwell, lieut. J. H., by the earl of Selkirk; Maxwell, lieut. M., by sir J. Doyle; M'Evoy, Rev. Mr. J.; Meath, earl of; Mildmay, Mr. H., by vis. Palmerston; Morris, lieut. G., by sir T. Hardy; Mundy, commander R., by general Mundy; Munro, col., by the earl of Gosford.

Nayler, sir G. (Garter); Norton, Mr. O'Brien, lord J.; Oglander, sir W., by the duke of Grafton; Old, Mr. J.

Parker, capt., by sir P. Sydney; Parker, Mr. L., by earl Howe; Pateson, capt., on promotion (unattached), by lord F. Somerset; Paulet, lord F., by the marquis of Winchester; Peat, Rev. sir R.; Pennefather, major, on promotion, by lord F. Somerset; Percy, Mr. B., by the duke of Northumberland; Petre, lord, by the duke of Norfolk; Petre, Mr. H., by ditto; Philimore, sir J., by lord O'Brien; Plaupin, vice-admiral, on his return from the continent, by sir J. Graham; Pole, Mr. C., by lord Byron.

Radcliffe, Mr. Delmis, Rattray, capt., *r.n.*, by sir J. Yorke; Read, Mr. John, high sheriff of Suffolk, by the duke of Grafton; Reynardson, Mr. E. B., by col. Woodford; Rice, hon. Cecil; Richardson, lieut.-col., by lord Hill; Robilliard, lieut., by the earl of Waldegrave; Robinson, Mr., Gentleman of his Majesty's most hon. Privy

Chamber, by the earl of Belfast; Rochford, capt. William, *r.n.*; Roden, earl of; Rothsay, capt., *r.n.*; Royley, vice-admiral sir Josias, by the lord in waiting; Russell, Mr. Greenhill; Rycroft, sir Henry, by earl Howe.

Sadler, lieut. by sir J. Graham; Selwin, Mr., by sir C. Broke Vere; Smith, capt., by lord Hill; Spurgin, Dr., by earl Ferrars; Staples, Mr., by the earl of Caledon; Stapleton, Mr. A., by the duke of Sussex; Stapleton, Mr. W. G.; Stanley, sir E., by the earl of Gosford; Staunton, sir G.; Sterkey, Rev. A., by the duke of Sussex; Stirling, sir W.; St. John, Rev. G. F., by admiral sir C. Knowles, bart., *c.c.b.*; Scott, Mr. H. F., *m.p.*, by col. Fitzclarence; Strangford, viscount; Stronge, sir J., Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, by the lord chamberlain; Sweetman, major, on promotion, by sir C. Halket; Sykes, capt., by the duke of Sussex.

Tankerville, earl; Taylor, lieut.-col., by col. Wood; Teulon, col.; Thomond, marquis; Thornbrough, capt., *r.n.*, by lord J. O'Brien; Thornton, col. sir C. W.; Thynne, lord Henry; Tierney, sir M., bart., on being appointed Physician to the Queen's Household, by her Majesty's chamberlain; Tourgueneff, Mons., by the Russian Ambassador; Trant, Mr. William; Trotter, capt., by col. Fitzclarence; Tyrrell, Mr., *m.p.*, by his grace the duke of Grafton; Tucker, sir E., *k.c.b.*

Ure, Mr. M., *m.p.*; Urmston, sir J., by sir G. Staunton, bart.

Verschoyle, Mr.; Vincent, sir F.

Waldegrave, earl of; Waller, capt., by sir H. Taylor; Waller, sir W.; Waterpark, lord, by the duke of Devonshire; Watson, col. sir H., by lord Hill; Wells, Mr. H., by sir P. Sydney; Wetherell, sir C., by the earl of Eldon; Whatley, col.; Westphal, capt. sir G., *r.n.*; Wheeler, sir T., by H.R. H. prince Leopold; Whitchote, sir J., by lord Saltoun; Whitshead, admiral sir J.; Wilbraham, Mr. R., by lord Skemerdal; Willoughby, sir H.; Windham, Mr. S., by col. Fitzclarence; Wright, Rev. J. C., by the Rev. Dr. Keate; Wyatville, sir J.

THE DRESSES.

HER MAJESTY.

An elegant blonde lace dress over rich white satin; train of beautiful violet figured velvet, richly trimmed with velvet and satin. (The dress was presented to her Majesty by Lord Rolle, as a specimen of the Devonshire blonde; and the velvet for the train, by the Spitalfields weavers.) Head-dress, feathers and diamonds, with necklace and ear-rings en suite.

THE LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE HOMBURG.

A black satin dress trimmed with blonde; black satin train, lined and trimmed to correspond; head-dress, plume of black ostrich feathers, blonde lace lappets, ornaments, diamonds, and precious stones.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

A handsome dress of silver tissue, over rich white satin ; garniture of magnificent blonde lace ; manteau of rich blue velvet, handsomely trimmed with blonde lace and flowers corresponding with the dress ; head-dress, a splendid silver tissue toque, diamonds, and feathers.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

A beautiful Nottingham blonde dress over white satin, train of blue and silver brocaded silk, trimmed with silver ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

PRINCESS LIEVEN.

White crape dress, lined with white satin, and trimmed with blonde epaulettes ; train of white crape, lined with satin ; lappets, feathers, and brilliants.

THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBAN'S.

A splendid dress of British manufacture over a white satin slip ; a tulle dress, embroidered in silver columns, the centre ornamented with diamond clasps ; a stomacher of sapphires and diamonds ; a rich white gros de Naples and silver train (of Spitalfields manufacture) lined with white, trimmed with blonde and diamonds ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lace lappets.

DUCHESS DE DINO.

A white crape dress, embroidered in bouquets of violets, over white satin, blonde epaulettes ; train of white watered silk, embroidered in bouquets, blonde lappets ; a chaperon of ostrich feathers, with brilliants.

DUCHESS OF GORDON.

A dress of gold-brocaded gauze, trimmed with borderings of Indian barbs ; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde ; train of crimson brocade ; ornaments, emeralds, and diamonds.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE.

Rich blue satin dress, with a deep blonde flounce ; train of blue satin, trimmed round with a deep blonde ; gold head-dress, with feathers and blonde lappets ; diamond ornaments.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

A splendid Irish blonde dress, over white satin, trimmed with flounces of blonde, looped up with bunches of black flowers ; train of Irish blonde lined with white satin, with a rich flouncing, headed with a wreath of black flowers ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.

MARCHIONESS OF ELY.

A white satin dress, embroidered in stripes down the skirt with gold, ornamented on the corsage with broad blonde lace ; a rich satin train embroidered with a wreath of gold flowers ; head-dress, diamonds and feathers ; a superb necklace, ear rings, and brooch of amethysts, elegantly set in gold, presented to her ladyship by her Majesty.

MARCHIONESS OF HASTINGS.

A black dress, embroidered in gold, sabots and mantille of blonde ; black satin train, flowered and trimmed with blonde ; head-dress, plumes and lappets.

COUNTESES.

Gower.—A white crape dress, embroidered in gold lama, blonde epaulettes ; train of white silk, embroidered in gold ; blonde lappets, feathers and brilliants.

Chesterfield.—A blonde dress with a magnificent flounce of blonde chantilly ; train of rich vert naissant velvet, trimmed with blonde, and lined with white satin, blonde lappets ; feathers and diamonds.

Hood.—A white crape dress over white satin, embroidered in bouquets of floss silk ; the body finished with a double fall of superb blonde and sabots to correspond ; a manteau of vapeur satin, trimmed with a torsage of tulle and satin ; head-dress, a gold toque, with ostrich feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Listowell.—A rich white satin dress with gold trimming and deep flounce of Irish blonde ; body and epaulettes trimmed with gold and blonde to correspond ; train of Adelaide satin, richly trimmed with gold. Head-dress, blonde toque, lappets, feathers, and diamonds.

Morton.—A blonde dress, with volans of blonde, ornamented with a delicate wreath of ribbon ; the corsage trimmed with blonde, with sabots to correspond, over a blue satin slip ; the train a celestial blue watered gros de Naples ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Nelson.—An elegant white satin dress, trimmed with a deep volant of superb blonde lace ; the corsage trimmed with net and satin ; a splendid manteau of rich blue celeste satin, lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed in a nouveau genre with blonde and satin ; ceinture ornamented with torquoise and diamonds ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds ; with necklace and ear-rings of diamonds ; lappets.

Tankerville.—Crape dress, richly ornamented in gold lama, over white satin; train of rich mauve terry velvet, trimmed with blonde. Blonde lappets, plume of feathers with brilliants.

BARONESSES.

Bulow.—A silver lama dress, with silver trimming, corsage drapee, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde lace, blonde sabots; train of Apollyon water silk, lined with white satin, trimmed with silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Grey De Ruthyn.—A crape dress, embroidered in sprigs of silver lama, blonde epaulettes; train of lilac watered silk, richly embroidered in silver lama; blonde lappets. Feathers and brilliants.

RIGHT HONOURABLE LADIES.

Bingham.—A white satin dress, over which a tulle, magnificently trimmed with a white flounce of blonde, ornamented with satin; robe of primrose satin, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds.

Lucy Clive.—White crape dress, embroidered in white silk and gold lama, over white satin; train of white silk, trimmed with lama. Lappets, feathers, and brilliants.

Julia Howard, and Lady Jane Howard.—White crape dresses, worn over white gros de Naples, trimmed with silver and blonde; mantilla trains of blue watered gros de Naples, lined with white, and trimmed with a silver band; head-dresses, feathers, lappets, diamonds, and pearl ornaments.

HONOURABLE LADIES.

Maria Cotes.—Dress of silver gray Irish poplin, trimmed with swans-down, corsage elegantly trimmed with blonde; train of rich Adelaide satin, trimmed with swans-down; a beautiful head-dress, with feathers and diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

De Vaux.—A white satin dress, superbly trimmed with blonde, and a deep blonde flounce; train of green satin, trimmed with gold; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamond ornaments.

LADIES.

Antrobus.—Pink crape dress, embroidered in silver lama, over pink satin; manteau of pink satin, trimmed with silver and blonde, and lined with white satin; mantille and séduisantes of rich blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Auckland.—A dress of the Queen's blonde, trimmed with gold; the corsage ornamented with a mantille of blonde, with blonde sabots, over a white satin slip; train of emerald gros des Tier, trimmed with gold; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and pearls.

Mary Beauclerk.—A dress of the same, with plume of feathers, blonde lace lappets, diamonds, and pearls.

Louisa Beauclerk.—A tulle dress over a white satin slip, trimmed with blonde lace: white and blue feather; train, blue gros de Naples watered silk, ornamented with rosettes of blue gauze ribbon; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Agnes Buller.—A black lace dress, embroidered with bouquets of flowers, and mantilla to correspond; trimmed with lace, with sabots over a black satin slip, and black satin train, ornamented with a feather trimming; head-dress, lappets and feathers, with a magnificent set of jewels, composed of diamonds and topazes.

Matilda Bruce.—White gauze dress, embroidered with red and gold; corsage trimmed with blonde, white satin train; head-dress, plumes and jewellery.

Eleanor Campbell.—A dress and train of tartan velvet plaid; train lined with rich royal purple satin; dress in the full Highland costume; belt and plaid lined with purple satin, and trimmed with gold fringe, fastened on the shoulder with a splendid ornament; black plume, and costly ornaments.

Stratford Canning.—A dress of British muslin, embroidered in green silk and gold, mantilles in blonde; train of Turkish material, tissue in gold and green silk; head-dress plumes, lappets, and ornaments of diamonds and emeralds.

Cartwright.—A blonde gauze dress, lined with black satin; epaulettes and mantille of blonde; a black satin train; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Chatterton.—A white crape dress, embroidered with cerise and gold, over white satin; train of very rich Irish tabinet, trimmed with gold; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and lappets.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

- On the 27th March, in Bryanston Street, the Countess of Croismare, of a daughter.
On the 22d, at Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, the Countess of Hopetoun, of a son and heir.
At Naples, the lady of Sir Edward Blackett, Bart. of Matfen Hall, Northumberland, of a son and heir.
On the 25th, in Harley Street, the Hon. Mrs. William Rodney, of a daughter.
At her house, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, Lady Julia Hobhouse, of a daughter.
On the 31st, at Coleorton Hall, Leicestershire, the lady of Sir George Beaumont, Bart. of a son.
On the 6th April, at No. 4, Manchester Square, the lady of the Hon. William Fraser, of a son.
On the 4th, at No. 5, Arlington Street, the Lady Mary Stephenson, of a son.
On the 17th, in Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, the Hon. Mrs. Duncan, of a son, which only survived a few hours.
On the 16th, in Cleveland Row, the Lady Durham, of a daughter.
On the 18th, in Whitehall Place, Lady Henry Cholmondeley, of a daughter.
On the 6th, at Renishaw, the lady of Sir George Sitwell, Bart. of a son.
On the 8th, in Stephen's Green, Dublin, the lady of Sir Robert Gore Booth, Bart. of a son and heir.
On the 7th, at Market Harborough, the Hon. Mrs. William de Capell Brooke, of a son.
On the 19th, at Clifton, the lady of the Hon. Francis Stapleton, of a son.
At Taplow Court, the Viscountess Kirkwall, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

- At Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, on the 22d of November, Thomas Nightingale, Esq. second son of Sir Charles Nightingale, Bart. to Hannah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late John Humffreys Parry, Esq. barrister.
At North Berwick, on the 22d March, North Dalrymple, second son of the late Sir J. Dalrymple, Bart. to Martha Willet Dalrymple, daughter of the late Col. G. Dalrymple, of the 19th regiment.
On the 26th March, at the church of St. Mary, Islington, William Holwell Short, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. Lawrence Short, of Ashover Rectory, Derbyshire, to Eliza Maria Decima Griffies, fourth daughter of Sir George Williams, Bart. of Llwynywormwood, Carmarthenshire.
On the 4th April, at the Lord Chief Baron's, Edinburgh, Fox Maule, Esq. younger, of Panmure, to Montague, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Abercromby.
On the 5th, at St. John's, Hampstead, the Rev. Thomas Henry Causton, A.M. to the Hon. Frances Hestor Powys, fifth daughter of the late Lord Lilford.
On the 7th April, Rowland Eyles Egerton Warburton, Esq. of Arley Hall, Cheshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of Sir R. Brooke, Bart. of Norton Priory, in the same county.
At Melton Mowbray Church, William Milhouse, Esq. of Pelton House, Warwickshire, to Sophia Capel de Brooke, second daughter to the late Sir R. Capel de Brooke, of Oakley House, Northamptonshire.
On the 16th, at All Souls Church, Sir Richard Annesley O'Donel, Bart. of Newport House, Newport, in the county of Mayo, to Mary, third daughter of George Clendining, Esq. of Westport, in the same county.
In France, Edward Turnour, Esq. eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. Edward John Turnour, of Arundel, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, to Miss Elizabeth Maunsel Crease, daughter of the late W. Crease, Esq. of Dublin.

DEATHS.

- In Gloucester Place, Portman Square, suddenly, of gout in the stomach, Sir Henry Hawley, Bart. of Leybourne Grange, in the county of Kent, in his 55th year.
On the 21th, in Berkeley Square, the Hon. Frances Caulfeild, widow of the late Sir G. Caulfeild, of Dunamore Castle, county of Galway.
In Dublin, Lady Jane Florence Cole, only daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen, in her 20th year.
On the 26th March, at Coventry House, George Earl of Coventry, in his 73d year.
At his seat, Maristow House, Devon, Sir Masseh Lopez, Bart. in his 76th year.
On the 31st, at her house in Curzon Street, Lady C. Waldegrave, in her 66th year, sister of the late Earl Waldegrave and Lord Radstock, and aunt of the present lords.



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ENGLISH FASHIONS.

Royal Lady's Magazine & Archive of the Court of St. James's.
Published by W. Jones, St. James's, St.

FOR JUNE, 1831.



EVENING & BALL DRESS FOR JUNE 1831.

THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE,

AND

Archives of the Court of St. James's.

J U N E, 1831.

Embellishments.

PORTRAIT OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

SECOND ILLUSTRATION OF BURNS'S POEMS.

TWO PORTRAITS OF LADIES IN ENGLISH BALL AND EVENING DRESSES FOR JUNE.

FIVE PORTRAITS OF LADIES IN ENGLISH MORNING, WALKING, AND CARRIAGE
DRESSES FOR JUNE.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We candidly confess, all Marian's accusations are true. We are vain, severe, overbearing, and pert; and her last sentence, we admit to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. "We write," she observes, "as if there were no Magazine so good as our own." It is so; how else should we write?

We strongly recommend Harriet to persevere, practice and study will do a good deal; and she will be well repaid.

We do our best to meet the wishes of our friends who contribute, but we cannot engage to return every little sonnet which finds its way to us.

Proofs of the Royal Series of Portraits, which grace our Numbers, may be had separately. Proofs on Satin, 7s. 6d. Proofs on India Paper, large size, 3s.

We have *accidentally* omitted several favours, which were intended for the present month.

We are happy to inform Professor —, that we make no terms with writers, except that they shall give us the best. It is their business to set the price. Why not give us his address? Scotland is a large place.

"HONEST JEWELLERS!!!"—Our readers will observe, that our article in Number III., on this subject, has been confirmed in a marked manner in the case of a young nobleman who, as we are told, by the proceedings in a court of equity, wanted some money, purchased ten thousand pounds' worth of plate and jewellery, on credit, and disposed of it through George Robins (a man of business; notorious for producing the best prices of all the London auctioneers). The ten thousand pounds' worth only produced about THREE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED pounds, or about one-third the price charged; and yet the Jeweller was what is termed highly respectable!!!

The Proprietors of the — are referred to Mr. Bousfield, the highly-respectable solicitor of Chatham-place, who can give a very good account of the individual they inquire about; and to whom, indeed, we shall refer any body who troubles us about him, though Mr. Bousfield will not thank us for it.

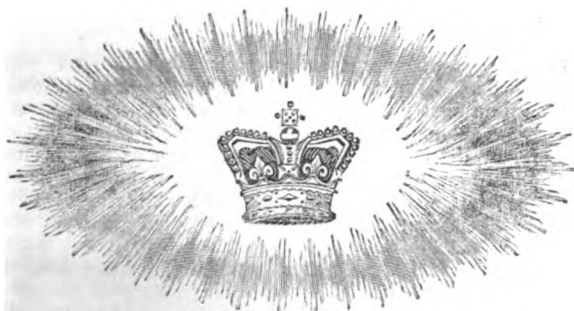
We have only acted as common charity dictated, in the case of the attempted robbery of our office, which, to our annoyance, has become a common topic of conversation. Had the delinquent succeeded in his object, the respectability of his relations should not have secured him from merited disgrace; as he failed, we chastised him on the spot, and have done with it.

M. M. will receive a packet on the 3rd. Half our body politic is absent, thanks to the elections.

The author of "I'm not a Lover now," will find that we have used half the packet; the other is not adapted for us.

M. Y.—N. N.—Lady F.—Jamie—Old Adam—Mary—Two or three A. B.'s and A. Z.'s—have come to hand, and, from a hasty glance, are, we think, likely to come to something worse.

The exhibitions of "the Cosmorama," the views of which are all changed, and of "Lodge's Portraits," shall be noticed in our next; they have gratified us exceedingly.



ROYAL
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
AND
Archives of the Court of St. James's.

"OUR AMBITION IS TO RAISE THE FEMALE MIND OF ENGLAND TO ITS TRUE LEVEL."
Dedication to the Queen.

J U N E, 1831.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUCHESS OF KENT, AND THE PRINCESS VICTORIA;
WITH REMINISCENCES
OF HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT.

IN our last number we gave a beautiful portrait of Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria; and in our present one we give an engraving of Her Royal Highness's illustrious mother, the Duchess of Kent, which will not, we trust, be considered an unworthy pendant to the former.

It is customary to accompany the likenesses of eminent individuals, with memoirs of their lives; and where, as is commonly the case, the individuals themselves have acted conspicuous parts upon the great theatre of the world, the materials for such memoirs are no less rich and copious, than valuable and interesting. But what can be gathered from the "mild dignity of private life," from the unobtrusive exercise of domestic virtues, or from the silence of stu-

dious hours and the round of daily occupations of childhood? We can only record them as facts—and having done so, the task of the biographer is finished, unless it be his ambition to inculcate homely morality, by taking them afterwards for his text. They who, like to melancholy Jaques, can find "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in every thing," or who, like the celebrated Boyle, can pour forth ingenious "Meditations," upon the most trivial occurrences, from "Snuffing a Candle" to "Eating of Oysters," (a meditative propensity finely ridiculed by Dean Swift, in his "Meditations upon a Broomstick,") would hardly be at a loss to make a small folio out of the subjects which we, not being so gifted, propose to dismiss with a more

becoming brevity. We will not even suffer our genealogical knowledge to betray us into a luminous recapitulation of all the sovereign houses of Germany with whom, by descent or intermarriages, the illustrious personage is connected, whose greatest glory we hope yet remains to be accomplished, that of giving a wise, prudent, prosperous and beloved **QUEEN**, to the British empire.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, is more immediately descended from that branch of the Saxon stock called Saxe Coburg Saalfeld. Her mother was Augusta Caroline Sophia, daughter of Henry, twenty-fourth Count of Reuss Ebersdorff, and gave birth to nine children, of whom her Royal Highness was the fourth of five daughters, and her brother Prince Leopold, the third of four sons. She was born at Coburg, August 17th, 1786, and is of course now in her forty-fifth year. When she was only sixteen, the earnest entreaties of her father, who perceived his end approaching, induced her to give her hand to the then hereditary Prince of Leiningen. The disparity of age between them, was too great to secure even the probability of much conjugal felicity, for the bridegroom was twenty-eight years older than the bride. Nor was this all, if the voice of common rumour may be believed. The person, the manners, the qualifications, and the habits of the Prince of Leiningen, were little calculated to throw a veil over that disproportion of years which the hand of time had marked. Irritable and violent in his temper, and solely devoted to the pleasures of the chase, his youthful consort could hardly hope to find in his society a compensation for the sacrifice which her filial feelings had prompted. But even at that early age, when the passions are wildest, and the reason is all too weak to moderate them, her Royal Highness gave evidence of that deep self-respect, which is the only secure basis of virtue. She did not suffer the reflection of how much happier her lot might have been, to influence for a moment the discharge of its duties. Her conduct during the twelve years she was the wife of the Prince of Leiningen (who died in 1814), was so exemplary, as to protect her even from the ready calumnies of

suspicion, which never requires more than a shadow out of which to build its substance. The same strict and irreproachable demeanour, obtained for her the same exemption from reproach during her widowhood; and has since won for her the respect and attachment of her adopted country, during the brief period of her second marriage to his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, and the longer state of second widowhood to which his lamented death consigned her.

By her first husband, her Royal Highness had two children, both of whom are still living; a son, who was born in September, 1804, and a daughter, born in 1807.

It may be doubted, whether a sound discretion was exercised by George III. or his ministers, in not recommending earlier marriages to the male branches of the royal family, so that the succession to the throne might have been duly provided for, and the country exposed neither to the inconveniences of a minority, nor the danger of a failure in the direct heirs. The heir apparent (his late Majesty, Geo. IV.) and the heir presumptive (the late Duke of York), were the only two who had contracted matrimonial alliances; and they, not till a comparatively advanced period of life. The Duke of York had no issue; the Prince of Wales an only child; and from circumstances, no likelihood of more. What was the consequence? When the Princess Charlotte died, the succession to the crown was confined to the six brothers of George IV. (then regent), two alone of whom were married, and both without issue, and the whole of whom were like so many tapers burning out together. But what *might* have been the consequence, when in 1818 the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, and Cambridge, contracted their marriages? — the throne filled by an infant of two or three years old, and the country subjected, in its councils, to all the intrigues, factions and conflicts, inseparable from such a state of things. Contingencies much within the average uncertainty of human life, which would have produced this evil, were hanging over us for years. Are we, indeed, wholly free from them yet? And have we escaped *all* the results which it would have been better for us to escape,

flowing from this unwise neglect during the first thirty years of the reign of George III.? But to return from this digression.

The marriage of her Royal Highness with the late Duke of Kent, was solemnized at Coburg, in May, 1818, and again at Kew, in July following; and on the 24th of the same month, in the ensuing year, the Princess Victoria was born. She was christened after her illustrious mother, whose names are Victoria Maria Louisa.

"What is there in a name?" asks our immortal bard. We answer, a great deal; notwithstanding his philosophy, that a rose would smell as sweet, called by any other name; for we agree rather with Mirabeau than Shakspeare, who said, "names are things;" inasmuch as in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, we are influenced more by names than by that which they represent. We do hope, therefore, as an Act of Parliament can do any thing, and has been known to fix a place in Europe, which was before in Asia or Africa, an Act of Parliament will, ere long, declare that our future sovereign shall bear a name more in harmony with English ears and English feelings, than Victoria. Queen Victoria! By the Statute, 4th Victoria, ch. x. sect. 7! Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen, Defender of the Faith! Out upon it! Half, and the best half, of the loyalty and affection of her subjects, would be chilled, or stunted in its growth, by such a foreign appellation. Charlotte, has some hold upon our attachments: but Elizabeth, a firmer one upon our national pride. The blemishes that sullied her renown as a queen, and her character as a woman, must be hunted for in the page of history; but the familiar glory of her reign, the bright recollections that cluster round it, the valiant generals, the great statesmen, the noble writers that adorned it, are so many golden links which bind its memory round the hearts of Englishmen. Could our voice be potential, therefore, we would have an ELIZABETH THE SECOND; the very name would have a talismanic power.

Till there is the authority of an Act of Parliament, however, we must continue to speak of the Princess Victoria, and to say, being all we are able to say, that every thing which has transpired

respecting her natural endowments, her manners, her disposition, and her various acquirements, justify the nation in looking forward to a sovereign, who, whether she be called Elizabeth, or Anne, or Charlotte, will give it reason to be proud. Would to Heaven we could add, there is a future for her, in which *she* will have reason to rejoice! But we cannot. The sceptre will pass into her hands, heavily laden with cares. A state of society is preparing, by measures now in progress, and by the operation of others that have been completed, which will demand from whoever may wear the imperial crown of England ten or twenty years hence, duties, and virtues, and sacrifices, greater than were demanded from any who have worn it during the last century; we might almost say, the last century and a half.

Most sincerely do we wish it had been the will of Providence she should have had the benefit of her illustrious father's example in the discharge of the regal functions. The combined authority of the monarch and the sire, would have been irresistible. We do not profess to know in what political sentiments the youthful princess is being trained. We doubt not in such as will yield wholesome fruit. But we do know what were the political sentiments of the late Duke of Kent, and we are free to confess they were those which, in our opinion, are identified with, and inseparable from, the true welfare, the best interests, of the country. We know, too, what was the manliness of his character, the princely dignity of his notions, the firmness of his principles, the capacity of his mind, and, above all, the just perception he had of what should belong to royalty near the throne, or upon the throne. Without degenerating into sullen haughtiness or offensive arrogance, he had the art (a rare art) of never forgetting what he was himself, yet of never making others feel it; while it was impossible they should overstep the line which birth had drawn between them. Such a model could not but have been a valuable study for a daughter, destined one day to stand where he stood.

The Duke of Kent had all the simplicity of habit which distinguished his father, but united with more expansion

of mind and more loftiness of feeling. He resembled George III. in person and countenance, as well as in manners. Like him he was an early riser, of a domestic disposition, plain in his food, abstemious in his use of wine, rarely exceeding three glasses, of great application in business, firm in his friendships, and punctual in all his dealings, whether it was a peer of the realm or only a soldier's wife who was their object. The writer of this paper knew him well, was for a long time in daily intercourse with him, accompanied him to Gibraltar in the spring of 1802, feels a pleasure in offering this tribute to his memory, and has no hesitation in avowing that should it be his fortune to live under the government of his daughter, his loyalty to her august person will acquire some additional fervour from the recollection that she was the daughter of one he so entirely honoured and loved. In what he has further to say, he will abandon the "plural unit," and for *we*, substitute the more convenient designation of *I*, where it may be necessary.

I have mentioned his great application to business. It was indeed great; and I hardly know whether I should ascribe it to a sense of duty, or a delight in occupation, or a disposition partaking of both. One thing I know: at the time I am speaking of (1801-2), this disposition more frequently excited my astonishment than my approbation; for many a time, in winter, I have risen by candle-light, explored my way in the dark from Great Ealing to Castlebar Hill, where he then lived, about half a mile off, and sat down, pen in hand, to write from his dictation, or make duplicates of voluminous despatches (he was then governor of Halifax) before I had the benefit of day-light for my labour. Early as it was, however, I always found his royal highness ready, and breakfast over; and he seldom left off business for the day before four o'clock.

His minuteness and precision in giving his instructions in these despatches, or in answering every point that required to be answered, were as remarkable, as the order with which all his papers and letters were classified and arranged, so that if any particular document were wanted, no time was lost in seeking for it. Phrenology was not in fashion then; had it been, sure I am

Gall or Spurzheim would have discovered in the duke's head the organ of order prodigiously developed. Another organ, too, that of memory, would have been found equally prominent. In this, as in so many other things, he resembled his father, George III., and had, like him, a singularly and retentive recollection of the names of persons, and all matters connected with them. I remember, for example, when he was appointed from the Fusileers to the Royals he wished to have his favourite band, which he had selected and trained with great care, removed from the former to the latter regiment. The Fusileers were then in America; and the duke, writing to the commanding officer upon the subject, dictated from memory the christian and surname of each man, the instrument he played upon, &c. Nor was this all: the band consisted chiefly of Germans; there were some Englishmen; but it was the Germans, amounting to about thirty, he was desirous of having; and he singled them out with as much facility as if a list of their names were lying before him.

There was one excellent rule which the late Duke of Kent never suffered to be infringed; and one amiable duty which he never neglected. The rule was this,—that he allowed no secretary to break the seal of a letter. Whoever wrote to the duke was sure the letter would reach his hands, and not be tossed carelessly aside or designedly withheld by a *confidential* servant. The duty he never neglected was that of invariably and quickly replying to letters, mostly dictating the answers himself, rarely trusting to directions that they *should* be answered. I have known him, when the business of the day was over, and just about to get into his curriole to take a drive before dinner, suddenly recollect that he had not answered some miserable scrawl from a soldier's wife or mother, and return to his room to do it, especially if it related to any matters that were of consequence to the writer.

He had a great abhorrence of the vice of drunkenness, and no person in his service, down to grooms and stable-boys, were allowed to remain in it, if he knew them to be guilty of inebriety. His household was regulated like a little garrison or barrack. Every night, at an early hour, all the domestics were

required to be within doors, and the house steward, the last thing, laid before him a sort of regimental return ; in which, opposite to every man's name, was written what had been his conduct during the day ; at what time he returned home, whether sober, &c. &c.

Another vice, which he discountenanced as much as drunkenness, was that of swearing ; and I recollect Captain Hardy (afterwards, if I am not mistaken, Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, who so distinguished himself at the battle of 'Trafalgar' who commanded the *Iris* frigate, which was ordered round to Falmouth to take the duke on board, when he went out to Gibraltar as Governor, was, whimsically enough, embarrassed by this peculiarity of his royal highness, of which he was aware. The duke was walking the quarter-deck while the anchor was heaving. The men at the capstan were doing their work lazily, and Captain Hardy was getting irritably impatient, lest he should lose the wind. He spoke to them : "Come come, lads, heave away"—begged they would "be alive"—encouraged them to "get on"—and every now and then looked at the duke with a wistful eye, which spoke his thoughts in language as plain as that in which he longed to speak to his men. At last he could contain himself no longer ; bending down, and placing his hands to the sides of his mouth, as if he would interpose a barrier to any sidelong passage of his words, he called out, in a sort of suppressed *sotto voce* roar, " * * * * * your eyes ! why don't you move quicker ? " "Aye, aye, sir," was the answer from below ; and round went the capstan like a te-totum.

It is well known, that the Duke of Kent was recalled from Gibraltar, after he had been there two or three years, in consequence, as it was believed, of the mutinous spirit which prevailed among the troops in that place ; but I have reason to know, the duke himself *never* attributed his recal to that cause. It is true, a mutinous spirit did exist, and that at one time it threatened serious consequences, which were solely prevented by the firmness, intrepidity, and great presence of mind, displayed by his royal highness, when the misguided men rushed tumultuously into the court-

yard of the Convent (the head-quarters and residence of the governor), and called upon the duke to come out and show himself. He *did* come out ; and he *did* show himself ; and with a cool, fearless presence, faced the men, ordering them to ground their arms, and to march back to their barracks ; which they obeyed, perfectly overawed and confounded by the intrepidity and martial air of their commander. It was a rash, ill-contrived affair. The men themselves scarcely knew wherefore they had embarked in it : and it appeared, afterwards (if I remember rightly) that their project extended no further than to put his royal highness safely on board a vessel and send him back to England. What they were to do next, when they had accomplished this exploit, they had not given themselves the trouble to consider.

There was one curious circumstance connected with this business, which is worth relating. Many years before, when his royal highness was serving with his regiment in Canada, as Prince Edward, a soldier belonging to it was tried by a court martial, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot, for having either actually attempted, or been guilty of meditating the attempt (but I think the former), to take away the life of his royal highness. The culprit was led out to undergo his sentence. All the solemn and appalling forms of a military execution were gone through, down to the moment when nothing remained but to give the fatal order for the platoon to fire ; but at *that* moment his royal highness advanced, bearing in his hand the king's pardon, which he had himself solicited from his royal father. He read it aloud to the overjoyed criminal, and followed it by a suitable admonition ; in the course of which he demanded whether he had ever done him any wrong, which should make him desirous of seeking his destruction. With tears in his eyes, and the language of fervent gratitude on his lips, he confessed he had no cause for doing what he had done. *This man* was a non-commissioned officer in a regiment at Gibraltar, when the Duke of Kent became governor of that fortress, and did no inconsiderable service in preventing many of his comrades from yielding to the feelings of irritation, which pro-

duced the mutinous scene I have mentioned, as well as in counteracting the mischiefs that actually took place.

These feelings of irritation were hardly to be wondered at. The duke's immediate predecessor as governor of Gibraltar, was General O'Hara; an old man, the laxity of whose discipline had been so great, that the civil inhabitants of the garrison could not show themselves without being more or less exposed to the outrages of an intoxicated and insolent soldiery, who were allowed to get drunk at pleasure, in the *black-strap* houses (wine-houses) which abounded in every quarter. One of the first acts almost, of the duke, when he arrived, was to reduce the number of these black-strap houses, and finally, to shut them up altogether, establishing regimental canteens, where the men were allowed to obtain only a fixed quantity of wine per day. This was, of course, a grievance to the soldiers; but the civil inhabitants hailed it as a blessing; as they did many other regulations which were ordered by his royal highness, to secure at all times a sufficient supply of meat and bread for the inhabitants, which had not before been the case.

Again: the duke was a rigid disciplinarian, and the troops in the garrison had been almost wholly released from discipline by General O'Hara. The sudden change from doing nothing, or doing what they liked, to regular parade duties, and regimental exercises, and the prohibition to indulge in any excesses, became another grievance. But the duke was inflexible; *perhaps* too inflexible, under the circumstances. It would have been less felt, had he gradually brought back the garrison to that state of discipline from which it had degenerated; he might then have gone on, and carried it to that high state of discipline in which it had never been, but which it was his delight to witness. The men complained; some refused, or neglected, to do what they were required; punishments were inflicted; and as a great proportion of the garrison was part of the army which had been with Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Egypt, the *feeling* was created, that men who had

fought bravely in the field were now, for the first time, disgraced by being flogged, because they were remiss, perhaps, in some trivial matter of military etiquette. But what was ultimately the consequence? A finer body of men, more perfect in all points of soldierly discipline, could not be found in the world, than the garrison of Gibraltar after a few months.

The officers fared no better than their men. I have repeatedly seen squads of ensigns, lieutenants, and even captains, performing the manual exercise on the parade, under the tuition of a drill sergeant. I dare say they thought it a very great hardship. But did they think it quite proper that an officer should be ignorant of that which it was his duty to see his men thoroughly understood? Of one thing they could not complain. They were required to do nothing by the duke, which the duke himself was not able to do. I have more than once seen him take a musket from the hands of a soldier in the ranks, and show him how he ought to perform his exercise; and march round the parade, under a burning sun, at the head of his own regiment (the Royals), when, as was generally the case once a-week, the whole garrison were called out to go through the evolutions of a grand field parade.

This strict and rigid discipline was not palatable to men who, as I have said, had been accustomed to the total relaxation of all order, under Gen. O'Hara. Hence the duke became, for a time, unpopular with his men, as every commander must be, who happens to be the first that makes his men do their duty. But it was only for a time. When they had become used to the new system, it was as easy (and easier, for order is always less troublesome than disorder) as the old one; while the beneficial effects of his general government were so deeply felt by the civil inhabitants of the garrison, that when he was recalled, they voted him a diamond star of the value of one thousand guineas, in testimony of their grateful sense of his services, and of their respect for, and admiration of, his character.*

* We shall, perhaps, resume this paper.

MY BROTHER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

My Brother ! O, my darling youth,
Thou from my heart art never :
The memory of thy love and truth,
I'll cherish it for ever.
I'll sing a farewell strain of thee,
Though chords of feeling tingle,
Though false the melody may be,
And tears with it may mingle.

My Brother ! On thy comely brow
Was manhood brightly painted ;
Thy brilliant eye, I see it now,
That spoke the soul untainted.
Thy bosom glow'd with ardour brave,
That danger could not smother,
Which open'd an untimely grave
For my dear, only brother.

My Brother ! When the storms of fate
With chilling blast swept o'er us,
Had mildew'd hope's young estimate,
And blighted all before us,
Thy youthful spirit unsubdued
Supplied the vigour wanted ;
And blazed with energy renew'd,
Unruffled and undaunted.

My Brother ! When the dye was cast,
That doom'd we two to sever,
A gloom was o'er my spirit cast,
Which now can leave it never.
But though in channels of the deep
Thy manly form reposes,
Thy spirit watch shall round me keep,
Till life's last evening closes.

My Brother ! Term, I'll aye revere ;
Is there on earth another,
To orphan maid so sweet, so dear,
As that of ONLY BROTHER ?
My stay, my joy, my bosom's pride,
A love so pure and holy,
Is quench'd, and all on earth beside,
Is hopeless melancholy.

Hopeless ? Ah no ! beyond the day
Of sinfulness and sorrow,
The gladsome spirit wings her way
To hail a brighter morrow.
My Brother ! may thy spirit here
Attend me morn and even ;
Until, through our Redeemer dear,
We win our way to heaven.

A WIDOW GENTLEWOMAN.

BY MISS MITFORD.

I HAVE never had much acquaintance with a country-town life, an ignorance which I regret exceedingly, not merely because such a life comprises so much of the intelligence, cultivation, and moral excellence of that most intelligent, cultivated, and excellent body of persons, the middle classes, as they are called, of England; but because, so far as authorship is concerned, it is decidedly the sphere which presents most novelty, and would be most valuable as affording a series of unhackneyed studies to an observer and delineator of common nature. To the novelist, indeed, an English provincial town offers ground almost untrodden; and the bold man who shall first adventure from the tempting regions of high life, or low life, or Irish life, or life abroad, or life in the olden times, into that sphere where he has hitherto found so many readers and so few subjects, will, if he write with truth and vividness, find his reward in the strong and clinging interest which we never fail to feel when every-day objects are presented to us under a new and striking form—the deep and genuine gratification excited by a union of the original and the familiar. But when will such an adventurer arise? Who shall dare to delineate the humours of an apothecary? or the parties of his wife? or the loves of his daughter? Who will have courage to make a hero of an attorney? or to throw a halo of imagination around the head of a country brewer? Alas! alas! until a grand literary reform shall take place, boroughs and county towns must be content to remain in obscurity, represented in the house indeed, but absolute nullities in the library.

My acquaintance with the subject, slight as I have acknowledged it to be, has the further disadvantage of being almost wholly recollective, referring to persons who have long passed away, and to a state of things which I suspect has no present existence—for in country towns, as in other places, society has been progressing (if I may borrow that expressive Americanism) at a very rapid rate, for the last twenty years, and when I go into the goodly streets of B. (where I still possess some younger friends) I

cannot help looking around me and wondering whether the very race of my old acquaintance be not extinct with the individuals, or whether there be still a class of respectable elderly gentlewomen, who, with no apparent object or interest in life, do yet contrive to live, and happily, by the help of a little innocent gossiping, and a great deal of visiting and cards.

One of the most notable specimens of this class that I recollect—and I remember her as long as I can remember any thing—was my mother's old friend Mrs. Nicholls. She was the childless widow of a former vicar of St. John's parish in B., and her husband's successor residing on another living, and the curate, a single man, preferring to board with a friend in the town, she still retained possession of the vicarage house, in which she had presided for so many years, and which a limited but sufficient income enabled her to keep up on a small but comfortable scale. The house, indeed, was not of a sort to make any serious demands on her purse. It was a low, dark, dingy dwelling, situate in an angle between St. John's church and the lofty town-hall, the windows of which overtopped the very chimneys; enclosed within high walls, and looking out into a triangular court, where a few dusty poplars and yellow frostbitten laurels combined to exclude the daylight from the little low rooms, whose small heavy sashes, of a glass older and thicker than common, afforded another protection against the beams of the blessed sun. The parlour in which she usually sat had also a triangular appearance, resulting from the chimney being placed in one corner—the little chimney faced with tiny Dutch tiles, divided by a small low brass fender, from a narrow hearth-rug of Mrs. Nicholls's own work, the lion rampant in the middle of which was particularly like a sandy cat, and fronted by a very dark, very bright, very old-fashioned mahogany table, hardly large enough to hold the frame in which she performed her worsted embroidery. The opposite corner mounted a beaufet, adorned with ornamental glass and china in various states of preservation;

one side boasted an old settee, and another an indescribable piece of furniture called a commode, consisting of three drawers of dark mahogany, perched upon long legs, and surmounted by four shelves enclosed within glass doors, and containing a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends, one half-shelf being filled with books, Fordyce's Sermons, Young's Night Thoughts, Mrs. Glass's Cookery, and other works placed there for show and use, and the rest filled with a stuffed parrot, a shell-work grotto, some specimens of spars and ores, particularly dusty, and a curious collection of filigree.

The usual inhabitants of this apartment were Mrs. Nicholls, a huge overgrown dame, dressed in a style which twenty years ago had been twenty years out of fashion, with powdered hair and fly-caps and lappets, and a black lace tippet, looking exactly like a head-dress cut out of an old pocket-book, all bustle and speechifying, and fidget and fuss; and a very sedate, demure, pale, sallow little woman (every thing in the house was on a small scale except its mistress), whom Mrs. Nicholls called Madge, but whose name was Miss Day, and who filled an equivocal post in the household, half handmaiden and half companion—or rather who performed the duties of both offices—dressing her lady, waiting upon her, combing her dog, and making up caps, lappets, and tippets, in the former capacity; and writing her notes, reading her to sleep, sitting with her and listening to her (for with reply, or any thing that implied talking, Miss Day had little to do), in the latter.

There they dwelt, Mrs. Nicholls and Miss Day, with the dog Viper, an astonishingly ugly terrier, most unnaturally fat, a little footboy in clerical livery, and an ancient maid of all work—there they lived patterns of decorum, (even the boy Tom, and Viper the terrier, were most staid and orderly specimens of their usually obstreperous class);—there they lived, with a regularity so punctual, that they might have set the church clock, had that important functionary been out of order, and the sun unwilling to present himself. At half-past seven they rose, at eight they breakfasted, at three they dined, at six they drank tea, at half-past six they sat down to cards, at half-past nine the

pool (for quadrille was the game) finished as by instinct, and at ten precisely they went to bed. As the watchman called half-past ten they lay down, and before he cried eleven the whole household, from Mrs. Nicholls to Viper, might be fairly presumed to be at rest.

Sunday made little variation in this routine, except the episode of going to church, the change in the dinner-hour from three to half-past one, and the substitution of Miss Day's reading the late Doctor's MS. sermons during the time which, on the other six days, was devoted to quadrille. The stock of sermons was not very large; and three hours reading, weekly, soon got through them; but Mrs. Nicholls, to whom Miss Day once humbly and submissively suggested Blair, would by no manner of means consent to a change: and the good lady was right; she had been used to go to sleep to these sermons in the time of her late husband, of happy memory, and knew their quality. Blair might have kept her awake.

For the rest, Mrs. Nicholls was a good woman and a kind, fond of Viper, civil to her acquaintance, and tolerably considerate towards Miss Day; who, for as little as she looked like the heroine of a novel, had that prime requisite of one, which consists in being in love; though whether that phrase may be applied to a twenty years' attachment, for such was the date of Miss Day's engagement to Mr. Thomas Brown, writing-master in B., and parish-clerk of St. John's, may be doubtful. If fortune frowned, Mrs. Nicholls did not. She asked him how he did every Sunday, invited him to take a glass of wine every Christmas-day, and presented him with a kettle-holder of her own best worsted work, as a token of favour and remembrance.

In the duties of acquaintanceship Mrs. Nicholls was pre-eminent. Never was woman so regular in paying and returning visits, whether morning or evening—in sending to inquire after the sick, to condole on deaths, and congratulate on marriages. At the very moment prescribed by etiquette (the etiquette of a country town many years ago), the rat tat tat of the little footboy was heard at the door, and the pit-a-pat of the clogs, or the heavy clump of the sedan-chair—a much more dignified conveyance for a dowager of weight in

the world than any of the race of flies, whether horse-fly or man-fly—resounded in the passage. She was the very pattern of all acquaintance.

But visiting, although it was much to her, was not quite all; she had something more of the salt of life to season her summer and winter worsted-work, in the shape of two sentiments, both excellent as preservatives from *ennui*—a close and ancient friendship, and a gentle, harmless, innocent, gentlewomanly, Mrs. Grundy sort of hatred. Nobody that had the honour of belonging to Mrs. Nicholls's society, but must have heard of Mrs. Quelch, her aversion, and Lady Taylor, her friend. Mrs. Quelch was not, as in the course of things it seemed right that she should have been, her next neighbour; on the contrary, she lived fifty miles off, so completely out of the way, that it really seemed surprising how Mrs. Nicholls could manage to pick up, as pick up she did, so many stories about her; of the number of new bonnets she bought in the year, and the number of servants she turned away—how she was cross to the governess, and spoiled the children—and how, above all, she prevented the doctor (for Mrs. Quelch was the wife of the then vicar of St. John's, and in some circumstance arising from that juxta-position, had arisen Mrs. Nicholls's enmity) from increasing Thomas Brown's salary, and giving a new gown to the sexton. Well! hatred and malice are, generally speaking, very bad things, and far be it from me to enter into a general vindication of them. But in this particular instance I cannot help having a leaning towards the "simple sin," for it was certainly a great comfort and amusement to Mrs. Nicholls, and could do Mrs. Quelch no harm, that lady being, as I have good cause to believe, happily ignorant that such a sentiment was entertained towards her by the ex-vicereass of St. John's, and for the most part, I fear, entirely oblivious of the very existence of the personage in question. Why might not Mrs. Nicholls hate Mrs. Quelch? especially as her expression of the feeling, and sometimes its affected suppression, were by far the most amusing parts of her conversation.

Her friendship for Lady Taylor,

although more amiable in itself, was, as far as her acquaintance were concerned, a much greater evil. Lady Taylor's name, and Lady Taylor's news, and Lady Taylor's letters, were bores of the first magnitude. There was no escaping them either. It was impossible. As soon as you entered, she began with the name, and then she told you the news, and then (incredible barbarity!) after having told you every syllable of the contents, she inflicted on you the epistles in full—such epistles too! Lady Taylor seems to have been that astounding person a sensible woman, a good sort of sensible woman! and her letters were those tremendous compositions called sensible letters, well-written letters, excellent letters! words of praise which, being translated, are commonly found to signify the most elaborate specimens of dullness that are to be found out of print. Her ladyship's epistles might pass for lessons on the art of amplification. It was wonderful how little meaning she could contrive to spread over four pages. They wanted even the seasoning of malice. Doubtless Mrs. Nicholls's answers were more amusing—she had Mrs. Quelch to hate. I know no harm of Lady Taylor, poor woman, but I never saw one of her neat-looking packets franked by her son Sir John (doubtless the son's M.P.-ship had tended to make his mamma epistolary), emerge from her correspondent's huge pocket without wishing them both in the Red Sea.

In other respects Mrs. Nicholls's conversation was pretty much like that of other elderly gentlewomen. She talked of her good husband the doctor, and showed his portrait in a ring—a faded miniature in full canonicals—displaying at the same time a chalk drawing of herself as a shepherdess, which had been taken at the same period by an artist of similar talent. She praised the weather of her youth, and abused that of the present time, as every body begins to do who has turned the point of forty; she was afraid of the opposition, and attached to the ministry; did not like the taxes, but hated the French; disliked new fashions; deprecated late hours; always petted Viper, and sometimes snubbed Miss Day.

DIDO'S SISTER.

If faithful heart e'er beat within a woman's breast, 'twas there,
Shaded by that white robe, and those long locks of golden hair :
If ever passion weigh'd the lid over a sunny eye,
There was a something here which said she loved devotedly !

There was a shade upon the brow, and yet it was not gloom,
It wore its beauty still, like flow'rs robb'd but of their perfume ;
There was a motion in the lip which told its office well,
'Twas voiceless pray'r so deep that none its breath could syllable.

There was a sorrow at the heart—a sorrow in the eye—
And yet 'twas woe to which she clung fondly and fearfully ;
It was a dream of by-past days, the vision of a sun
Which pass'd to gladden other skies, regardless of her own.

There is a grief which does not kill—such was that ladye's grief—
There is a woe which cannot weep when tears would bring relief—
That ladye's eye had never wept, but still she breathed the pray'r
For him to whom her heart was giv'n—whose image yet was there.

I would not be the perjured one who claim'd that orison,
No, not to win a coronal would I now be that one !
I've look'd on many a courtly dame, but never spell was there
Like that which lit *this* ladye's eye, and moved her lip in pray'r.

S. S.

GHOST GOSSIPS AT BOGLE HALL,

DURING THE COMMONWEALTH ; OR, TRADITIONS OF THE WORLD OF SHADOWS.

It was a large Gothic room, with high narrow windows, massy beams, and a wainscot of richly carved oak, in which they were sitting. The sun had gone down ; but there was a clear balmy twilight in the sky, such as frequently succeeds the close of day in fine autumnal weather. As the shadows of evening thickened, many timid and fearful glances were cast round the gloomy chamber, in half anticipation of beholding some of the awful and mysterious things about which they had been discoursing. Even Reginald Glenluce lowered his voice as he concluded the strange narrative he was telling.

" I knew them well," said he, " both father and son ; and many a time I have heard them relate the circumstance. They were returning home from Lanbadarn ; and just as they arrived at a place called *Two Mile Cross*, the moon shining brightly at the time, they saw the four men in gray clothes and black bonnets, standing round a corpse in a windingsheet. They were so horribly frightened, that, not knowing what to do

or say, they stood still ; but a fierce mastiff dog they had with them, called *Lion*, went barking up to the corpse, which lay in the middle of the road ; when one of the four men coaxing him near enough, made the sign of the cross upon his head, and the poor brute never barked again, nor so much as wagged his tail ; nay, more strange still, he had not power to move, though his master whistled to him, with tears in his eyes, being fond of the beast."

" And what did they do ?" inquired Hoodless Oliver.

" They stood still, and did nothing, except staring, out of their wits, at the ghastly sight," replied Glenluce.

" Did they see any thing more ?" asked his sister Margaret.

" Aye," said Glenluce, " and more than they would ever tell. At last, the old man, that is Michael Mathie's father, began to repeat the *White Paternoster*, and then the whole vanished, *Lion* and all"—

" What ! the dog ?" exclaimed Mrs. Trevanion, " poor dumb creature ! I

never heard of such a thing in all my life."

"That very day twelvemonth," continued Glenluce, "old Mark Mathie died; and the night before he was buried, his son Michael, going into the room where the body lay, he saw the identical four men, in the same gray clothes, and black bonnets, standing at each corner of his father's coffin."

"The Lord bless us!" cried Mrs. Trevanion. "Was ever the like of that?"

"I don't believe a word of it," said Hoodless Oliver, looking round the room as if he believed every word of it.

"You don't believe a word of it?" repeated Mrs. Trevanion; "You, Hoodless Oliver, who know what happened to your own brother Robert, after he lost that God's-gift, as I always called her, his first wife. I'll just tell you," she continued, addressing the rest, "how that affair befel; for I had the whole of it from Joshua Chaplain, Robert's bosom friend, who was present at the time."

They drew their chairs a little closer together, and Mrs. Trevanion began:

"The flowers had not withered, which his children had planted on their mother's grave, ere Robert wooed Jane Acheson for his bride; and nothing would content him, but he must take Joshua Chaplain with him one evening to see her. While they were all together in a small room that had only one window, and as Robert and Jane were conversing by themselves, with their backs to it, Joshua, casting his eyes about, saw the body and face of the dead wife, looking in upon Robert from the window. 'Robert,' said he, 'what is that?' Robert looked, and there was the buried woman lifting up her hands, as it seemed, and trying, but in vain, to take off the grave-clothes from her head. She was just as she went to the churchyard, only her eyes were open, and they seemed to say, 'Robert! the worm hath not yet bred in my flesh, and hast thou forgotten me? The moon that shone upon my grave the first night I lay in it, hath not yet left the heavens, and art thou betrothing thyself to another?' You may be sure it was a troublous thing for Robert; a dismal visitation, though he well deserved it; for a sweeter creature never lived than Susan Oliver, nor one more worthy to be had in sorrowful

remembrance by a husband, to the hour of his own death. But we are few of us mindful of the mercies we receive, and none of us, I fear, deserving of them. However, as I was saying, Robert found it a troublous thing to see the dead woman looking in upon him, and with such gentle complaint, and striving to remove the grave-clothes from her head as if she meant—but good Lord! how is it possible for me, or any one to know what the poor creature meant? Jane Acheson gave a screech and fainted; while Robert rushed out of the house like one possessed. And what you will hardly credit, for how could it be? you'll say—but it is a positive fact, nevertheless—he descended four flights of stairs without so much as touching one of them with the sole of his foot. When he got home (nobody could tell how), he took to his bed, and kept it for three days, with no more speech in him all that time than if he had been born mute; yet he knew every thing that was said and done. Now wouldn't you think this was enough to put an end to his wooing?"

"I know he should have come wooing to me no more, had I been Jane Acheson," said Margaret Glenluce.

"And I know it would have been a difficult matter to *make me* go wooing again, had I been Robert," said Reginald Glenluce.

"Aye," observed Hoodless Oliver, who did not half like this telling of his brother's story; "but Robert loved Jane Acheson, and what can hold back love? Nothing in this world—"

"Nor in the other either, with some folks," interrupted Mrs. Trevanion; "for no sooner was Robert come to his speech, than he inquired for Jane; aye, and the next thing he did was to go and see her; though as he was putting on his shoes his dead wife appeared again, walking slowly across his room, in her ordinary dress as when alive, and saying, as she vanished at the door, 'Robert, Robert, will you not come to me?' 'No,' said Robert, and I wish you would not come to me! That was his very speech, trying to laugh, as if he would bravado it, and not be frightened a second time; but I guess it wasn't long before he found it a venturesome thing to play wag with a ghost. I have heard he never told Jane Acheson of this second

visit ; and I hope he didn't, for she was a prudent, well-behaved girl in the main ; and though it was bad enough to listen to him at all, so soon after the death of his wife, and worse to persist, knowing what she knew, it would have been a crowning sin to go to church, had she been truly warned of every thing."

"What ! were they married?" exclaimed Margaret Glenluce.

"Yes, indeed were they," answered Mrs. Trevanion, "and that, too, within a month after what I have just been telling. But it had an awful ending ! When Robert went to put on the ring, a long, cold, skeleton finger, with the worms crawling over it, stood in his way ; he tried all he could, but still that long, cold, skeleton finger was ready for the ring instead of Jane's ; he said nothing, though the minister, and Jane herself, and all who were present, wondered to see how he trembled, and turned as white as any snow-drift, while the perspiration fell in large drops from his forehead. At last—I never heard how—he got the ring on, and then the ceremony proceeded, and they left the church, lawfully married, if church rites can make that lawful which a voice from the grave forbids."

"Do you know what happened afterwards, Mrs. Trevanion?" inquired Mr. Pendlebury, who had not spoken for the last hour.

"Ah !" replied the old lady, "I have reason to remember what did happen, for—"

"Christ ! what is that?" exclaimed Reginald Glenluce.

"What?" repeated by all in the same tone of alarm.

"That !" rejoined Reginald, pointing to the opposite end of the room.

"How very foolish you are, brother, to frighten one so," said Margaret ; "it is only Muff scratching to get out. Muff, Muff—poor Muff, come here, Muff."

"Curse that tom-cat," continued Reginald, "he was nearly the death of me last night. Somehow or other he was shut up in the old oak chest behind the arras in my bed-room, and after I had put my candle out, he began making such a clatter that I thought it was I didn't know what. I always fancy cats look like familiars of the devil—get out with you !"

So saying, he rose to assist Muff in making his exit ; but it was entirely owing to Muff's own agility and sagacity (as if he had understood every word Reginald said) that he did so without receiving the salutation prepared for him, as he elevated his tail, and rushed through the cautiously opened door into the long gallery.

This little incident, which was turned into a laugh at Reginald's expense (though at first they were all as much terrified as himself nearly), delayed for some minutes the continuation of Mrs. Trevanion's story ; but at length the old lady resumed it.

"As I was saying, I have reason to remember what happened after their marriage. Poor Jane Acheson, or Jane Oliver rather, for so she had a right to be called, came to me one sabbath morning, wringing her hands and weeping sorrowfully, 'What ails thee, girl?' said I. 'A bride but yesterday, as it were, and in tribulation !' Lord ! Lord ! what a tale she had to tell ! and how it would grieve your hearts to hear it if I could remember it."

"What !" don't you remember it?" said Reginald, in a tone of impatient disappointment.

"Aye, aye, well enough in the main," replied Mrs. Trevanion, "but not exactly as Jane told it me. However, I recollect how she began, after I had made her take a little cherry brandy to cheer her. She said she was sitting with Robert the evening before, when all at once he was seized with a burning pain in his side, as if it had been whipped with nettles, or stabbed with needles ; that afterwards he raved about apparitions which presented themselves, and vanished again immediately. Then he said he saw a table spread with dainties, and heard a voice, as if from under the table, saying '*Eat, and take thy fill !*' And then he saw gold and precious things lying on the table, and the same voice saying, '*Take, thou shalt have all the riches thou wilt.*'"

"He must have been just mad, crazed, out of his wits," interrupted Mr. Pendlebury.

"He was just no such thing," exclaimed Mrs. Trevanion, and then added, slowly and solemnly, "he was just possessed—a demoniac—Satan had gotten hold of him—and soon began his

strange and dreadful actings in his body; and all the prayers and fastings of many godly ministers, and divers other pious people, myself among them, could never dispossess him. Oh, it was a terrible sight to see him!"

"It is getting so very dark, Mrs. Trevanion," said Mr. Pendlebury, "that I cannot see *you*; hadn't we better have a light?"

"We can hear if we can't see," observed Hoodless Oliver sullenly; "and I suppose we are not afraid of my brother coming to tell his own story."

"There is nothing to be afraid of," said Margaret Glenluc in a whisper; "but I am sure it is dark enough for candles;" and touching her brother Reginald's elbow, she told him to ring the bell, which he would no doubt have done, had he not perceived that his friend Hoodless Oliver was nearer to the antique fireplace than himself.

"You were saying it was a terrible sight to see him," said Mr. Pendlebury, addressing Mrs. Trevanion, when the candles were brought: "What was it like?"

"Like nothing I had ever seen before, or have ever seen since," replied Mrs. Trevanion, shaking her head. "It was sore against my will I returned with Jane, after she had described Robert's situation; but I could not deny her, poor thing. When I went into the room, there he was, with six strong men trying to hold him down on the floor, while he kept screaming out *have done! have done!* yet his lips never moved, and his tongue was rolled into a lump within his mouth; while his eyeballs were turned backward, so that he seemed stark blind. Presently he lay quite still, as if he were dead; and then, all at once, his body raised itself without its natural use of arms or legs, bearing up with it those who leaned on him to hold him. In this state, sometimes in raging fits, sometimes in dead ones, when his breathing would not damp a looking glass, he continued eleven days; and on the eleventh day died horribly, in the gripe of the evil one."

"Pish!" exclaimed Hoodless Oliver, "my brother Robert had a brain fever; he died of that; nothing else."

"The Lord forgive thee, Hoodless," said Mrs. Trevanion—"the Lord forgive

thee! you were gone a voyage to Lisbon at the time, and did not see him: but I did. Besides, did not the minister hold parley with Satan? and did not Satan answer him, in my hearing?"

"Is it possible?" said Mr. Pendlebury.

"It is not only possible, but the fact," replied the old lady. "I can tell you what the minister said, and what Satan said, for the exact words of both made themselves remembered. 'If thou beest a devil,' quoth Mr. Frankland (that was the minister's name)—'If thou beest a devil that troublest this young man's body, as I suppose thou art, I tell thee thou art in chains, fastened on thee by God's wrath.' Then how the demoniac did gnash, and shake, and rage, sometimes in words clustered thick together, sometimes in an inarticulate clatter, and sometimes in a distinct but foreign or unknown language. Two different voices spoke in him at once; one hollow and very hideous, the other shrill and screaming. At last, he cried out in English, '*Frankland, Frankland, dost thou understand me? construe me this; tell me in English what it is I have been speaking,*' and with a horrid fleeing grin on his countenance, he seemed to laugh at the minister, adding '*Frankland, now have I puzzled thee, with all thy scholarship.*' Whereupon, the minister gently said, 'I am never the worse scholar for being ignorant of the devil's rhetoric, and unlearned in the language of hell. But oh! how sad is thine heart in the midst of that ugly laughter which thou counterfeitest but poorly. Ah, poor fiend! for all thy grinning and rodomontades, I'd not be in thy plight for a thousand worlds!' While the minister was speaking, Robert—yet not Robert, but Satan within him, hectoring as in great derision of him; and played all sorts of wild tricks and sportive frolics."

"As how, Mrs. Trevanion?" said Mr. Pendlebury.

"As thus," answered Mrs. Trevanion. "The floor on which he lay was strewn with rushes, to save his bones from being broken when he was in his strong fits. These rushes he gathered up, and handled as if they were a pack of cards, acting the carding gamester to the life; then he used them as if they were dice

—and who so expert in throwing the die as he? Then he managed the rushes as if they were bowls, and he playing at bowls, with all the postures and eagerness of a bowler. And yet, it was well known Robert was as ignorant of cards, dice, and bowls as I am. But mark how the minister tackled Satan while he was at these sports: ‘Now, angel,’ quoth he, ‘now where is all thy dazzling grandeur? What’s become of thy pompous magnificence, thy ample state among the potentates and powers, among the crowned grandees of mighty Lucifer? How didst thou strut loftily in thy glittering pride, and scatter abroad thy appalling glories! What! is thy towering crest now fallen—and that so low as to such froth, flash, and noise? And can thy proud stomach stoop to personate a merry-andrew? What little peddling knacks wilt thou next entertain us with? Art thou not a notable dealer in Maypole rounds, rush-burys, morrice-dances, Whitsun ales, and midnight revels? Oh! how well it becomes thy haughty stateliness thus vilely to sneak to such mimical apishness and basest mummeries.’ I warrant he gave it Satan well,” continued Mrs. Trevanion, “and I warrant, too, the touchiest pretender to the nicest punctilios of imaginary honours was never so sensible to the grossest affronts as the devil was at this discourse. One while he seemed boiling with indignation and disdain; at another, hanging down his head as if covered with shame; till at last he gave it up, and Robert sunk into a dead fit; in very truth a dead fit; for he never came out of it, till he was next day seized with death’s agonies, in the which, as I have said, he died horribly. Now this was what came of his playing wag with the apparition of his first wife. But why Satan should have taken her part is more than I can tell. I only know he did; and the Lord knows best how it has since fared with Robert.”

“It is a foolish piece of presumption,” said Mr. Pendlebury, “to despise or trifle with warnings thus conveyed; as my venerable friend, Nicholas Walley, formerly of Grange House, Shropshire, but now of Cambridge, can testify.”

“What happened to him?” inquired Margaret and Reginald at the same mo-

ment; and the group drew their chairs closer round Mr. Pendlebury, eager for a new wonder.

“I must begin by telling you,” said he, “that when the Reformation first showed itself under Luther, that great man wrote a book, which he called his *Mensalia*, or Table Talk. This work was so prodigiously conducive to the spreading of the Protestant religion throughout Germany, that each church, where its doctrines were taught, had one chained in it, that so all who chose might read it. But after a time, the pope and the emperor commanded them all to be burnt, which command was so diligently executed, that only one copy escaped. This one was found, many years afterwards, concealed in an old wall, by a gentleman of Strasburg, who being a learned man, and well acquainted with my friend Nicholas Walley, whose fame had spread beyond his own country, sent it to him, with an earnest desire that he would translate it for the benefit of his countrymen. Mr. Walley promised to do so; but one matter and another continually hindering him, one night there appeared, standing by his bed-side, he being then wide awake, an ancient man, all in white, with a snowy beard descending to his girdle, who took him sharply by the right ear.—“Sirrah!” said he, “wilt thou not find time to translate that book which has been sent to thee out of Germany? If thou do not, I will shortly provide thee both with time and place for doing it.” My friend was sorely frightened; yet, not heeding visions, the book again slipped out of his mind, when lo! a warrant from the king’s council-board laid him in prison, where he remained three years before he was allowed to know wherefore. These three years he spent in translating the *Mensalia*; and as he was writing the last page, about midnight, by an almost expiring lamp, the same ancient man appeared again, standing before him at the table.—“I told thee,” said he, “I would provide thee with time and place for thy labour. Now will I provide thee also with thy liberty.” He then vanished, leaving my friend in even greater fear and astonishment than at his first visit. However, the very next day came down an order for him to go before his judges, where he made his

innocence, of that wherewith he had been secretly and falsely accused, so manifest, that he was forthwith released from prison."

"There can be no manner of doubt," observed Mr. Randall, a gray-headed diminutive old man, with a thin voice, sharp features, and dull blue eyes deep seated beneath a pair of bushy beetling eyebrows, "there can be no manner of doubt that a mysterious intercourse does exist between us and the creatures of an invisible world; but the manner in which it is permitted to be carried on is as infinitely various as the purposes for which it is permitted. Your story," he continued, addressing himself to Mr. Pendlebury, "reminds me of a beautiful instance of this communion of spiritual with mortal natures, which was related to me by a bishop of the reformed church, when I was myself in Germany, now some five-and-thirty years ago. I remember, too, there were several circumstances which at the time made me suspect the narrator was the object of his own story; but he never confessed as much. I will give it, as nearly as I can, in his manner.—'A great divine,' said he, 'once prayed to God, for the space of eight years, that it might be his good pleasure to direct him to a man who could teach him the true way to virtue. At length, when he was one day praying fervently, he heard a voice which seemed to come from heaven, saying to him, 'Go unto such a church-porch, and there shalt thou see a man who will instruct thee in spiritual life.' Immediately he rose from his knees, and walking toward the said church, he saw a poor beggar, whose feet were filthy and foul, and all naked, and whose clothes were not worth a halfpenny, whom he thus saluted: 'God give thee good morrow, my friend.' The poor man answered, 'Sir, I do not remember that I ever had an evil morrow.' The divine then said, 'God give you a good and happy life.' 'Wherefore say you that?' quoth the beggar; 'for I was never unhappy.' The divine, not understanding this, said to him again, 'God bless you, my friend! I pray you speak a little more clearly, for I know not what you mean.' Then the poor beggar thus answered him: 'Good master doctor, I shall do it willingly. You know you bade me good morrow; whereunto I

replied that I had never any evil morrow; for, when I have hunger, I praise God; if it freeze, hail, rain, snow, be it fair or foul, I give praise to God; though I be poor, miserable, and despised of all, I give thanks unto God; and therefore I had never any evil morrow. You did wish unto me, also, a good and happy life; whereunto I made you answer, that I was never unfortunate, because I have learned always to resign myself unto the will of God, being certain that all his works cannot but be very good; hence, all that happeneth to me by his permission, be it prosperity or adversity, sweet or sour, I receive it as from his own hand with great joy and comfort; and therefore I am never unfortunate, because I never desire any thing but the good pleasure of God!' The doctor, learning from these answers that a true resignation, accompanied with a profound humility of heart, is the shortest way to attain unto the love of God, asked the beggar 'who it was that had brought him to so great perfection?' and the beggar answered, 'it was *silence*; mine own high and lofty meditations, by means whereof I found out my God, who will comfort me world without end.'

"That this supposed beggar," observed Mr. Randall in conclusion, "was no creature of earthly mould, but a phantom only in the semblance of a man, sent by God himself to reward the long and sincere supplications of a faithful servant, cannot, I think, be questioned."

"You will think it strange," said Hoodless Oliver, "that I, who laugh at all these things, and do not believe there ever was, or ever will be a ghost—why do you pluck me thus by the jerkin?" he continued, addressing Reginald Glenduce, who sat next him.

"I plucked you not," replied Reginald.

"Surely you or some one did," observed Hoodless, "and with a stout pull too."

"On my troth," answered Reginald, "it was not I; and it could be no one else, for Margaret is sitting a good foot or two from thee."

"Well, rejoined Oliver, laughing, "then I suppose *that* was the freak of some hoppingollop goblin—"

"Don't be fool-hardy and vain-glo-

rious," said Mrs. Trevanion, looking round the room.

"As I was saying," continued Oliver, "you'll think it strange that I, who do not believe—"

"Now don't use those words again, or may be you'll be again plucked by the jerkin," said Mrs. Trevanion, interrupting him.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Hoodless.

"You may pooh as much as you like, Hoodless," continued the old lady, "but I warn you to be discreet. It is for your own good, and all our comforts;

for it is impossible to say what may happen if you are too dareful."

"Well," resumed Oliver, "then I will only say that I once saw a ghost myself, and a rare hurly-burly he made before I saw him. Shall I tell you all about it?"

Margaret and her brother were for having it at once; but Mrs. Trevanion, Mr. Pendlebury, and Mr. Randall, were of opinion that as it was getting late, they would hear Oliver's story next morning at breakfast.

NAPHTAL.

"WEEP NOT FOR ME."

BY INCOGNITA.

"Weep not for me," said the blue-eye'd Medora,

"Weep for the mother, who mourns for her son;

If you have tears then, my kind hearted Nora,

Shed them, oh shed them, for her who has none!"

"Yet how I loved him!" She sobb'd, wildly seizing

The hand that would wreath the black crape in her hair;

"But tears come in torrents, my bursting heart easing,

Then tremble for that tearless sorrower there."—

There sate that mother, the fresh morning found her,

Still grasping the tidings which told that her son,

The tie, the sole tie, that to this sad world bound her,

Was slain,—and that she was a desolate one!—

That morning's fresh breezes new tidings waft over,

Who heeds them, those tidings of glory and joy?

The lovely affianced, who mourns for her lover?

The desolate mother, bereaved of her boy?

Oh no! but young Nora, tho' poor and dependent,

Is rich in a heart, to a brave soldier true;

She seized those despatches, and blushing resplendent,

Shrieked "Lady, *he* lives!—and my master lives too!"

"Where is his mother?" Medora cried, throwing

Her beautiful form at that pale mourner's feet;

"Joy, for he lives! and the tears that are flowing

From the eyes of his destined one, lady, are sweet!"

"Who says he lives?" cried that mother, "Oh! hear her,

Who would a desolate widow deceive?"

"I say he lives," cried a martial voice near her,

Mother! Medora! look up, and believe."

Ye, who have said that this world has no pleasure,

Gaze on that mother who weeps o'er her boy;

Gaze on that maiden who smiles on her treasure,

And own that on earth there is fulness of joy!

THE OCEAN-WANDERER.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—*Shakspeare.*

I KNOW not what was my crime—I am ignorant if I was even accused of one—but at midnight men stood beside my bed, and around it; and my narrow chamber was filled with dusky forms, seen dimly athwart the darkness. Shapes of fear they were, armed, and strong, and tall in the shadow; and their heavy weapons struck discordantly and harshly on the oaken floor, as they moved silently about the chamber. I strove to speak, but I could not; my tongue seemed parched, and clave to my fevered palate: fear had paralyzed my energies, and I could not move a limb. I had little time to struggle with the terror which pressed upon my spirit; a strong grasp raised me from my pallet, and busy hands were already folding my garments round me; they put my turban on my head, and fastened it beneath my chin with the chain which had sustained my dagger; my arms were pinned tightly behind my back, and secured by my own costly scarf—that scarf which I had bound in pride about me, when I last visited Ameyda. What a vision did that memory conjure up! I was about to be borne I knew not whither—the hour would come when she would look for me again—when she would have tied the silver bells about her slender ancles, and scattered perfumes in her hair—when she would lean from her latticed casement, to listen for my coming step, and hear only the breath of the evening wind sighing among the roses and the lotus-flowers—her lute would be silent, and her heart heavy; for her loved one might not stand beneath her window in the starlight, or look with her upon the moon! These thoughts swept hurriedly over my soul like the winged steed of Mahomet through a stormy sky—I struggled, but the effort came too late—I was lifted from the earth: a heavy mantle folded round me, and flung rudely across a war-horse which was guided by a strong hand—away we flew like the wind! and shrouded as I was, I distinguished the hoof-clang of many steeds, and the hoarse tones of their

riders, urging them to yet greater speed. As I lay panting across the animal which bore me, the coarse covering pressed rudely upon my mouth and nostrils, and I sickened for air; for awhile I was senseless, and when at length I again breathed freely, the wind of an autumnal evening was fanning my brow like the breath of a Houri, or the wing of a Peri. I thought that I had wakened in Paradise, and I hastily looked up, to meet the dark eyes which were to welcome me to the everlasting bowers—I gave but one glance, ere I again closed my aching lids: I was surrounded by dark forms—they pressed closely about me, and a crowd of turbaned heads were turned towards me, as if awaiting my restoration to consciousness. A deep murmur ran through the throng as I looked up—again a strong hand lifted me from the earth—I involuntarily gazed once more around—we were standing on a dark rock, and the wide sea, in all its might and its mystery, was beneath us. I gave one frenzied shriek, it was the voice of my agony, as I hung in air for an instant in the grasp of that giant hand! As the scream died away, a deep voice sounded in my ear—the words were seared into my heart—how often since that moment have I uttered them with the laugh of partial insanity, or the hollow tone of reckless despair, when none were near to listen—"Be the sea thy home—the grave which it offers to others, it shall refuse to thee—for seven long years shalt thou float on, and on—earth shall fly from thee, and the inhabitants of earth shall reject thy fellowship—thou shalt look on forms that thou hast loved, and hearken to tones which have been dear to thee—thou shalt look, and listen, and it shall avail thee nothing!" A hoarse laugh from the assembled crowd followed closely on the awful words; and ere the discordant mirth had wholly subsided, He who held me strode yet nearer to the edge of the dark rock. Instinctively I closed my eyes—a sickness as of death came over me—there was another yell of fiendish joy—another

hellish mockery of mirth—a sudden fall—a loud plash—and I was floating like a corse upon the waters——

Oh! the agony of that moment!—I writhed—I struggled—I strove to wrench away the bonds which bound my arms—but at every heave of my tortured body, at every spasm of my fettered strength, I but sank deeper into the wave; and as I rose again exhausted and panting to the surface, I threw back the salt water from my mouth and nostrils in nauseous streams. As the breeze swept over me, I caught the breath of flowers, the scents of earth! but I heard also the clattering hoof-strokes of the demon-train who had borne me to the coast, rapidly returning to the city. My heart swelled almost to bursting, and had not my brain been scorched, I could have wept. I looked up—the gray twilight was deepening around me—wretch as I was, *this* alone was wanting to complete my misery! *Night* was gathering in the sky—the dark, long, fearful night—I cast my eyes despairingly on either side; in one direction, the tall rock from which I had been hurled rose bleak and frowning, while the waters chafed and bellowed at its base, and the light spray fell back, far across the waves, like rain: as I gazed, distant and twinkling lights appeared in many a chasm, and I knew that they betokened the habitations of men. I could see in my mind's eye the narrow hearth of the fisherman, peopled by his children, and their mother; and again I buffeted the waters, and felt half a maniac as I struggled with my bonds. Night thickened around me, and the murky clouds gathered like the sable wings of the angel Azrael; not a star was in the sky, and the moon looked not upon the earth, or across the sea, where I lay like a log upon the waters. The wind freshened, and I felt that I was rapidly borne away from the land: there was a mightier heaving in the billows, and a deeper murmur from the depths of ocean—sea-birds shrieked out, as they dipped for an instant their ill-omened bosoms in the wave, and then pursued their way to their rocky resting-places till the morrow. Alas! I had no resting-place! I prayed for death, but the prophet heard me not. And now a fresh agony grew upon me; the folds of my turban

became weighty, as the moisture penetrated even to my hair-roots, and my head was bowed back heavily into the waters. What was I? no longer an inhabitant of earth, but a loathed and unnatural being, living a charmed life—breathing upon an element which would have brought death to my fellow-men—fore-doomed to years of unholy existence—a very wretch! Oh! that long, long night! with its shrill winds, its angry sky, and its deep, dreamy darkness. Ere morning dawned, I had writhed so violently in my bonds, that the blood gushed from my ears and nostrils, and tickled down my beard: I was weak, and spiritless, and at length I wept like a child;—they were the first tears of my manhood, and they were wrung from my heart in agony and bitterness: as the light broke, a huge sea swept over me, and though but a moment before I had prayed for death, yet now I panted and struggled with the suffocating element, and felt almost *joy* when the mighty billow was overpast. The day came—the glorious day! wreaths of clouds, beautiful in their blended tints of gold and gray, floated in the east, like heralds of the rising sun: again I heard the shrill shriek of the water-fowl, and saw the gleaming wings of the sea-gull, and the cormorant, as they flew over my head. Sounds of unearthly music rose from the ocean-depths, like the welcome of the water-gods to the daylight; whispers swept along the wave as the breeze rippled it, and the golden tints of the morning sky danced in brightness on the waters. Crowds of flying fish darted high into the air, and fell back one by one as the moisture dried upon their wings: many a shark in pursuit of prey passed so close beside me, as to heave the very billow which upbore me, yet they saw me not. I was plunged deep, deep into the waters by the heavy fin-stroke of the mighty whale, as it passed me by, and the fairy Nautilus hoisted its transparent sail, and guided its tiny bark fearlessly within my very grasp. Hunger came upon me, and thirst; and the sun, as it rose in the heavens, beat maddeningly upon my uncovered face. I had prayed for daylight; I had watched and panted for it throughout the long, long night, and it had come at length, and brought with it only an accession

of misery ; I sickened beneath the fierce heat and the blinding light. During the darkness I had drifted far out to sea—the wide waste of waters was around me—not a vestige of man, or of that earth which is his inheritance, was left to cheat me into hope—the spectral Albatross clave the air with white and motionless wing, and cast its long dark shadow far across the wave. Then came evening, with its softened light, and its subdued breeze, and my aching eyes were cooled by its approach ; but yet I shuddered as I remembered that *night* followed in its train. Well might I shudder with prophetic dread ; for *that* night taught me that I was never, during my ocean-pilgrimage, to close my eyes in sleep ! I spent it like the last—at times I was furious, and struggled and shrieked in my despair—at times I lay bleeding, exhausted, and almost reckless on my ocean-bed. Years passed over me thus, chequered only by occasional accession of misery ; by storm, and hurricane, and tempest ; famine and thirst were still gnawing at my heart, and yet I could not die. I learnt to note the hours by the appearance of the sunbeams on the water, or the position of the stars : I became partially a maniac ; I have lain quietly upon the surface of the ocean, and fixing my eye on a particular wave afar off, I have watched its progress, and laughed long and loudly when at length it broke over me. I have shrieked an echo to the shrill cry of the sea-fowl, and felt the cunning joy of an idiot as I heard how fully I had caught the discordant note ; and that the bird, mocked into a belief that it was the call of one of his own species, answered in his turn. But these intervals of comparative happiness were infrequent, and brief in their duration : I soon woke again to a full perception of my misery, and loathed even the temporary madness which had taught me to sport with my unhallowed wretchedness. How often during these miserable years have I looked on land—aye, even watched the fisherman as he drew in his nets, and caught the sound of laughter as it came shrilly along the water—then, even while I felt the impotence of my efforts, I have again striven to burst my bonds—panted—yelled in the agony of my helplessness, as I sank into deep water ; and writhed

like a baited animal as I once more rose to the surface : all day I have floated past the land, at times dashed furiously against projecting points of rock, and then cast back maimed and bleeding on the retiring breakers ; at others gliding slowly and smoothly along a smiling shore, listening to the lowing of the cattle, the sounds of music, the voice of children—unseen, unheard, unpitied ! Thus sped my days—my nights brought no mental rest ; yet to counteract their long and withering darkness, they offered me at least a respite from the weary monotony of the ocean, and the burning fury of the sun. Sometimes, too, the soft moon rode high in heaven, and the sea gleamed like a sheet of molten silver, while I was the only dark speck which marred the glory of the scene. On such nights I was ever sad, and resigned to my destiny. I did not struggle—I did not shriek—I lay calmly, and wept like an infant ; or, after gazing for awhile on the fair moon, I fixed on a bright star, and fancied a world of happiness for Ameyda and myself in such a sphere of light. Ameyda ! that vision brought madness with it—and then I held discourse with the sky, and with the sea, and again played the maniac.

One evening, after a day of fierce heat, as I lay inhaling with avidity the cool breeze which swept along the wave, and feathered it with its refreshing breath, a distant object caught my eye, and I gazed on it with delirious joy—nearer it came in its pride—the dark mass assumed a form—it was—it *was*—a ship ! Aye, on she came, with her sails set, and her bowsprit bending at intervals even into the very wave, as the fresh breeze sped her on—I could see her tall masts, her white canvass—her complicated cordage—and, more than all, I could see many of her crew,—men ! my fellow-men ! my brothers ! They came not from my own land, for their unturbaned heads were bare—they were not of my own faith, for the Christian symbol streamed from the mast of the stately ship ; but what cared I for this ? They would save me—I should once more be restored to the world, to Ameyda, to myself. One among them stood like the spirit of the huge ship, and looked and spoke with the glance and the tone of pride ; in the intervals of my struggles, and of my cries, I

watched him narrowly: once I thought he pointed towards me, and my heart leaped with transport; but he turned suddenly away, and I saw him no more: still, however, the full and lordly voice met my ear—alas! had I known the import of the words it uttered, the pealing of the midnight thunder had been more welcome. As I strained my eyes to look on the gallant ship, the wind shivered for an instant in her sails; I heard the myriad ropes beat heavily against the deck, as if cast down suddenly from many hands, and, ere I could draw another breath, the vast canvass once more opened to the breeze, and away flew the swift vessel, like a mighty bird, and left me writhing and wretched—an alien, and an outcast! How I watched that ship as she receded; the figures on her deck became less and less perceptible, and soon totally disappeared: ere long, masts, and sails, and cordage, grew into one confused but wondrous mass; and, finally, she became a mere speck upon the ocean. Yet still I watched her! I hoped no longer, but I had looked on *men*, and listened to the human voice; and when even the dark speck disappeared in the horizon, I buffeted the waves anew, and exhausted my strength in struggles with my unyielding bonds; when the light came again, I searched around, as though I could yet look upon the glorious vision,—but I saw it no more. I lived upon the memory of that ship for months; I could have described her, as though she was still before my eyes—I remembered every tone and look of the proud spirit which governed her—I saw once more the graceful bound, with which, after the temporary check, she again darted on her way—it was inscribed upon my heart, and in my brain!

Again long and weary months passed over me in the same heartless, passionless monotony of scene, and the same vivid, bitter, ceaseless misery of spirit; hope had died within me, and I feared to look into a future, fraught, as mine seemed, with unholy and unhallowed hopelessness. At times, portions of wreck floated past me, showing me that the tempest had done its work among my fellow-men. Twice, after a night of storm, did a pale bloated corse pass close beside me; the widely-opened eyes glaring, glazed and ghastly, upon mine,

soul-less and sightless; the lips parted, as if in the death-agony, and the work of corruption begun—horrible! most horrible! And yet this was but the natural effect of an element on which man might not live, save by demoniac means; and I only loathed myself the more, as the foul corse was borne beyond my ken, that my lot was not even as that of him who had perished in the deep waters. *He*, at least, had buffeted the billows with unshackled limbs, had striven manfully with the fate which threatened him, and, when the bitter agony was overpast, had *died*. I had been bound; had striven—struggled—suffocated—suffered all the pangs, the awfulness of dissolution, and yet lived. The tide-wave bore away its dead, and I envied the cold and loathsome corse!

But my cup of agony had not yet overflowed: the sun had set gloriously, and its golden beams still glowed and glistened on the ocean-wave, when again my ear was filled with sounds which had long been strangers to it—sounds of mirth and music—and like a thing of light, a gay bark swept gracefully along, with a gilded crescent at her mast! Yes, she came from my own land! she came to bring me life and happiness! There were revellers on the deck of that fair ship; her silken sails were looped with flowers; and silver vases, filled with perfumed incense, were shedding their costly breath upon the air; I heard the shrill tones of the fife, the mellow note of the flute, and the clangour of the martial cymbal—for awhile I spoke not, stirred not—my gaze was rivetted on one bright form which moved like a spirit of beauty among the revellers—misery, madness, famine, had failed to blot *that* image from the records of my brain—I gazed like one who would exhaust himself in a long, last look, for I *felt* that it was Ameyda—she, whom I had loved—whom I had almost won.—Yes, *she* was there! Her long hair was floating to the breeze, her eyes were flashing like meteors; her white arms were bare, and gleamed like sea foam—she was dancing on that vessel's deck, to the sound of the clashing cymbals! Now, indeed, I writhed and struggled to free my limbs from the bonds which fettered them; with the violence of my frantic efforts I sank deep into the waters, and the waves closed above my head; but it

was only for awhile, and ere long I rose again, panting and suffocating, to the surface. As my breath returned, I strove to speak, to utter the name of my beloved, to call on Aneyda to succour and to save me; but I gave voice only to a shrill scream, like those of the aquatic fowl, whose cries I had mocked in my madness—speech had departed from me! Vain were it for me to attempt to paint my wild and frenzied struggles—I was close beside the vessel, and they saw me not; I shrieked aloud in my agony, but they did not heed me: as the bark swept along, the tide carried me forward in its wake; and when the moon rose, and the breeze freshened, I saw Aneyda lean pensively over the vessel's side, and as she raised her eye to the bright orb, a tear fell from it:—she stood not long alone; a tall figure approached her; a jewelled crescent glittered in his turban, and there were gems in the hilt of the dagger in his girdle—as he reached her side, he murmured a few words to her; he breathed them softly and fondly, but I heard them, whispered as they were! In an instant, his arm encircled her, and her head rested tenderly upon his shoulder: again he spoke, and as the voice ceased, he looked up.—Allah! needed there this? Was I not yet a wretch? It was my brother! that brother whom I had loved even as my own soul—he was beside my betrothed bride—his arm was twined around her waist—his voice murmured the words of passion—and I—I was near them—borne on the same ocean, breathed on by the same wind, lighted by the same moon, and they heeded—they heard me not!

Suddenly I heard that mysterious sighing steal along the surface of the sea, which my accustomed ear had taught me ever preluded a storm—murmurs too from the ocean-depths, the awakening of the tempest-breath, among the billows—the huge porpoises rolled over uneasily, and the hungry sharks congregated round the goodly ship. Too well I knew that these were the unerring precursors of danger, perchance of death; and I again yelled forth in my terror, sounds of fearful warning. *She* heard them, and started convulsively. Not as she was wont to look when she listened to my voice, looked she at that moment—her large dark eye, turned anxiously

downward, appeared to search among the billows, for the fearful creature which had uttered a sound so dread; but though her gaze seemed fixed on my very brow, she saw me not; and after awhile, she again raised her bright looks to the evening sky. *She* gazed calmly on the horizon which to me was fraught with terrible warning: dark clouds were flitting rapidly over the face of the heavens, and congregating in one dense mass, so black and heavy that it seemed to oppress my breathing; the moon had risen, not in beauty, but red as blood; while the lower fringes of the huge black cloud caught the reflection, and flung back far upon the waves their ensanguined shadow—at intervals, a fiery vapour played in fearful light round the gilded crescent at the mast of the doomed ship, and ran along it from point to point—then came a deep, hollow peal, which was commenced by the dark cloud, and echoed from every cave of ocean; again the deep waters swelled and heaved in their might, like the fettered limbs of a giant; but the surface of the sea was yet calm, and the vessel rode as smoothly as though it had been gliding over the bosom of a lake. But the storm came at length: a sudden flash struck on the crescent once more, and ran down the mast, clasping it round and round like a fiery girdle, cast by some avenging spirit from his loins—the huge cloud parted in twain, and the storm-god howled forth his summons to the tempest—instantly was it answered—the giant billows burst their bonds at once, and rose high into the air, crowned with foam—I saw the light ship tossed like a ball against the sky, and then thrown back into the deep trough of the sea, like a stricken bird—again I saw it raised on high until the holy crescent seemed to have grown into the dark cloud, and I felt it again fall back; for as it came, a portion of its rent mast fell over the side, and struck me heavily as it touched the waves—down I sank; down—down—struggling with that mighty mass of ruin, until it again rose buoyantly to the surface, carrying me with it once more above the billows—the ship and her proud crew had parted for ever—fragments of the wreck were riding on the foaming waters—I caught the breath of the scattered incense: and flowers, and costly turbans floated past me, as I

panted to regain my breath—what cared I for these gauds? I thought only, looked only, for Ameyda—and I saw her! she was within my reach, and my arms were pinioned! I could not grasp her! I uttered one cry in my agony; and then, with frantic violence, I hurled myself against a portion of the wreck—Punah-be-Khodah!—the effort which I had made at self-destruction, brought me partial happiness—I had burst my bonds! For a moment, I could but raise my arms high into the air; strike the palms of my spread hands forcibly together, and scream out a withering shriek of half-maddened delight—but soon came the remembrance of Ameyda—she was already borne far beyond my reach, but what cared I for this? I cast my heavy turban from my head; I parted the waves with a powerful stroke, and I gained rapidly upon my mistress—nearer! nearer! I grasped her mantle—I drew her forcibly towards me—her pale cheek touched my hand—my breath was in her hair—one more effort, and I should hold her to my heart! I made it—I strove to beat back a mighty billow, but it overwhelmed me—a huge mass of the wreck passed over us, and I lost my hold—Ameyda was gone—gone for ever!

* * * * *

I fulfilled my destiny, but I struggled against it no longer. I floated on, day and night, through storm and sunshine; laughing at the billows as they rolled over me, and screaming in concert with the birds which sailed above my head. Night had darkened around me when a deep sleep weighed down my eyelids: how long the heavy slumber closed the windows of my spirit, I know not; but when I awoke, I found myself lying upon the sea-beach; my head rested on a slimy knot of tangled weed, which had been left on the sand by the retiring tide. Gay shells were scattered along the strand, and the morning sun was glittering gaily on the waters. I looked around me in wonder—I beat my hand forcibly on the shingle, to convince myself that I did not labour under an illusion, and the blood flowed from it, as I drew it hastily back. With a

painful effort I rose to my feet; the earth, and the dark rocks appeared to heave under my weight, and to undulate with the breeze: I staggered, and almost fell. After awhile, I became more capable of thinking calmly of this new change in my destiny: I *felt* that my *seven years* of penance were overpast; and that I was restored to the world from which I had been so long an alien. I turned my eyes from the ocean which lay glittering like a spirit of peace, beneath the bright sky; while the breathings which issued from its mighty breast were calm and regular—and I suffered my glances to rest for a time on the rocky coast; but ere long they were gladdened by fairer objects—distant glimpses of green fields, and trees covered with leaves! things, which I had loved in my happy years, and had never forgotten—of which I had thought by day, and dreamt by night. I longed once more to stray as I was wont to do, over those pleasant meads, and to sit under the tall trees, while the wind whispered mysteriously in the foliage above my head. When I essayed to realize the hope, I felt that my miseries were not yet ended—I staggered like an infant, and clung to the rocks for support—all the energy of my manhood appeared to have forsaken me; at length I reached the nearest of those gay green fields—I cast myself on the earth, and I grasped at every blossom which I saw within my reach—to me, each of those simple wild flowers was beautiful beyond all praise! I sat beneath a tall tree: I heard the voice of its leaves as the wind stirred them, and the song of the birds which were seated among its boughs; I listened, and the warm tears fell silently upon my cheek. When the transport of this new joy had somewhat subsided; I remembered that life had yet higher delights than this; I arose, and wandered for many days painfully and slowly, ere I reached the habitation of men—little availed it that I ever did so—every one on whom I looked, fled from me as from an accursed and unholy thing—many shrieked in their affright; and women covered their faces with their spread hands, that they might shut out my hideous image! I retraced my steps:

I stood in mute despair, and looked out upon the vast ocean which had been so long my home; and then I bent, and caught my own reflection in the wave. I started back aghast, for I felt that the world had indeed nothing in common with such a monster: my beard and my nails had grown long and loathsome; my shaggy eyebrows projected far over my dim eyes, and the blood had fled from my yellow and ghastly cheeks. I retraced my steps; I made my home in

a chasm of the dark rock; I was lulled to sleep by the chafing of the billows, and the voice of the night-wind, and awakened on the morrow by the same ocean-sounds; and I am now wearing away the wretched remnant of a wearisome existence, unloved and unpitied. My days are spent in bitterness and tears; and my nights in fearful visions of those awful years when I was a Wanderer on the Waters!

S. S.

THE HIGHLANDER.

There is something indescribably interesting in the characters we read of the Scottish Highlanders—most particularly so, when we meet them in a *Fergus*—a *Flora M'Ivor*—or a bold *McGregor*. Yet, what this something is, were difficult to trace, did not *nature* (in our bosoms) point to the cause. It is, when we can view her in her *native* garb, that we feel her magic influence; and lend our enthusiastic admiration to her power. Whether we behold her in the Indian tribe,—the Britons in their mountain fastnesses—or the Highlander 'mid his lochs and bens—all find their respective interest. All speak in their unsophisticated nature to our hearts. For this reason it is, that "The ploughman whistling o'er the furrowed land," or "the milk-maid singing blithe," will form a picture on our minds far more interesting than a modern man of fashion, or a lady (a-la-mode) singing a bravura air. Yet, I doubt whether we (who bend to custom, and lend ourselves to fashion's masquerade) would willingly exchange the gay promenade for furrowed land—or resign the fascinating tones of a *Garcia* for the sweetest ditty that rosy milk-maid ever sang at early dawn. Is it that when we *think*, or *fancy*, we take *nature* for our guide, but when we *act* we follow *custom*? Certain it is, that I have felt far more delight in a *fancied* Highlander, than viewing braw Scots chieftains in real plaidies.—But to my story. Tam M'Pherson was a *REAL braw chiel*, the only remaining son of a noble clansman; born in Invernesshire, he grew up to love his native wilds, and preferred

a shepherd's life to Lowland grandeur—at earliest glint of day, he would take his scrip, his pipe, and dog, and lead his flock along Ben Nevis' side to a lovely lonely glen, where the mavis sang sweetest.—It had become as natural to the flock as to the shepherd to take the path which led to a little coppice, from whose shining green peeped forth a whitened cot with broomy thatch. A rude stile marked the entrance to this humble dwelling, and here *Tam* would loiter—would lean upon the stile and tune his pipe to sweetest lay, whilst his fleecy herd would, one by one, descend the sheep-path to the rippling rivulet heard unseen.—Why did the shepherd tune his reed sae brawly! was it to wake the echo? or, aiblins, eyes were glist'ning, and the rude strain was music sweet to ears that listen'd: in truth Mary was a winsome wee thing—between childhood, and that sweet age which resembles the wild rose when its leaves are just bursting from the bud, and expanding to a flower; when all its fragrance is fresh, and its first sigh is given to the breeze.

The shepherd longed to pluck the flower from its wreathy bower, and wear it in his bosom; but Mary loved her little home, with its bright heath bells, and its golden furze: these she would string, and make a garland for her favourite lamb: the lamb was of the shepherd's flock, and he had called it Mary—it knew his pipe full well, and at the sound would leave the herd and greet him; and, then conscious of its truant deed would, with bounding leap and bleating *ma* hasten back to Mary.—

It was on one of these frolick gambols, as they were seated on a bank of flowering thyme (as rich in perfume as that on which Titania's self reposed), that Tam had sang her tales of love, which she well loved to hear; but when he would have taught her to love *him*, she chid, and said, "She could love none but her ain dear mammy; she was a' the world to her." At this, the shepherd hung his head, and sighed, and looked *so* sad, that

Mary wept, to think his love for *her* was pain. The artless tale of grief was soon disclosed to the friend of her childhood, her only friend—her mother.—When autumn's stores were bending their golden heads to the breeze, and purple heath was cut for mountain fuel, Mary was led, a blushing bride, to the shepherd's *home*, when the gude wife thus addressed her son—

Q. Where ha' ye been a' day,
My boy Tammy? (*Bis.*)

A. I've been through bourne
And flow'ry brae,
Meadows green, and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing,
Just come from her mammie!

Q. What said ye, to the bonnie bairn,
My boy Tammy? (*Bis.*)

A. I prais'd her e'en sae heavenly blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and bonny mou,
I pree'd them aft, (as ye may trow),
She said, she'd tell her mammie,

I prest her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammie. (*Bis.*)
I've got a house, it cost me dear,
With wealth, and plenishin' o' gear,
Ye's get it a', wert ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammie.

The smile gaed aff her bonny face,
I canna leave my mammie! (*Bis.*)
She's gien me meat, she's gien me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days,
My faether's death brought mony waes,
I *canna* leave my mammie.

We'll tak' her hame, and make her fair,
My ain kind hearted lammie; (*Bis.*)
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days,
The wee thing gi'd her hand, and says,
There, gang and ask my mammie.

Q. Ha' ye been to the kirk wi' her,
My boy Tammy? (*Bis.*)

I *hae* been to the kirk wi' *her*,
I've pledged my truth, my heart, my a'
Wi' ilka blessing Heaven can spare,
Upon my ain dear lammie.

HERALDIC NOTICES.

No. II.

THE PATRIOT.

AMONG the family portraits in De Mowbray Hall, was one which my uncle was never tired of looking at. It represented a man in the flower of his age, with an open, manly-looking countenance, the mild and placid expression of which was not at all injured by a slight compression of the lips betokening something of that peculiar quality which is called firmness in a good cause—obstinacy in a bad one. The costume was that of a country gentleman, of the age of Charles II., rich, but perfectly free from the foppery of the day, unless, indeed, a rather voluminous perriwig might seem to intimate that the wearer was not unacquainted with a court, at which it would have been thought little less than high treason to carry about a smaller quantity of horsehair, than the convenience and example of royalty might prescribe. If yielding in trifles, however, to the customs of the court, and the caprices of fashion, this object of Sir Humphry's veneration, he well knew how to hold his own, when either his honour or his conscience were likely to be compromised. "That, sir," would the worthy baronet exclaim, waving his white hat towards the painting, "is a connexion of which I am justly proud; and although the family to which he belonged did not attain their equestrian honours in his person, yet it may be questioned, whether any, among his contemporaries or descendants, was better qualified to reflect credit on the order. The personage alluded to is Mr. John Dutton Colt, who sat in parliament for the borough of Leominster, in the 24th year of Charles II. He sprang from a family of great respectability, and one especially distinguished for its loyalty, more particularly in the persons of his immediate ancestors. The Colts were originally of Cumberland, where they held considerable possessions in the time of the wars of the Roses, but had subsequently become domiciled in Suffolk and Essex, in both which counties they had large estates. On the breaking out of the civil wars, the Colts, to a man, exposed both their property and persons in defence of the infatuated Charles. One of

their scions, Mr. Henry Colt, perished at Radcot House, which he had long gallantly maintained against the parliament troops; but of all the cavaliers of his race, George Colt, father to the person before us, was the most distinguished. Though married into the Roundhead family of the Duttons, he voluntarily relinquished the succession to his father-in-law's estate, rather than espouse the cause to which the latter was attached—joined the Royal army, and gave signal proofs of valour and devotion to his sovereign at the battle of Worcester, where he received several severe wounds. Escaping with difficulty from that disastrous day, he fled to Holland, and was afterwards again sent by Charles on a mission into Spain. On his return, his unfortunate sovereign was so pleased with his courage and address, that he put into his hands a warrant (a patent, or a writ of summons were, under the circumstances, out of the question) for an earldom, and despatched him to Ireland; for which country he embarked on board a Dutch vessel, but a storm coming on, the ship being leaky, and the captain drunk, a shipwreck took place, and this gallant officer was among the number of those that perished. His eldest son, called after his mother's family, John Dutton Colt, was with his parent at Worcester fight, though then little more than fifteen years of age, and accompanied him abroad. On his father's decease, Charles sent for him and his brothers, and after condoling with them on their mutual loss, promised, that if ever fortune should restore him to the throne, he would not forget the children of so faithful a follower—a promise he lived to be reminded of—and to break. Reduced, however, as the means of the Colts were, by sales and confiscations, enough still remained, after the Restoration, to preserve for them something of their former weight and consequence; and the head of the family having settled at Leominster, in Herefordshire, filled, in succession, all the highest offices in the corporation. The prodigality, and consequent necessities of the court, soon forced the "Merry Monarch," as this

most unprincipled of all the Stuart dynasty was popularly called by the blockheads at whose expense his "merriment" was indulged, to cast about him for a supply; and, among other expedients, he endeavoured to get into his hands the various corporation charters, not for the purpose of reforming any abuses he might discover in them, but in order to make the worthy burgesses come down handsomely for a renewal of their privileges. Among the rest, that of Leominster became an object of his cupidity; and from the well-known loyalty of the family, and its tried devotion to the Stuart cause, Charles entertained little doubt but that very trifling pains would be necessary to extract the coveted document from the custody of Mr. Dutton Colt, in whose safe keeping, as principal magistrate of the town, it then remained. Finding, however, not a little to his surprise, that an intimation to that effect, conveyed through the medium of one of his court butterflies, was not attended with the expected success, Charles, who could be condescending enough, especially when he wanted money, sent for Mr. Colt to the palace, and made his request, or rather demand, in person. "Sire, I cannot," was the reply; and although the monarch had recourse, first to wheedling, and then to menaces, "Sire, I cannot," was the firm but respectful answer to all his attempts. The refractory burgess was at length dismissed; with a recommendation to think better of the matter, and an order to attend on the following day. He obeyed the command; but with respect to surrendering the charter, which he had, in his office of bailiff, sworn to defend, was as obstinate as ever. Neither the appeals of Charles to his well-known loyalty, his affected regrets that it had not hitherto been rewarded as it should have been, nor his hints that it was not yet too late to remedy that defect, made any impression on his honesty. Nay, when the tempter at length produced a draft on a wealthy alderman in the city, for 10,000*l.*, and offered it as the price of the charter, "Sire, I cannot," was the only response that could be extracted from the impracticable patriot. Naturally astonished at a line of conduct so much at variance with his experience of all those about him, Charles, after dismissing him, at first in anger,

sent for him again the next day, and doubled his offer. Still the same answer was returned; and the puzzled and incensed monarch, after repeatedly trying to work upon the vanity, the avarice, and the fears of the sturdy recusant, both in town and the country, whither he compelled him to attend the court, at length, as tradition goes, so far lost his temper, as to shake him by the shoulder in the royal closet, and order his immediate departure, with an openly avowed determination of effecting the ruin, both of himself and his family. Nor was the threat an idle one: hardly had Mr. Colt reached Herefordshire, when a process was commenced against him by the attorney-general, for words alleged to have been spoken by him at a dinner given by Mr. Coningsby, at Hampton Court, in that county. It seems, the health of the Duke of York had been proposed as a toast, and Mr. Colt, to entrap whom it was supposed to have been purposely given, declined to drink it; saying bluntly, that he "would not drink the health of any papist in the kingdom." His friends, aware that the whole power of the court would now be exerted to crush him, strongly pressed his retiring for awhile to the continent, whither he had ample opportunities for escaping; but here again, that same quality of which we have already spoken, stepped in, and rendered him deaf to their advice. He stoutly persisted in remaining; replying to their reiterated importunities, that "a man with a clear conscience had nothing to fear." The proceedings against him soon came to an issue, and he was brought up for trial before Jeffries in person, who heaped upon him all the abuse of which he was never sparing to persons who opposed the measures of the court, and calling him "a rebel and a heretic," expressed his regret that the absurd leniency of the laws of England prevented his swinging on a gallows." A fine of 100,000*l.* was the substitute for the latter punishment, and as the prisoner was quite unprepared to meet such a demand, a three years' incarceration in the King's Bench prison was the consequence. The death of Charles, and the Lord Preston's interest with his successor, at length procured his release. On attending at court to kiss hands and thank his majesty for his clemency, James

did condescend to express something like regret for the long confinement he had undergone, and intimated a wish to be useful to him. Mr. Colt replied, with all due thanks for the royal condescension, that he had one favour only to request, the granting which would be esteemed by him the greatest obligation that his majesty could confer. James, pleased at finding the stubborn patriot so far humbled as to proffer a request of any kind, returned a gracious answer, which he half repented, when he found the favour his petitioner had to solicit

was, that "His Majesty would be pleased to permit his suitor to retire to his own fire-side in Herefordshire, and never to employ him in any public capacity whatever." So uncommon a request could not fail to be granted; and Mr. Colt never re-appeared at court during the remainder of that reign, but passed the evening of his days in all the enjoyment which the *otium cum dignitate* can give, at his seat in Herefordshire: where his descendants, whose services at the revolution obtained them a baronetcy, still reside in affluence and in honour.

THE TRAITOR.

A warrior kneels upon the ground,
Despair is in his eye;
A traitor to his sword and king,
He is condemn'd to die.

His breast is bared, his hands are clasp'd;
And bloodless is his cheek;
He murmurs now a hurried pray'r,
In anguish mute and deep.

Bright arms are glancing in the sun,
Directed to his heart;
He hears the distant muffled drum,
With a wild sudden start.

His comrades pitying, round him stand,
But dare not then reveal,
How deeply they deplore his shame,
How mournfully they feel.

How fearfully, how breathlessly,
The silence reigns around;
Broke only by the clank of arms,
A low, and mournful sound.

And hark! the fatal peal hath roll'd,
And drown'd are his death cries;
A hundred wounds, have pierced his heart,
A bleeding corse he lies.

Alas! that one whose dauntless mind
Stern death could not appal,
In glory on the battle field,
Should in dishonour fall.

JULIA.

CURIOUS LETTER IN ENGLISH, BY A PERSIAN.

THE following is an exact and literal copy of a letter (describing Calcutta, and the state of society in that capital) written by the Persian Prince, Abu Taleb, to Lord Minto, when Governor General of India. Abu Taleb had visited England, and was well known in the fashionable circles of London, during his stay in this country. It is a highly amusing, and very singular document; and has never, that we know, been printed before.

"Sir, my Lord,

"My answer give much pleasure. I am very glad. Now again, Sir, my Lord, ask me new thought for Calcutta. In that place, I not make long stay: so short, thought much better.

"My own country, very, very hot. Calcutta more worse. All very straight; no mountains like in Persia. Calcutta very magnificent, very ugly. One grand house, too much elegant as palace; then one little bamboo house for black man; one large, one little; that not good for see. All same. Very fine large wife, then, little dirty husband. Streets all same. Some too shocking, small, crooked, very nasty. Bazaars, not very fine, full of confusion; things old, new, good for nothing. Calcutta not very pleasing to me, except the river; very beautiful, and million noble ship for merchandize. Merchants all very superb, very munificent, liberal, like Persian nobleman. Very honourable for England. Little spend for title, more for senate-man; very excellent for constitution, very excellent for pay tax, and assist old country make war.

"Too many fine ladies; white face, white arm, white neck; all same, father and mother in our country. Not too much clothes; that not fashionable. One little coat, two little coat, one little shirt; that very proper. Upon head, not put coat. Suppose wore silk trousers, like Persian ladies; that much more convenient for fine climate.

"Evening parties. Young, old, all same. Plenty curry, meat, fish, beef, fowl, cheese; grand profusion. Very large crystal plates for fruit; too much silver dish; many glass furniture; very splendid for candle. Punhahs, for fan the ladies and gentlemen, before and

behind, and give appetite; that is very pleasing, admirable. Little hour, dinner take away; more little hour, ladies take away. Bad social fashion, like my own country. After this, loll shrub, hookah;—hookah, loll shrub; more loll shrub. But sometimes make dance after dinner. That very fine; then I very glad. English lady then more beautiful; shew all fine, charming, bewitching shapes; not quite naked. Young gentlemen dance too much with pretty lady: no matter, other man's wife. Great deal laugh, great deal whisper; too much squeeze hand: that not good in my country: How can English husband like that. I can't say; that not too convenient for me.

"Calcutta more fit for merchant. Trade, punch-house, shop; every occupation and business for make fortune. Great agent, little agent; all nations, language; Chinese, Turks, Armenians, Jews. Very capital city for all the world buy, sell, and make rich. Very good for pray God: every nation get good large, handsome mosque. All English lady pray in mosque every Sunday, not all gentlemen; only best men, who never cheat, never tell little lie; he go too much mosque. Bad men not go; that good. From Calcutta, not too far, one long street of palaces, called Chowringhee. This place more proper for head servants of united company. No business—what for live in Calcutta? Old grandee merchant go to Council, Court of Law, Chamber of Revenue, Chowringhee very proper, and very excellent. Grave doctor with gold chariot, go feel pulse, for fever, gout; all same, very miserable; humph! ah! calomel, opium; yes, that is very well. Chowringhee is very fashionable, very good for increase practice. For general, colonel, and field-marshal office, Chowringhee not so proper; very bad. Red coat very bad coat: red coat thin small pocket. What for good soldier, colonel, captain, major, go thousand miles, make fight against much enemy, many strong castle? too much peril, fatigue, and country not good for white man; some die, some wounded, some kill; very well; then some come back not kill and wounded—fine battle—very beautiful

victory—very fine fellows—very glory, very brave! but not a bit of fortune make for carry to England, for live very well after too much danger work, help pay tax, support constitution, and make wife at home and little children happy. This thing I not understand! One very immense fearful fortification on front of Chowringhee—more than a thousand bare guns on the ground, without carts to them; fine house for soldiers, very charming arsenal, plenty of drums and musquets, old copper guns, very good for make brass money. Too many fine balls for destroy all Hindostan.

"Not too far, one very monstrous house for gentlemen when not make fortune, spend all money, and shut shop. this very ugly, unpleasant place, not pleasing to my eyes. Next near is one very good place for sick soldier and sailor; very fine room, bed, gown, every thing; very fine doctor, and too much fine physick. Then, one lamentable house for poor people that loose the head. God very much glad to see such proper charity in that bad country. After this, then a funeral ground, where too much ladies and gentlemen; not go to England this year, but next year; then, not go at all! this place not very fine.

"From Calcutta fortification and Chowringhee, fine, grand, broad road. Every evening, there, too, many gold superb coach; quite magnificent; full of handsome ladies; young gentlemen riding by side; say more sweet loving words; sometimes swallow too much dust. Give appetite for dinner. But sometimes heap of bricks, great rolling stone, middle of road, make coach overturn: fine English lady scream too much: sometime break bone. Well—that very shocking murder to see, but very good for coachmaker: too much good for doctor and undertaker.

"Old gentlemen Calcutta not too fat. Very thin leg, very thin nose; not stout like same at England. Old fellow very thin, very yellow, marry pretty beautiful lady! that is very wonderful! old husband, old wife—that more natural. When old fellows die, young Christian wife not go burn; that is Brahmin custom; very good for Hindoo husband.

"Sir,

My good lord.

Farewell,

ABU TALES."

"P. S. I will write again."

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF SULLY.

PART VI.

It was one of the disadvantages to which Sully was exposed by his high reputation with his sovereign, and the unbounded confidence he reposed in him, that he was always employed when occasion called for it, to compose the differences which but too often disturbed his harmony in those quarters where he most desired to be at peace. Henry lived at this time on very unhappy terms with his queen. His passion for Made-moiselle d'Entragues, now Marchioness of Verneuil, his marriage had nothing abated, but it had filled her with jealousy, which she took no pains to conceal, and as little did she hide the exasperated feelings that grew out of it. The infatuation of the prince for this woman, was a weakness in his character which would be unaccountable, did not

the annals of royalty furnish so many memorable examples of it. She exercised her influence over him most unworthily. He was the slave of her caprices, and was perpetually tormented by the inequality of her temper; but sorely vexed as he often was, there was a something in her that never failed to triumph over his displeasure. Had she been merely beautiful, he would have snapped his chains; but her manners were captivating, and her conversation sensible, lively, and full of interest. It is true she was cold at heart, and her ill-humour was easily kindled, but she could assume for the time all that insinuating tenderness which was necessary to the part she was acting. He took refuge in her society from the undisguised ill-humour of his consort, much

oftener than perhaps he would have done, had the manners of the latter been more feminine; but her feelings were too keen to permit her to qualify her resentment; and it is not in a slighted Queen that we must look for a pattern of philosophy. There were besides, but too many about her who spoke of the king, her husband, more maliciously than truly. There are always, in the confraternity of a court, persons enough on the watch, to turn such unhappy differences to account.

This *cordon of parasites* was by no means inactive on the present occasion. They had recently informed the queen of the promise of marriage which the king had given to Mademoiselle d'Entraignes, about five years before. No sooner was she made acquainted with this fact, than her emotions broke forth afresh, and she never ceased to urge his majesty to get this paper from his mistress.* Henry, who had more than once repented this inconsiderate act, had pledged himself to comply with the wishes of his queen; and, accordingly, on his next interview with the Marchioness, he desired she would restore it. The request threw the haughty favourite into a transport of rage; she exclaimed against the queen in most unmeasured language, and finished by declaring her determination never to return it. Henry, highly offended at this refusal, and piqued by the language which had accompanied it, reproached her—and not without just cause—with lending herself to the factious designs of her brother, the Count d'Auvergne, and to the malcontents of the kingdom. Disdainfully passing by this imputation, she assumed in her turn, the language of reproach.—She told the king that his temper had become suspicious beyond endurance, and she vowed that from thenceforth she would break off a connexion which had but too ill rewarded the sacrifice of honour and happiness which it had cost her. Henry, with every feeling of resentment awakened within him, quitted her, swearing solemnly that he would make her give up the written promise which had caused all this outrage.

Henry repaired the next day to the

arsenal, to give Sully an account of what had passed. The infatuated monarch, though warmed at intervals by the angry feelings excited by parts of the recital he was giving, concluded by doing justice, as he said, after all, to her good qualities, which he enumerated. Remembrances were thus called up before which all his resentment gave way, and the oath that by fair means or foul he would have back the promissory document, was forgotten. He contented himself with urging Sully to effect a reconciliation with the queen. The minister would willingly have declined this task, “well knowing,” as he says, “that the mediator on such occasions, with persons of this rank, are almost sure to incur the resentment of one of the parties, and generally to embroil himself with both.” The king, whose mind was so ill at ease as visibly to affect his health, implored Sully to suggest the means which he considered most effectual to bring about the reconciliation he so much desired. This faithful servant, with a deep concern for the real happiness of his sovereign, delivered his sentiments to him frankly, and without reserve, on the course of conduct which he must resolve to pursue for the attainment of his purpose. He began by assuring him that the first step to be taken was to banish his mistress: that he must resolve upon this; for till this source of discord was removed, it was in vain to attempt to pacify the queen, or to bring her to a disposition more consistent with his tranquillity. The king said he was prepared to make this sacrifice, if that would satisfy her; but that the hatred she had conceived towards his natural children, although born before she came into France, seemed unconquerable. That she showed no inclination to cultivate his regard for her, but on the contrary she teased him with altercations, and seemed always bent on thwarting and contradicting him. That she manifested no gratitude for the care which he had always taken to anticipate her wants, by supplying every occasion that she might have for money; for that no queen of France had ever before had such considerable grants;

* Although Sully had torn the original, another had been drawn up by Henry, and given to her a few days afterwards.

but that she lavished them for the most part upon the Italian spies, and the creatures of favour that were about her, and who were filling her ears perpetually with the most malicious rumours, and inventing the basest tales to his prejudice. He finished the conversation with again entreating that Sully would undertake, by the mildest means he could adopt, to induce the queen to alter her behaviour, and to accommodate herself more to his disposition, but so to manage his mediation as to give her no cause to suspect that he interposed at his entreaty.

Just at the time that Henry had imposed this task upon his minister, an occasion happened which gave him a favourable opportunity to execute it. The most common method of gratifying the pecuniary demands of the queen, which were not infrequent, was, besides creating grants in her favour, to allow her to apply to her own use the *douceurs* paid upon contracts, claims, or requests, of what nature or kind soever that were forwarded by her patronage, or that succeeded through her interest. It happened that an offer had just now been made to her of twenty-four thousand livres to procure an edict which concerned the officers of the salt-duty in Languedoc. She sent d'Argonges, the treasurer of her household, to Sully, to acquaint him with the proposal. One is apt to feel surprised that this information should be forwarded to a minister who was known to set his face so strongly against every species of corruption: but in the first place, all public contracts and edicts must pass through his hands before they could take effect. In the next place, much as Sully had effected in the way of reform, he had not succeeded in extirpating that heartless avarice which pervaded the upper ranks, and kept them perpetually on the watch to counteract his purposes. There were then certain abuses which had been legitimated by long usage. The rank of the persons committing them had at first caused them to be connived at; custom gradually enrolled them among the regular perquisites of office, till at length they took their place among those sacred rights, and vested interests, which cannot be touched without injustice, nor taken away without compensation.

Sully waited on the queen, and informed her that with regard to the affair of the edict, he thought it might be granted without much public inconvenience; but added, that he could not help thinking the application rather ill-timed. He added, that the king was apparently so much offended with some late proceedings of her majesty, that it was doubtful if, in his present disposition, he would accede to it, unless at least she previously removed his displeasure. Sully then took this opportunity, while his happy talent of persuasion was so well seconded by the subject before them, respectfully to tender his services to her majesty, if she thought they would be useful. The queen, looking forward to the tempting reward of her condescension, accepted this proffered mediation, and was prevailed upon to address a letter to the king, couched in such submissive terms as the flow of her present humour dictated. Henry received this letter with unfeigned delight, and instantly sent off an answer penned in a strain equally tender and polite, to which the queen was about to reply in a second letter, framed in a still kindlier spirit than the former, when unfortunately her emissaries informed her that his majesty was gone as usual to the Marchioness of Verneuil, and that both were diverting themselves at her credulity. Mortified by this intelligence, she turned to the messenger that had brought his majesty's letter, and told him, in a tone of disdain, that it was needless to write, as she expected to see the king on the following day, as he had promised. Henry, piqued at this message, vented his anger in expressions which some one among those present did not fail to report to the queen, and matters were now more embroiled than before.

But Henry, though his passions were but too much at war with his understanding, was seldom long without his moments of sober reflection. His sense of what was due to his queen, and to the mother of his child—for she had borne him an heir to the throne—made him uneasy under the consciousness of doing wrong to her affection, and Sully was again resorted to as the peacemaker. The minister again represented that he despaired of success unless his majesty, on his side, would agree to part with

his mistress; and the queen, on her part, could be persuaded to dismiss from her household those intriguing foreigners who secretly fomented the dissensions between them, to serve their own ends. Sully was aware that this latter step could not be urged until the royal couple were placed on better terms with each other, and he laboured this point so assiduously, and with so much address, that he at length brought both parties to a more perfect reconciliation than had ever yet taken place. Each promised to bury the past in oblivion, and to listen no more to the insinuations of spies and tale-bearers.—This calm promised to be lasting; the atmosphere of the court began to brighten, but the demon of discord soon got again into the interior—the stratagems of the Marchioness de Verneuil disconcerted all this harmony at the end of three short weeks. Sully knowing how much the Italian mercenaries had assisted to renew the disagreements which he had been at so much pains to terminate, thought he could not do a greater kindness to the king than, at once, to suggest to her majesty the importance of removing these foreigners, male and female, to the other side the Alps, as so long as they were of the household, there could be no chance of tranquillity. The proposal to dismiss her favourites, was no sooner hinted at, than the queen turned her astonished eyes upon the minister, scarce believing that such an act could be required from her. To discard persons who had never offended her! besides, why was every arrangement to be made at her expense? Sully returned to the charge, but in vain, and what he had predicted, now actually happened. The queen, instigated by those against whom his attack had been directed, began openly to upbraid him with taking part against her; and thus he, at last, brought upon himself the resentment both of the wife and the mistress.

Sully soon found that he was engaged

in an undertaking which he could never bring to a desirable issue. It was the labour of the sisyphan stone: no sooner did he conceive his task accomplished, than some secret agency undid the whole, and left him to begin his work over again. He therefore very wisely, resolved to relinquish the invidious office which had been imposed upon him, and to leave the task of composing the royal differences to some one who might conduct it under better auspices.

“On looking back,” says he, “at the very little advances I had made, since the hour that I had first concerned myself with these domestic disputes, I was satisfied that affairs of this sort must be left solely to the parties interested, to settle between them. I therefore quietly drew my stake from the game, and willingly left the field open to Sillery, of whose services the king had likewise availed himself on the same occasion; and whom he thought succeeded in managing the temper of the two ladies better than I did, which I can very well believe; since it was a service that required great pliancy and great dissimulation, for neither of which was I well fitted. I could neither flatter the opinion of others nor conceal my own, and without this there was nothing to hope and every thing to fear.”†

It is certain that in attempting to arrange these affairs of the heart, Sully had undertaken a negotiation, in the management of which he was quite out of his element. It is a sad blot on the character of Henry that he should have occasion, thus unprofitably, to seek the aid of his prime minister; but it is to the public character of this illustrious monarch that we must confine ourselves, if we would bestow on him unqualified praise. He was faithful to the ties which bound him to his people; and here it was that his enlightened and patriotic adviser was most concerned to keep him steady, and in this he succeeded.

S.

† *Mémoires*, liv. iii. p. 443.

" I M NOT A LOVER NOW."

[The idea contained in the following verses is not new; but it will be seen the subject treated differently.]

I cannot talk as once I could,
Of sunshine, sighs, and tears;
The music of the mountain flood,
Is discord to my ears.
I cannot sit and "bay the moon,"
With night-dews on my brow,
I am not such a simple loon—
" *I'm not a lover now.*"

I cannot dine on balmy air,
I cannot sup on sighs,
I cannot drink the dew-drops fair,
That fall from Flora's eyes.
All that, no doubt, is very fine;
I thought so once, but now,
I'd rather have a pint of wine—
" *I'm not a lover now.*"

I've bask'd in beauty's beaming smile,
I've felt love's scorching flame,
I've raved in Moore and Byron's style,
To many a youthful dame.
I once went mad for Lady G.,
It made a horrid row,
I was a stupid ass.—N. B.
" *I'm not a lover now.*"

I've often made a thousand vows,
Of constancy and truth;
I once was nearly made a spouse,
But proved a fickle youth.
I used to sing "The light guitar,"
I have forgotten how;
And now I chant, "What fools men are"—
" *I'm not a lover now.*"

I've often told a thousand lies,
I've vow'd gray eyes were blue;
I've sworn this earth was paradise,
And that my heart was true.
I have forgot these youthful tricks,
And it is time, I vow,
I was last month just twenty-six!—
" *I'm not a lover now.*"

WALKS ROUND OUR LIBRARY.

No. III.

DR. WARTON AND "MY COUSIN POPE."

THE gallantry of the author of the "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope," was once put to a severe test. He was invited, while master of Winchester, to meet a relative of Pope; who, from her connexion with the family, he was taught to believe could furnish him with much valuable and private information.

Incited by all that eagerness which so strongly characterized him, he, on his introduction, sat immediately close to the lady, and by inquiring her consanguinity to Pope, entered at once on the subject; when the following dialogue took place:

"Pray, Sir, did not you write a book about my cousin Pope?"

"Yes, Madam."

"They tell me, 'twas vastly clever. He wrote a great many plays, did not he?"

"I have heard only of one attempt, Madam."

"Oh, no—I beg your pardon; that was Mr. Shakspeare. I always confound them."

This was too much even for the Doctor's gallantry, great as it confessedly was. Certainly, Madam," he replied; and with a bow, changed his seat to the contrary side of the room where he sat, to the amusement of a large party, with such a mingled countenance of archness and chagrin, such a struggle between his taste for the ridiculous and his natural politeness, as could be portrayed but by his speaking and expressive countenance.

COMFORT FOR WRITERS OF THE MONTGOMERY TRIBE.

Boerhaave, being asked, why he did not write answers to some pamphlets which were published against his medical system, replied, he "considered them as sparks upon the pages of his books, which he alone had the power of blowing into a flame: let alone, they would go out of themselves."

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.

Henderson, the celebrated actor, often related to his biographer, Mr. Ireland, the following story:

"When my brother was ten, and I not more than eight years of age, our well-being depending wholly on our mother, she was afflicted with a violent nervous disorder, which had sunk her into a deep melancholy. While suffering under this, she one morning left her house and children, who waited her return with impatience. Night approached, but she did not come home. Full of terror, we went in search of her. Ignorant what course to take, we wandered until midnight about the places where she used to walk, but wandered without success. We agreed to return home; but neither of us knew the way. Fatigued, alarmed, distressed, we sat down on a bank to weep, when we observed at some distance, a luminous appearance, and supposing it a candle in some friendly habitation, hastily directed our steps towards it. As we moved, the light moved also; and glided from field to field for a considerable time. At length it seemed fixed; and, on our near approach, vanished on the side of a large piece of water. On the margin we found our mother, in a state from which she was roused by our tears and embraces." He always asserted, that he religiously believed it was neither an *ignus fatuus*, nor a creation of the imagination, but a kind interposition of Providence, for the preservation of the widow and the widow's sons.

LAVATER.

When the poor Swiss were drawn into the vortex of the French Revolution, Lavater, whose earnest warnings gained him little favour with the innovators, was banished from Zurich. No sooner, however, were the French driven out for a short time by the arms of Austria and Russia than Lavater returned to his pulpit. But the fortune of war again turned against the Russians, and on the 26th of September, 1799, the victorious French furiously re-entered Zurich. The citizens shut their houses, and the enraged conquerors roamed about, and wherever a door remained open entered and commenced the work of plunder. Lavater, standing at a window in his own house, observed two Frenchmen attempting to break open the door of the dwelling of two aged and affrighted females. He saw in idea what would be the distress and grief of these two helpless individuals if the two soldiers should succeed in gaining admittance, and his humanity left no room for cautious calculation. His own people wished to hold him back, for to venture into the street was attended with extreme risk; but he would not be restrained, and going out offered the soldiers wine, which he had taken with him. It seemed as if this appeased them, for one of them, a grenadier, with a slap upon Lavater's shoulder,

exclaimed, "Thanks, my brave old fellow!" A third soldier, however, now joined them, and demanded first a shirt, and then, as Lavater could not give him one upon the instant, money. Lavater gave him money, but he was not content with the sum, and while Lavater was exhorting to be reasonable, drew his sabre with menaces. Lavater took to flight, and sought protection from the grenadier, who had recently showed some mark of friendliness, and still stood hard by. But this man was now completely altered—a sanguinary ruffian! He presented his piece at the body of the old man, and in the voice of a fury demanded "money!" A citizen here sprung between them, and endeavoured to ward off the bayonet, but at that instant the musket went off, and Lavater, pierced by a bullet, sunk into the arms of the citizen who had tried to save him. The old man survived fifteen painful months. The wound by which the bullet entered his body healed, but that by which it came out again never did.

SWALLOWS.

A learned German, Naumann, made a journey to the islands near Jutland, in order to observe how the sea-birds breed there, in astonishing numbers; and he saw, on the island of Norderoog, a colony of sea-swallows, which, forming a white stripe quite across the island, lay collected together like a host of soldiers, with their heads turned towards the shores, and bred so close together, that one bird often touched another. It was not possible to go amongst them without treading upon the eggs. If the whole covey were frightened away, it appeared impossible that each bird should find its own eggs again. The breeding takes place by families, and these families amount to many hundred thousand members. The gathering of the eggs is a very important means of subsistence to the islanders, and a regular employment for several weeks, like our harvest. On this account a shot dare not be fired on many of the islands, because thus the whole colony would be driven away to another.

THE EXPEDIENT.

Among the copper-plates relating to Necker's management of the finances, is one representing the Apotheosis, and close by a young lady (Madame de Staël) appears with a pen in her hand, full of delight at beholding this proof of the fame of her father. When the impartial artist heard of Necker's fall, in the year 1781, he erased Necker's head from the plate, and engraved instead of it that of the minister, De Vergennes, leaving, however, Madame de Staël in her place. In the year 1793, the revolutionary Government was installed, and our artist instantly placed on his plate, instead of the head of the Count de Vergennes, that of the notorious Marat, and Madame de Staël remained still in the same position of admiration!

LONDON JURIES.

A learned writer upon the laws of England, referring to the statute of 11 Henry VII., 1494, says, "the 21st cap. recites that the offence of perjury has been much complained of in preambles to several laws (32 Edw. III.); and what is very singular, it is always the perjury of a juror who finds a verdict contrary to his oath, and not the perjury which we hear so much of at present in the witnesses produced at the trial." "It is likewise remarkable," he says, "that this partiality and perjury in jurors of the City of London is more particularly complained of than other parts of England. By the preamble of this and other statutes, Stow informs us, that in the year 1468, many jurors of this city were punished by having papers affixed on their heads, stating their offence of being tampered with by the parties to the suit. He likewise complains that this crying offence continued in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when he wrote his account of London; and Fuller, in his *English Worthies*, mentions it as a proverbial saying, that *London Juries hang half—and save half*. Grafton, also, in his *Chronicles*, informs us, that the Chancellor of the Bishop of London was indicted for a murder, and that the Bishop wrote a letter to Cardinal Wolsey in behalf of his officer, desiring the Attorney-General would stop the prosecution, because *London Juries were so prejudiced, that they would find Abel guilty of the murder of Cain*."



THE WOLF IN THE SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

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CHARLES HENRY WILSON, ESQ.

This gentleman died June 1, 1808, aged fifty-three. He was of the Middle Temple: was several years editor of the *Gazetteer*: and wrote occasionally in almost all the periodical publications of his time. He was the author of the *Wandering Islander*, *Polyantha*, *Brookeana*, *Beauties of Burke*, and many other original productions, compilations, and translations, to none of which would he ever suffer his name to be prefixed. He was a man of great humour and wit; a native of the North of Ireland; and migrated to London about twenty years before his death.

LOUIS XVI.

In the letters of this Martyr King, published by the late Helen Maria Williams, (we are aware their authenticity has been disputed, but know not that their fabrication has been proved) is the following observation, which Rochefoucault might have written without disparagement to any of the maxims he did write: "*Une franchise affectée est un poignard cachée.*"

FORECASTLE.

The origin of this nautical term may probably be found in the following curious historical fact:

M. Legrand D'Aussy, in the second volume of the *Memoirs of the National Institute* (1800), gives an account of the state of the French Marine at the beginning of the 14th century (extracted from a history in rhyme, published in 1306), in which he observes that "the-ships had parapets and battlements at the sides, similar to the land fortifications, and that they had small castles built *fore* and *ast*, and on the round tops."

CREDULITY.

Dr. Reid lays down the following axiom (see his *Life* by Dugald Stewart, p. 132): "If credulity were the effect of reason and experience, it must grow up and gather strength in the same proportion as reason and experience do. But if it be the gift of nature, it will be the strongest in childhood, and limited and restrained by experience; and the most superficial view of human life shows that the last is the case, and not the first." Professor Stewart adds, that "to his own judgment the argument carries complete conviction; and that Dr. Smith acquiesces in it in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments.*"

I am a bold man to oppose the *dicta* of three such writers; but I would humbly and modestly suggest whether credulity may not be the result of reason and experience, arising from the usual processes through which the mind of the infant passes? Thus, before it can speak, words are addressed to it, which are the arbitrary signs for *things* that are at the same time presented. Hence the infant *learns* to expect the one, when it hears the other.

BURNS, THE POET.

It was in one of our early and inquiring walks that we turned to Burns; and before we closed the volumes, determined first, that his poems would be good subjects for illustration, and secondly, that we would try to accomplish the task. How we were so soon and so well prepared to carry this resolve into execution matters not; but we have commenced our undertaking. The first plate is taken from *Halloween*; the passage selected imbodyes one of the popular superstitions of Scotland, which can be best explained by quoting a few lines of the poem, and a note relating to it:

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As cantie as a kittlen;
But och! that night, amang the shaws,
She gat a fearfu' settlin!

She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed srievein,
 Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn,*
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

Whiles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays ;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
 Between her and the moon,
 The deil, or else an outler quey,
 Gut up an' gae a croon :
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;
 Near lav'rock height she jumpit,
 But mist a fit, and in the pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

It is needless to say, that this object desired is the future partner.

The second illustration of Burns is from his *Address to the Deil*, a poem full of character and humour.

"It was, I think," observes Gilbert, the brother of Robert Burns, in a letter to Dr. Currie, "in the winter following, as we were going together with carts for coal to the family fire (and I could yet point out the particular spot), that the author first repeated to me the *Address to the Deil*. The curious idea of such an address was suggested to him by running over in his mind the many ludicrous accounts and representations we have, from various quarters, of this august personage." The few lines we shall quote, include the passage illustrated.

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame ;
 Far kend and noted is thy name ;
 An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
 Thou travels far ;
 An' faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles ranging like a roarin lion,
 For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ;
 Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
 Tirling the kirks ;
 Wyles in the human bosom pryin,
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *Graunie* say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray ;
 Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'rers way,
 Wi' eldritch croon.

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where 'three lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake ; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

*When twilight did my Graunie summon
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman !
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone ;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin,
Wi' heavy groun.*

A ROMAN HOAX.

In Rome, it was anciently the custom that the senators took their sons, who were under age, to the meetings of the senate with them. Upon one occasion, the decision of an affair of importance had been put off to a future day, and a resolution agreed to, that before that day no one should say a word upon the subject. When the young Papirius, whom his father had taken to the senate with him, came home, his mother asked what was the business which had been discussed that day. The boy replied, that he durst say nothing about it, as silence concerning it had been imposed upon all present. The mother, however, on hearing this, became only the more curious, and pressed the boy so closely to divulge the secret to her, that he at length took refuge in a cunning deceit, and told her that they had handled the question, whether it would be more advantageous to the commonweal, that a man should have two wives or a woman two husbands. When the mother heard this, she was confounded with dismay, went trembling out of the house, and imparted what she had heard to the rest of the women. On the appointed day, the women came in a body before the assembled senators, and entreated, with many tears, that if they must decide upon one way of the two, it should rather be allowed that one woman should take two husbands, than one man should marry two wives. The senators looked upon the women with astonishment, thinking they had lost their senses, when the young Papirius stepped forward, and detailed the whole particulars. The senate bestowed high praises upon the boy for his fidelity and prudence, but immediately issued an order, that in future no boy, this Papirius alone excepted, should come to the senate with his father ; and Papirius received as a reward of his prudent silence, the surname of *Prætextatus*. The children of the principal men wore a long robe, which was bordered with purple, and hence called *prætextu*.

FROM THE GREEK OF JULIANUS.

I found one day, the bright-eyed boy
Of Venus, in his mother's bowers,
Among the roses, where, with joy
He lay, while wreathing crowns of flowers.
A mighty bowl of the dark blood
Of Egypt's grape, its purple tide
Kissing the golden brim, there stood
In ready service, at my side.
As swift as falling star, that flings
O'er summer skies its meteor gleam,
I seized him by his brilliant wings,
And plunged him deep within the stream.
As quick, I seized the goblet up,
My lips rush'd to the golden bowl,
And wildly drain'd the tempting cup,
Young Love and all—I quaff'd the whole.
But soon, alas ! I sadly found,
The boy was with his pointed dart,
Within me, causing many a wound,
And scratching nonsense on my heart.

And with his little silv'ry wings,
 He's tickling now as hard as ever,—
 Till with his leaps and flutterings,
 I soon shall die of Cupid's fever.

J. DORAN.

SECOND LETTER TO THE KING,*

FROM THE SILENT MEMBER.

THIS political unknown, has again addressed the sovereign, and if he were pointed and powerful in his first epistle, he is more pointed and more powerful in the second. Some will fancy he is not so loyal to King William, as he was to King George, this is a mistake; he evidently proceeds on the principle, the great constitutional principle, which insists, "the King can do no wrong;" and, therefore, though he addresses his Majesty personally, in strongly-marked hostility to measures now in progress under the sanction of the King's name; yet the spirit of the Letter is against the ministry, and the measures which they enforce. The following allusion to the dissolution, and the scene in the House of Lords, speaks volumes.

The ominous scene which awaited your Majesty's presence in the House of Lords on the day when this Parliament was prorogued, preparatory to its immediate dissolution—the sounds which must have greeted your Majesty's ears before you took your seat upon the throne—were such, I apprehend, as it had never fallen to the lot of a sovereign of the House of Brunswick to witness. It is not for me to say, they ought, therefore, to have surprised your Majesty. If, indeed, we are to believe what is incessantly asserted by one class of your Majesty's subjects, that you are the first monarch, not only of your illustrious house, but of all monarchs in all countries, who has been the FRIEND OF HIS PEOPLE, it is but natural such a phenomenon should be accompanied by other phenomena. But they who were born under the sceptre of your royal father, who passed the best period of their manhood under that of your now slandered brother, and who account it their good fortune to have so lived in the reigns of George III. and George IV., cannot hold their allegiance so loosely, as disloyally to brand *their* memories, cry shame upon *their* deeds, and fling scorn upon *their* graves, by declaring themselves converts to this new creed. Least of all can they do so, when they look at the men who are its teachers, not its believers, and remember what they have been and what they are.

There is not in the world, an assembly more characterized by the severe decorum and dignified bearing of an illustrious aristocratic body, than the British House of Peers. No one can witness their deliberations, without being deeply impressed with the feeling that he is in the presence of an order of men, intensely conscious of the elevation which rank, ancestral honours, titles, eminent offices, splendid talents, and vast wealth, confer. The contrast between the House of Commons and the House of Lords, in all external qualities, is not more striking than that which prevails between the same man, when transferred from the former to the latter, where he instantly assumes (whatever inward propensities may remain unchanged) something of the outward observance of that patrician stateliness and austere ceremony, which are native to his new locality.

I make these remarks, to found upon them an important question. On the day when your Majesty suddenly appeared among your nobles, to dismiss them, for a time, from their legislative labours, all this courtly amenity, all this high-born and high-bred refinement of manners, all this polished dignity of deportment, gave way, we are told, to ebullitions of uncontrollable indignation, which not even the presence and visible alarm of the ladies usually assembled to witness a royal prorogation, could restrain or soften, and which only subsided into a sort of angry, sullen silence upon the entrance of your Majesty. The scene has been described by those who witnessed it, as one of unprecedented tumult and violence in that place; and above all, on such an occasion. The question I would ask then, is this: WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE NATURE OF THE PROVOCATION, that could call forth this unprecedented display of indignation? Men are not easily driven to throw off their habitual conduct; it is only great necessities that call forth great deviations from any accustomed course.

Your Majesty's present friends may, perhaps, tell you, what *their* friends and followers have told the country, that these peers are your and your people's enemies; that they

* Hatchard and Son.

are tyrants, oppressors, corrupt and profligate minions of wealth, who would fain stand between you and your beneficent intentions towards your faithful subjects. But safer counsellors and friends would they be, who told us the knell of the British monarchy will sound in our ears, if ever the day come when these men, and when others who share alike their principles and influence, are driven to act upon the belief that they are a PROSCRIBED CASTE.

After treating the subject of the elections and their fruits ably, the writer proceeds to notice the probable results, as applicable to his text: "What is a revolution? and what are the signs of its approach?"

It is a fearful prospect, come what may! Either the House of Lords must co-operate with a reforming House of Commons, and consent to that which it is utter madness to consider as *final* in the career of reformation; or, by refusing to do so, they must stand before the country, in the language of the indictment which their enemies will draw up, as "a corrupt body, opposing itself singly and sordidly to the progress of a measure framed for the common good." And when the matter arrives at this propitious point, what may be expected to follow? Ask the lowest of the populace; they will have sense enough to answer you in the language of a practical remedy:—*remove the obstruction.*

But, it may be demanded, is all this to happen forthwith? Are we to be overwhelmed with this flood of calamity immediately? Will not the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one be allowed to expire peaceably under the constitution as it is? Must we confront civil war, and anarchy, and plunder, at once? By no means, gentlemen. You will have abundance of time to be prepared. You may sit at your ease, and watch the gathering of the tempest. You may even amuse yourselves with prognostications, as you perceive the first darkening of the horizon, and observe how, in the beginning, the lowering clouds will be dispersed every now and then, while gleams of returning sunshine will make you fancy the threatened tempest has passed away. You will hear the distant howling of the wind only at intervals, and in each pause you will have leisure to smile, and to congratulate yourselves that you need not provide against the inclemency of the heavens. But meanwhile the clouds will *continue* to congregate—the darkness of the horizon will *deepen*—the mutterings of the coming storm will be more *frequent*—the glimpses of returning sunshine *fewer*—the howling of the wind *louder and louder*—till, at last, the tempest will burst forth in fury and devastation corresponding with the slow accumulation of its destructive elements.

He must be profoundly ignorant of the English character, and of the position in which we are placed, by the very nature of our political institutions, who would expect, under any circumstances, one of those "apoplectic revolutions," of which I have spoken in my first "Letter;" while he must be no less profoundly ignorant of the necessary dependency of effects upon causes, who would honestly affirm we are not nearing the vortex of a revolution. It may be asked, *why* should the changes which have been made, which are making, and which are preparing for us, be indications of this revolution? *Why* should they be regarded as that "*beginning* which all revolutions must have when they take place in countries already in possession of liberty, and in the enjoyment of free institutions?" *Why*? Because that liberty, and those free institutions, are themselves the tools, the implements, with which *such* a revolution is wrought. In countries where these tools and implements are not at hand, the *first* step is to obtain them, which is imperfectly accomplished by a sudden seizure of authority, with all its consequent anarchy and lawless proceedings. If disaffection and a mutinous spirit prevailed in a well appointed garrison, the muskets, cannon, and other warlike stores with which the place was provided, would become the means by which the mutineers would effect their designs. But a rebelliously disposed body without arms, without weapons of any kind, when they were ripe for action, must commence with obtaining those means which the disaffected garrison has at the very outset of their enterprise.

We are this disaffected garrison. We are borrowing from the rich armoury of the constitution itself, the weapons by which we are seeking to batter it down. It is the power we have, the liberty we inherit, the freedom we enjoy to commit, with the forms of legislative wisdom, whatever folly is the predominant madness of the hour, that enables us, by insidious and plausible innovations, clothed in the garb of venerable authority, to work successive changes, which strike us the less, because so gradually, so gently engrafted. But they *are* changes, nevertheless! That which was, disappears, to be succeeded by that which is, and to be followed by that which in the fulness of time produces *REVOLUTION*, as completely as if the whole fabric had been upset by a single explosion.

The Silent Member, describes in powerful language, and illustrates with notes, the dreadful state of revolutionized countries; and winds up his pamphlet with a Postscript, which we shall quote whole, because it so perfectly conveys a picture of reformed France.

POSTSCRIPT.

Among Patriot Kings, citizen LOUIS PHILIPPE, King of the French, must surely be allowed to rank. Yet, when we consider the nature of the last accounts from Paris, there is nothing in them very encouraging to this sort of kingship. *Vive la Republique!* has become the prevailing cry; but this probably means nothing more than what the poor old dotard La Fayette calls "a monarchy with republican institutions." One worthy gentleman has been arrested and sentenced to a year's imprisonment for saying, when speaking of the aforesaid citizen-patriot-king, "*Il faudrait lui laver la tête avec du plomb*;" or, as some of our facetious reformers would translate it, "they should rub his pate with a leaden towel." Another worthy personage, at a public dinner where the guests, amounting to upwards of two hundred, declared for a republic, gave as a toast, "DEATH to Louis Philippe!" and, "suiting the action to the word," drew a dagger from his pocket, to show how the toast *might* be reduced to practice.

There is, to say the least of it, something peculiarly ungrateful in this conduct towards a king who, we are told by his friends, has taken the following, among many similar means, to make himself *popular and beloved*:

"Louis Philippe made as many sacrifices as was consistent with his dignity (!) to retain or acquire popularity. He has successively changed his ministry—at the dictation of the mobs of Paris. He has attended to every demand or suggestion—of the meanest of his subjects. He has admitted his people to his society and his table—without any very fastidious selection. He has addressed the national guards a thousand times, as his dear comrades; and placed his sons among them. The title of *Citizen King* seems to have been repeated with affection on the part of his subjects, and to have been heard with too great an ostentation of satisfaction by himself. He is easy of access," &c.

To think that a "citizen King," a "patriot King," a "King of the barricades," should have done all these things and yet that they for whose "sweet voices" they were done, should brandish daggers in his face, and recommend a brace of bullets for his head! It would be incredible, did we not know that kings themselves act very much in the same way under similar circumstances. Whenever it happens, for instance, that "one of the people" climbs up and up, till he is a King (not by name, perhaps, but in every thing save the name), we all know what efforts are made by kings to catch him, and get rid of him: so, when a king, taking just the opposite course, lets himself down, and down, till he arrives among the people, they, imitating their superiors, catch him, if they can, and, by getting rid of him, teach him he ought to have kept his place.

Our readers will agree with us, from the extracts we have given, that the Silent Member is a true loyalist, a thorough-paced Church and State man, a close reasoner, and one who never grapples with a subject but he masters it.

POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES BEATTIE.*

THIS little volume, is one of a series, at which we have glanced with admiration; and if we have not hitherto paid it the compliment of a notice, it is because the volumes already published, consist chiefly of works so well known, as to render criticism impertinent, and demand nothing more than mere praise for the materials with which it is got up. The number now before us, contains some poems that were unpublished, and an interesting life of the author. Beattie was a clear-headed, bold, and plausible reasoner; and his prose exhibited those ready powers of turning every thing to good account, which give a man advantages in controversy, over more finished and more learned writers. We will not anticipate our readers, by plundering wholesale; but the following notice of a conference, to which the King invited him, will be read with interest:

Tuesday 24th August, set out for Dr. Majendie's at Kew Green. The Doctor told me, that he had not seen the King yesterday, but had left a note in writing, to intimate that I

* No. 12, of the *Aldine Poets*. Pickering.

was to be at his house to-day ; and that one of the King's pages had come to him this morning, to say, ' that his Majesty would see me a little after twelve.' At twelve, the Doctor and I went to the King's house, at Kew. We had been only a few minutes in the hall, when the King and Queen came in from an airing ; and, as they passed through the hall, the King called to me by name, and asked how long it was since I came from town. I answered, about an hour. ' I shall see you,' says he, ' in a little.' The Doctor and I waited a considerable time (for the King was busy), and then we were called into a large room, furnished as a library, where the King was walking about, and the Queen sitting in a chair. We were received in the most gracious manner possible by both their Majesties. I had the honour of a conversation with them (nobody else being present but Dr. Majendie) for upwards of an hour, on a great variety of topics ; in which both the King and Queen joined, with a degree of cheerfulness, affability, and ease, that was to me surprising, and soon dissipated the embarrassment which I felt at the beginning of the conference. They both complimented me in the highest terms, on my ' Essay,' which, they said, was a book they always kept by them ; and the King said he had one copy of it at Kew, and another in town, and immediately went and took it down from a shelf. I found it was the second edition. ' I never stole a book but one,' said his Majesty, ' and that was yours (speaking to me) ; I stole it from the Queen, to give it to Lord Hertford to read.' He had heard that the sale of Hume's ' Essays ' had failed, since my book was published ; and I told him what Mr. Strahan had told me, in regard to that matter. He had even heard of my being in Edinburgh last summer, and how Mr. Hume was offended on the score of my book. He asked many questions about the second part of the ' Essay,' and when it would be ready for the press. I gave him, in a short speech, an account of the plan of it ; and said, my health was so precarious, I could not tell when it might be ready, as I had many books to consult before I could finish it ; but, that if my health were good, I thought I might bring it to a conclusion in two or three years. He asked, how long I had been in composing my Essay—praised the caution with which it was written ; and said he did not wonder that it had employed me five or six years. He asked about my poems. I said, there was only one poem of my own on which I set any value (meaning the ' Minstrel'), and that it was first published about the same time with the ' Essay.' My other poems, I said, were incorrect, being but juvenile pieces, and of little consequence, even in my own opinion. We had much conversation on moral subjects : from which both their Majesties let it appear that they were warm friends to Christianity ; and so little inclined to infidelity, that they could hardly believe that any thinking man could really be an atheist, unless he could bring himself to believe that he made himself ; a thought which pleased the King exceedingly, and he repeated it several times to the Queen. He asked, whether any thing had been written against me. I spoke of the late pamphlet, of which I gave an account, telling him, that I never had met with any man who had read it, except one Quaker. This brought on some discourse about the Quakers, whose moderation and mild behaviour the King and Queen commended. I was asked many questions about the Scots universities ; the revenues of the Scots clergy ; their mode of praying and preaching ; the medical college of Edinburgh ; Dr. Gregory (of whom I gave a particular character), and Dr. Cullen ; the length of our vacation at Aberdeen, and the closeness of our attendance during the winter ; the number of students that attend my lectures ; my mode of lecturing, whether from notes, or completely written lectures ; about Mr. Hume, and Dr. Robertson, and Lord Kinnoull, and the Archbishop of York, &c. &c. His Majesty asked what I thought of my new acquaintance, Lord Dartmouth ? I said, there was something in his air and manner, which I thought not only agreeable, but enchanting, and that he seemed to me to be one of the best of men ; a sentiment in which both their Majesties heartily joined. ' They say that Lord Dartmouth is an enthusiast,' said the King, ' but surely he says nothing on the subject of religion, but what every Christian may, and ought to say.' He asked, whether I did not think the English language on the decline at present. I answered in the affirmative ; and the King agreed, and named the ' Spectator ' as one of the best standards of the language. When I told him that the Scots clergy sometimes prayed a quarter, or even half an hour at a time, he asked, whether that did not lead them into repetitions. I said, it often did. ' That,' said he, ' I don't like in prayers ; and excellent as our liturgy is, I think it somewhat faulty in that respect.' ' Your Majesty knows,' said I, ' that three services are joined in one in the ordinary church service, which is one cause of those repetitions.' ' True,' he replied, ' and that circumstance also makes the service too long.' From this, he took occasion to speak of the composition of the church liturgy ; on which he very justly bestowed the highest commendation. ' Observe,' his Majesty said, ' how flat those occasional prayers are, that are now composed, in comparison with the old ones.' When I mentioned the smallness of the church livings in Scotland, he said, ' he wondered how men of liberal education would choose to become clergymen there ;' and asked, ' whether in the remote parts of the

country, the clergy, in general, were not very ignorant.' I answered, 'No, for that education was very cheap in Scotland, and that the clergy, in general, were men of good sense and competent learning.' He asked whether we had any good preachers at Aberdeen? I said, yes, and named Campbell and Gerard, with whose names, however, I did not find that he was acquainted. Dr. Majendie mentioned Dr. Oswald's 'Appeal' with commendation; I praised it too; and the Queen took down the name, with a view to send for it. I was asked, whether I knew Dr. Oswald. I answered, I did not; and said, that my book was published before I read his; that Dr. O. was well known to Lord Kin-noull, who had often proposed to make us acquainted. We discussed a great many other topics; for the conversation, as before observed, lasted for upwards of an hour, without any intermission. The Queen bore a large share in it. Both the King and her Majesty showed a great deal of good sense, acuteness, and knowledge, as well as of good-nature and affability. At last, the King took out his watch (for it was now almost three o'clock, his hour of dinner), which Dr. Majendie and I took as a signal to withdraw. We accordingly bowed to their Majesties, and I addressed the King in these words: 'I hope, Sir, your Majesty will pardon me, if I take this opportunity to return you my humble and most grateful acknowledgments for the honour you have been pleased to confer upon me. He immediately answered, 'I think I could do no less for a man who has done so much service to the cause of Christianity. I shall always be glad of an opportunity to show the good opinion I have of you.' The Queen sate all the while, and the King stood, sometimes walking about a little. Her Majesty speaks the English language with surprising elegance, and little or nothing of a foreign accent. There is something wonderfully captivating in her manner; so that if she were only of the rank of a private gentlewoman, one could not help taking notice of her, as one of the most agreeable women in the world. Her face is much more pleasing than any of her pictures; and in the expression of her eyes, and in her smile, there is something peculiarly engaging. When the Doctor and I came out, 'Pray,' said I, 'how did I behave? Tell me honestly, for I am not accustomed to conversations of this kind.'—'Why, perfectly well,' answered he, 'and just as you ought to do.'—'Are you sure of that?' said I.—'As sure,' he replied, 'as of my own existence: and you may be assured of it too, when I tell you, that if there had been any thing in your manner or conversation which was not perfectly agreeable, your conference would have been at an end in eight or ten minutes at most.' The Doctor afterwards told me, that it was a most uncommon thing for a private man, and a commoner, to be honoured with so long an audience. I dined with Dr. and Mrs. Majendie, and their family, and returned to town in the evening, very much pleased with the occurrences of the day.—xxxvi—xlii.

The biographer, has wholly abstained from criticism, and has performed his work neatly; but there are those who quarrel with him, because he has participated in the impertinence of other memoir writers, and interlarded the narrative, like theirs, with his own opinions.

TEXTS AND COMMENTS.

BY AN OXFORD BLUE.

TEXT.

"A VERY silly rumour has gained ground, that there is a division in the Cabinet as to some of the details of the Reform Bill; and it has been said that Lord Brougham, through a daily paper, has uttered opinions on the subject, at variance with those of Earl Grey. We have authority to state, that there never has been any difference of opinion between those noble lords as to the Reform Bill, as it now stands, and that there is perfect cordiality in the whole Cabinet."—*Court Journal*.

COMMENT.

I will not quarrel with the term "silly," as applied to what is true; nor will I assert, notwithstanding Lord Brougham's unconstitutional defence of *The Times* paper, that his lordship writes any of the scandalous appeals to the brutal force of the mob, which disgrace that paper. But I will say—and the *Court Journal* knows we are right—that if the *Court Journal* "has authority to state that there never has been any difference of opinion between those noble lords, as to the

Reform Bill as it now stands, and that there is perfect cordiality in the whole Cabinet," the *Court Journal* has been authorized to publish as impudent a falsehood as ever appeared among the crowd of untruths and contradictions which have distinguished the pages of that drivelling paper.

TEXT.

"As ministers are reforming and mending the constitution politic, so is Mr. Long reforming and mending the constitutions of his patients; for we hear that Harley-street is now more crowded than ever."—*Puff of St. John Long, the Quack Doctor, in the Literary Gazette of 21st May.*

COMMENT.

By this species of praise, has a vagrant been enabled to impose upon the public. By this kind of notice, have simpletons been made to buy the poems of the Editor's Pets. What reasonable man can value the opinions or the praises of a print which has become the avowed supporter of a Quack Doctor?

TEXT.

"*Literary Gazette Office, May 21, Saturday Afternoon, 3 o'clock.*

"We have the gratification to state, that the great question respecting the course of the Niger, which has puzzled geography and literature for many centuries, has at last been determined by British courage and perseverance. We have just received the annexed letter from our esteemed and intelligent friend, Mr. Fisher, surgeon of the Atholl, well known to the world for his own interesting voyages and travels; and we lose no time in communicating the important information to the public, through the pages of the *Literary Gazette*.

"*H. M. S. Atholl, Bight of Biafra, 2d Feb. 1831.*

"I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines by a vessel that we have just now met on her way to England. My object in writing in this hasty manner, is to acquaint you that the grand geographical problem respecting the termination of the Niger, is at length solved.

"The landers after having reached Youri, embarked in a canoe on the Niger, or as it is called, the Quorra, and came down the stream until they reached the sea in the Bight of Biafra. The branch by which they came to the coast is called the Nun, or Brasse River, being the first river to the eastward of Cape Formosa. On their way down the river, they were attacked by the Hibboos (a fierce nation that inhabit its banks), and made prisoners, or rather captives; but the King of Brasse happening to be in that country buying slaves, got them released, by giving the price of six slaves for each of them. In the scuffle that ensued at the time they were taken, one of them lost his journal.

"Whilst at Youri, they got the prayer-book that belonged to Mr. Anderson, the brother-in-law and fellow-traveller of the celebrated Mungo Park. They were upwards of a month at Fernando Po, from whence they embarked about ten days ago, in an English merchant-vessel bound to Rio Janeiro on their way to England. From their taking that circuitous route, I am in hopes that this will reach you before they arrive, by which you will probably have it in your power to give the first news of this important discovery.

"(Signed) A. FISHER."

COMMENT.

The letter is interesting enough; but there was no occasion for the flourish, and the "Second Edition," for Robertson's *Notes on Africa*, gave us the same information as to the Niger ten years ago, and that gentleman was exceedingly well, perhaps better acquainted, than any other European, with that portion of Africa.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

- 1.—*Divines of the Church of England. No. XII. Valpy.*
- 2.—*Family Classical Library. No. XVII. Valpy.*
- 3.—*Epitome of English Literature, &c. No. II. Valpy.*
- 4.—*Geber, Count Julian, and other Poems. By Walter Savage Landor. Moxon.*
- 5.—*Enthusiasm, and other Poems, by Mrs. Moodie, late Miss Susannah Strickland. Smith, Elder, and Co.*
- 6.—*Friendly Advice to the Lords, on the Reform Bill. Ridgway.*
- 7.—*The Noble Game of Billiards. Thurston.*
- 8.—*Portraits of the Dead. By Mr. H. C. Deakin. Smith, Elder, and Co.*

1.—THIS number (or volume, as it may be more appropriately termed), completes the works of Isaac Barrow, one of those literary heroes of an age when men read deeply, and reflected long, before they put pen to paper; and whose race is now utterly extinct. The solid ore of costly learning, which a scholar of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries dug out of the mines of literature, would suffice for the gold-leaf acquirements of, at least, a hundred of the best men of the present day, who stand upon their erudition. It is in no spirit of commonplace disparagement, from no prejudice in favour of former times, that we speak thus. But can it be denied? Have we among us—had our fathers, before us—any of those intellectual giants, those vast minds, those devourers of libraries, whose digestion was as wholesome as their appetites were voracious? Have Bishop Hall, Jeremy Taylor, Sherlock, Tillotson, Barrow, found compeers in their successors? There is more thinking, and more, consequently, that makes others think, in a single page of the men we have named, than in whole volumes of men whom it would be superfluous to name. The fact is, from the moment book-making became a trade, and authors wrote, not because they had any thing to write about, but because the demand for books made the producing of them as much a matter of manufacture, as the demand for cottons and cutlery stimulated the industry of Manchester and Birmingham, the dignity of learning declined. Another fact, equally certain, is, that the thing we now call genius (which simply means the power of blotting a certain quantity of paper with a certain quantity of words, and sentences either in prose or verse) has flourished abundantly since the decline of learning; England alone has produced more men of genius, during the last fifty years (a dozen or two of whom are still to be heard of), than the whole of Europe supplied from the era of the revival of letters down to the period we have named. A modern scholar is furnished with all the materials necessary to commence author, when he has acquired those two valuable branches of education, reading and writing. Bentley, in the arrogance of his vast attainments, boasted that he had *forgotten* more than one of his antagonists had ever *learned*. If a Bentley were now living, might he not say, his forgotten things would serve to make a brilliant reputation for the literati of the age? But we are wandering into a dissertation, when our business is merely to repeat our hearty commendations of a work, like to *Divines of the Church of England*, which by its price, convenient form, and the attractions of good print and paper, will do much, we sincerely hope, towards reviving a just and masculine taste for the noble productions of the master-spirits of an age that will return no more.

We observe, that No. XIII. is announced as commencing "the most popular works of Jeremy Taylor." What work did that extraordinary man write, which is not, or ought not to be, popular? What line ever fell from his pen, which we can afford to lose? We entreat the enlightened editor, who has shown so much judgment, taste, and ability, in the execution of his task hitherto, to give us the whole of Jeremy Taylor, whatever he may do with some of those who are to follow. *Selections* from Hurd, Beveridge, Jortin, and even Samuel Clarke, we can be contented with: but not from Jeremy Taylor.

2.—We have here the well-known (because, as a whole, the best) translation of Horace, by Dr. Francis; but we are glad to perceive it is Mr. Valpy's intention to follow this with an Appendix, containing translations of separate pieces by

Ben Jonson, Cowley, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Swift, Bentley, Porson, &c. Let adequate taste and discernment be employed in making the selection, and the addition will be truly valuable.

It is obvious, that no single pen, unless it were inspired with the genius of Horace himself, can render with equal spirit and felicity, the various odes, satires, and epistles of the Roman bard; but the kindred talent of various minds, excited in happy moods, and excited by the impulse of a single effort, that effort a voluntary one, form the attraction of the theme, and may go far towards giving us a vivid transcript of his various beauties. "If," says the writer of the *Biographical Sketch of Horace*, prefixed to this volume, "we may rely on the judgment of his commentators, he has united in his lyric poetry, the enthusiasm of Pindar, the majesty of Alcæus, the tenderness of Sappho, and the charming levities of Anacreon." His commentators are right; and this alone, is sufficient to show, that no single translator, unless as we have said, he were himself a Horace, can do justice to Horace. We commend, therefore, Mr. Valpy's intention of giving the promised Appendix.

3.—We have nothing to retract of what we urged in our last number, respecting the general objections to which, as we conceive, the principle upon which this work has been undertaken is obnoxious. Those objections remain in full force, and must continue to do so. But in looking over the present volume, which contains the skeleton of *Paley's Evidence of Christianity*, and the commencement of a skeleton of *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding*, we are free to confess we have not met with any of those glaringly offensive proofs of mutilation, which startled us in the former one. We know they must inevitably exist: but it is something not to be perpetually reminded of them in so unceremonious and uncomfortable a manner.

4.—By a blunder almost insulting to the author, this volume was, in our last number, noticed as "Landon's," instead of "Landon's" Poems; and we appeared to range ourselves among the dotards who can praise imbecility, and relish nonsense. It was, however, a printer's oversight, and we have the opportunity of setting ourselves right. Our acquaintance with Mr. Landon's prose, is the only thing that gives us a distaste for his poetry. We associate the name with original thinking, bright flashes of genius, and great power; but we find these in much smaller proportions than we like, in his poetry. There is a mixture of affectation—even to the spelling of words—weakness, and obscurity; which spoils many passages of great beauty; and we confess, that at our first reading, our patience was so trespassed upon, that we were passing hastily over some delightful lines. Geber is not the best, though the first in the volume, but there are several which do Mr. Landon credit, though few remind us of his delightful *Imaginary Conversations*.

5.—Had we suggested to Miss Susannah Strickland, the name which she was to assume, and had read this volume, we could not have selected a better than that by which we must now hail her; Mrs. Moodie is too *serious* by half for us, but there are thousands of much better persons than ourselves who will read the volume with unmixed delight, and value it for the very reasons that we should not. We may blush to own, perhaps, in the same breath, that we are too volatile to enjoy, though we may admire, the strain of pious zeal which runs through all the pieces. *The Deluge* is the best among the minor poems.

6.—A very plain intimation that the present ministry intend appealing to popular fury, whenever they find it convenient to intimidate those who have any thing to lose. A tolerably broad hint that if the Lords dare to oppose the Commons, the Reform may extend to lopping off one of the three estates: and a threat, by inference, that if noble lords will not quietly submit to exclusion from their share in the government, they may perhaps lose their titles and estates. In short the *friendly advice*, is one of the insults which it has been our pain to see inflicted on the true nobility of England.

7.—The fashionable and fascinating Game of Billiards is rapidly gaining over among its votaries, many of our fair countrywomen; nor shall we gainsay the

propriety of a pursuit in which, besides affording an elegant exercise, science alone sustains the interest, and delicacy of execution is the chief requisite. The volume before us is a clever translation of Mingaud's celebrated examples of "extraordinary and surprising strokes which have excited the admiration of most of the sovereigns of Europe." To merely look at these examples (and there are about eighty) we might pronounce them impracticable, but a good player—nay a moderately good player—we can aver from our own experience, will easily accomplish many of them, by following the directions on the plates. To those who *wish* to play, the book is desirable; to those who *can* play, it is indispensable; for it will make five or six points difference in their game. We should as soon think of a billiard-room without the marking board, as without a copy of this volume.

8.—We have been favoured with a copy of the second edition of this volume. As we said of his *Switzerland*, it is pretty well for a writer in *La Belle Assemblée*; in short the *Portraits of the Dead* are rather a lively affair.

MUSIC.

- 1.—*The Letter. Go still voice of fond affection. The words by T. Atkinson, Esq. The music by Thomas Macfarlane. Clementi and Co.*
- 2.—*The Mariner's Child to his Mother. By J. Macdonald Harris.*
- 3.—*The Harmonicon. A Monthly Journal of Music. Longman and Co.*

1.—SONG writers are apt to pay too little attention to the accentuation of their music. Here is a case in point: in the second bar, a very strong accent is thrown on the word "fond," which is not certainly of more importance than the word "affection." A descending skip of a flat seventh, occurs in the word "home," which has a very ugly effect. The character of the melody which is in B flat major, is, in other respects, rather graceful. There are one or two blunders in the printing, but of no great importance.

2.—One of Mr. Harris's happy melodies, and not badly arranged. It is one of the merits of his music, that it is always well adapted to give effect to the emotion which the words are meant to express. This is the result of good taste, and contributes more than even his musical science, to the popularity of his compositions.

3.—This work, which on its first establishment, and even down to a late period, was neither well conducted nor well printed, has become one of the neatest and best of the musical publications. There is a spirit and discrimination in the choice of subjects, and in the way of treating them; and a lady who takes in this work, will not only be made acquainted with all that can interest the musical world, but she will in each number find some valuable addition to her musical library.

SONS OF THE CLERGY FESTIVAL.

THIS is the only occasion in which the Londoners have an opportunity of hearing any thing like an approximation to the due performance of choral music. Although it takes place at an inconvenient hour of the day, St. Paul's Cathedral is always thronged with company, which shows that the public taste for music of the very highest order, is any thing but extinct. The selection invariably consists of *chefs d'œuvres* of the art,—the glorious Dettingen *Te Deum*, the sublime "Hallelujah," from the *Messiah*, and the grand coronation anthem, "Zadok the priest;" all of them composed by Handel. Added to these, we have Boyce's celebrated anthem, written purposely for this charity, "Lord thou hast been our refuge," which for musical science, and the religious fervour which pervades it, is not unworthy of being associated with the works we have just mentioned. The beautiful treble chorus in C minor, "Remember O Lord what is come upon us," was sung very steadily by the boys.

A *Cantate Domino*, by Attwood, was performed for the first time : it ought to have been rehearsed three or four times, in order to have given it a fair trial. There is much cleverness in it, as there is in all that Attwood writes, and one or two of the subjects are treated in a masterly manner, particularly one in the bass, which told well on the organ. This instrument has been greatly improved since we last heard it ; the new bass pipes added in no small degree to the effect of the *pedale* passages, many of which occur in the compositions above-mentioned.

The performance afforded a high treat notwithstanding the inefficiency of the band, for the building itself imparts an imposing and awful grandeur to the music, which covers a multitude of sins in the execution of it. Harper was the only distinguished man among the instrumentalists : his tone and mastery over his instrument are astonishing. Handel must have had some such man as Harper in his eye, when he composed so much and such difficult music, for that intractable instrument. Strange to say, for the first time that we remember, Harper missed his time by about half a bar, having lost his reckoning while he was engaged in setting a junior trumpeter right. He played the obligato accompaniment to Phillips's song, "Thou art the King of Glory," most delightfully. By-the-by, why was Mr. Phillips not present at the rehearsal ? This is not treating the public with proper respect. This gifted singer we are sorry to say has shown a disposition of late to give himself airs, as the phrase is ; we can assure him they are by no means so becoming as those he is wont to favour the public with. In his absence, Mr. Blackburn sang, "Vouchsafe O Lord," in a manner which left little to be desired. Mr. Goulden sang rather too sharp in "Our fathers hoped in thee." All the soli parts intrusted to Vaughan, had ample justice done them—this is the style of music in which he excels. There was a sad deficiency of chorus singers,—they sang tolerably well, however.

We observed the Chevalier Neukomm in one of the galleries, and could not help feeling annoyed at the idea, that he would conclude he had heard a fair specimen of the manner in which we can get up a performance of church music ; when the fact is that London ranks at the very bottom of the scale, as regards this description of musical festival. To form a correct idea of what the talent of the metropolis can achieve in this line, a stranger must go to the music-meetings in the country. He must go to York, Liverpool, Birmingham, Norwich, Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester,—there he will find well-appointed bands, and well-drilled chorusses, each including the first-rate talent to be found in London. Why this disgraceful anomaly is any longer suffered to attach to the first city of Europe, we know not. With two such cathedrals as we have, it is really too bad. Can it be true, that some of the dignitaries of our church have set their faces against these performances ? We hope not.

EISTEDDVOD AND CAMBRIAN CONCERT.

UNDER this uncouth title we heard the other day one of the oddest succession of singing and noise-making that ever was dignified with the name of a Concert. Most of the *airs* were said to be Welsh ; and we were informed in the programme, that although the visitors may have been in the habit of receiving delight from hearing "chromatic modulations," they are now presented with the "Song of Nature." Such a dreadful squealing as was inflicted on the company with the title of Pennilian Singing, may be the song of Welsh nature, but is certainly not the song of any other. At one time the disturbance was so great, we expected to see the Police called in.

Mr. and Mrs. Knyvett sang a sweet pretty air, and Mr. Parry, jun. gave the "*Maid of Llangollens*" with great feeling. Puzzi's horn-playing was excellent, and so was Parry, sen.'s performance on the symphonian. By the way, Parry's musical notices of himself and son in the *Morning Post*, are slovenly ; all the world can see through the folly of a man praising himself.

Drama.

KING'S THEATRE.

The queen of the lyric drama has returned to our shores, and resumed her supremacy on those boards, which have lately been trod by so many incompetent *prime donne*. It is impossible to compare Pasta with any other *artiste*, as she herself is the standard of perfection, by which we should try the merits of others. We cannot say of her, that she does this well, or that well, as that might induce an opinion, that other parts of her performance were less perfect: for the fact is, she so thoroughly identifies herself with the character she is enacting, that we never once detect the actress. Pasta is not satisfied with merely making what are called *points*, and going through the rest with a certain cleverness,—no, she pays attention to every part, and thus succeeds in producing a perfect whole. Not but what we admire her more in particular scenes than in others, but then it is because those scenes require very superior intellectual powers, and great sensibility, which qualifications we so rarely meet with in actors, that we are always prepared to see them break down in such scenes. Look, for example, at the terrific scene in *Medea*, with the children; we feel convinced, that in any other hands it would prove a failure. It is here that Pasta triumphs over all the difficulties of her art: the first impulse to commit the horrid deed, and then relenting, the outpourings of her maternal tenderness, the sudden thought of her wrongs, her love, jealousy, hatred, and desire of vengeance, which ends in her fixed determination to sacrifice her offspring, all these passions and purposes are depicted by Pasta so vividly, with so discriminating a judgment, in short, with such truth to nature, that any of the ordinary terms of laudation, applied to her acting in that scene, would be an impertinence. It is no easy matter to consider Madame Pasta's singing, apart from her acting, for with her it seems the natural way of expressing herself: she never appears as if she were going to sing a song, never watches the prompter; while the band are playing the introductory symphony, she does not stand before the lamps making interesting faces, but is always engaged in some

appropriate action, so that there is an apparent spontaneousness in her manner, which makes even her set songs appear as if they were caused by the impulse of the moment. Her voice has the same sweet mellow tone, and her power of executing difficult passages is unimpaired. Two or three of her lower notes, have the same huskiness which they had on her last visit. The interpolated duet with Rubini, in the second act of *Medea*, is sung by Madame Pasta in the most perfect *cantabile* style imaginable. Her ornaments are introduced judiciously, and consequently with effect; the hacknied chromatic descent, she made use of but once. While on this subject, we must enter our protest against the fashion of cutting up a sustained shake, by strongly accenting every third or fourth note: it is most unmeaning and inelegant. Such a jerking of notes, is only significant of a power of lungs, and ought not to be perpetrated by those who really know how to sing.

Pasta has been well supported by Lablache, Curioni and Rubini. This latter gentleman does not improve on hearing; the vulgar twang in his voice, which we noticed on his first appearance, produces a very bad effect, when immediately contrasted with the tone of any of the other principal singers. Rubini is therefore heard to most advantage, when he has the stage to himself; there is a tremour in his *voce di petto*, though not in so great a degree as that which David had in his, and he is too fond of smothering every thing with meretricious ornaments. When he is walking about the stage, Rubini has a very odd way of carrying his right arm, which looks as if it did not belong to him, or as if it were dislocated. He should break himself of this habit, for at times it has a very comical effect.

Miss Ayton does all that depends on her to spoil the opera. She sings wretchedly out of tune, being generally too flat; and this is done with such a lackadaisical demeanour and expression of countenance, as indicates a perfect unconsciousness of her deficiencies. Caradori used to make an excellent *Creusa*, and as we hear she has arrived in this country, we hope she will be engaged.

The music of the opera of *Medea*, although it contains many beauties, is by no means equal to the subject. It fails most signally in the incantation scene, which is altogether so shamefully mismanaged, that nothing less than the splendid talents of Pasta could induce an audience to tolerate it. The quintet at the conclusion of the first act is skilfully written: the first soprano is made to answer the second tenor, and the first tenor answers the second soprano: the bass has a dialogue with one or two of the other parts, and they afterwards all move together. This arrangement adds considerably to the dramatic effect. *Medea* and *Egeo*, being at first concealed (on opposite sides) among the crowd assembled to witness the marriage of *Giasone* and *Creusa*, who, together with *Creonte*, stand in the middle of the stage. A very graceful duet by Generali is always introduced into this opera, of which Curioni sings his part admirably.

After the celebrated scene with the children, *Medea's* confidant ought to leave the stage. The moment Feliani opens her mouth, the audience laugh, and well they may—for a more ludicrous contrast can scarcely be conceived. It is not Feliani's fault; for she invariably goes through her part with great propriety: the dramatist is to blame for producing such an anti-climax.

The part of *Tancredi* does not call for the exertion of those great powers which are required in the personation of the great sorceress, and Madame Pasta's exquisite singing is in consequence made more prominent. Still, however, the woman of genius is visible, from the very first exclamation, "*O Patria ingrata!*" to the concluding scene. This "*Di tanti palpiti*," which, as it was originally written, was a very bald affair, is so beautifully polished by her, and is sung with so much expression and feeling, that it seems to acquire a new charm every time she repeats it. The opera is, we think, more exclusively vocal than any other of Rossini's, and it has this season been cast with great strength. The duet, "*M'abbraccio Argirio*;" the quartet, "*Gli infelici affetti miei*," at the end of the first act, and in fact all the choice *morceaux* with which the opera abounds, were admirably executed. Lalande, as *Amcnaide*, was in better voice, and sang with

more energy, than we ever gave her credit for, or at any rate, considering her peculiar situation, could have expected: we never heard the duo, "*Lasciami non t'ascolto*," to greater advantage. Rubini is more at home in the part of *Argirio* than in any we have yet seen him. Santini, contrary to our expectation, makes but a tame *Orbazzano*. In the finale, "*Or che son vicino a té*," Pasta displays in perfection all the qualities of a first-rate singer: such an assault of concentrated talents is irresistible, and the audience surrender at discretion.

Some long-eared critic has announced that Madame Pasta has *lost her voice*. We mention this, because we have just heard of a parallel piece of effrontery: a young coxcomb, who lately returned from Paris, declares, that there is nothing at all in Paganini's fiddling.

Taglioni, *la deesse de la danse*, is on the point of leaving us. The ballet will then be a very insipid affair.

The only material novelty of the month, is the production at Covent Garden, of a piece intended to last the whole evening, founded on the life of the Emperor Napoleon; each act brings him nearer to old age, and the whole include a period of twenty-five years. The revolutionary feeling has been so completely on the *wane* since the public begun to *think*, that the supposed excitement which was to make the fortunes of the house, by ensuring the popularity of this expensive and effective piece, has been found insufficient to render it greatly profitable. It is now played with a farce, and although the management is entitled to great credit for the splendour and effect of this singular drama, we can give them little praise for their taste in the choice of their subject.

At Drury Lane, a new opera, entitled the *Emissary*, was produced. The first night with doubtful success; but its reception has been greatly improved, as well as the acting and singing; so that it is now considered a hit. We ought to call a successful opera, a second novelty of the month; but with the exception of one or two of the ballads, and a duet by Horn, there was nothing sufficiently striking, to leave an impression.

The minor theatres are vying with

each other in variety and splendour. The Coburg, catering for the worst passions of the mob. The more respectable houses applying their resources to more lasting and creditable means of entertainment. Astley's, as usual, has its stud and tumblers. The Surrey, judiciously managed dramas and farces, which trench with more tact upon the

national theatres, than they exhibit when they invade the minors. Mathews and Yates, at the Adelphi, must hardly be ranked among dramatic entertainers; yet they hold the mirror up to nature, with a vengeance. Their audiences and reception, render eulogium a work of supererogation.

LIONS OF LONDON.

THE COLOSSEUM ranks with none of those exhibitions with which we were previously favoured, and therefore we place it first. Few, who have *not* seen it, can form the least idea of its character; few who *have* seen, have been other than astonished and gratified. We have always quarrelled with the price of admission, but like the antagonist of Doctor Fell, we can give no good reason for quarrelling with it, except, "we do not like it." It is by no means pleasant to have a large party of ladies propose a walk in the Regent's Park, and when we enter, to be successively stopped, at the Diorama, because there is a fine bright sun to show off the two views to advantage; and at the Colosseum, because the Swiss mountains and splendid grotto are now finished. There is an end of joking about London sights, when your purse-strings are drawn for half-a-dozen crowns, after just paying a dozen shillings at another of the Lions. When, however, the operation of paying is over, and we turn ourselves round to look about us, our trouble ends, and we forget, amidst the novel beauties of the place, all our begrudgings. Of the Panorama, as a painting, we cannot say much, but the drawing is a wonderful effort, and a great curiosity. We have never seen the utility of preserving the ball and cross of St. Paul's, in its present elevation; because there is no illusion of the kind which the public expected, to render its position an object worth sacrificing even the room it takes up. We, among others, from the descriptions we had read, expected to find that the spot whence we were to view the Panorama of London, was to be an imitation of the outside of St. Paul's, and the adoption of the old ball and cross gave us

a notion of the exactness with which this effect was studied; that feature is, however, a failure, and we could enjoy the Panorama more fully in a room upon the old plan. The distant parts of the view are singularly correct, and the use of telescopes is curiously interesting. The conservatories form a beautiful object. The grotto and fountain give almost a magic effect to the scene; and when we approach the lake, the mountains, and the falls of water, we forget altogether we are in the Regent's Park. The room in which two or three bungling sculptors seem to have crammed for sale, what will sell nowhere else, is only worth notice as a failure. If this were under the control of persons who knew what they were about, it might be the most attractive feature in the exhibition, as it is, the scarcity of *good* things, and the predominance of *bad*, are very conspicuous.

THE DIORAMA begins to be as well known as any of the ancient lions, and though not so attractive as it was when perfectly new to us, will always be a favourite exhibition.

THE PANORAMAS, both in Leicester-square and the Strand, retain all their popularity, and on fine days make us wish there were more room for visitors. The changes of scene are frequent, and enable us to pay periodical visits without danger of seeing the same twice.

MISS LINWOOD'S GALLERY is rendered exceedingly attractive by a magnificent addition of a needlework piece, which, like most of her works at the least distance, deceives the eye, and has all the delicacy and sweetness of a masterly painting. This extraordinary lady must have attained an advanced age,

but we can hardly hesitate on pronouncing her last work to be her best.

THE NATIONAL REPOSITORY OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES is among the "novelties;" for this is not more than the third season, we believe, of its establishment, during which each exhibition has been an improvement on its predecessor, and the present by far the best of all. Few "sights" possess more attractions to persons of taste than this store of variety, in which fifty different objects present themselves to view, each of which, separately, would be worth the whole price of admission.

CROSS'S MENAGERIE is almost extinguished by the Zoological Gardens, which present the animals in the most inviting form of exhibition, especially in fine weather. Few will court the nausea arising from closely confined animals, even to view a collection like Cross's, which is, perhaps, the best in the kingdom. How long it will remain so, while the Zoological Society continue adding rarities to theirs, is a matter into which we shall not inquire. We shall not again visit the Royal Exchange Menagerie until after the dog-days.

THE APOLLONICON we attended on Saturday; and in all weathers we feel some difficulty in resisting the temptation. Mr. Purkis, excepting when idle, holds so complete a mastery over that magnificent instrument, and the selections are usually so well made, that we have scarcely ever felt other than delighted for the two hours which the Saturday's concerts occupy.

THE CHIN MELODIST, is one of those extraordinary geniuses who contrive to surprise more than they delight. But the exhibition is curious; and those who are fond of originality will not fail to acknowledge the claims of our chin-chopping friend.

THE RUSSIAN HORN BAND has become more popular since it became more reasonable. We always thought five shillings an hour too dear for a concert in which the only feature was novelty. Every body will be entertained once—nay, perhaps highly gratified;—we were so; but we certainly would not give our time to hear changes of performance by the same means and men. It is one of the curiosities of music.

HOLLINS'S SCULPTURE is an interesting exhibition to the lovers of the art; and, without attempting a criticism, we should say that all who visit the Royal Academy, and the Suffolk-street Gallery, ought also to visit Mr. Hollins.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS, a group of eight figures, in stone, the subject taken from the poem of Burns, is said to be the work of a self-taught artist. There is no indication of it in the mechanical part of the execution; and we have no hesitation in saying, we disbelieve the assertion. That the artist was not regularly brought up under any celebrated man, we are sure; but when we saw the work, we felt exactly as we do in seeing an actor's "first appearance on any stage," which he treads with all the carelessness of twenty years' acquaintance, and the stately awkwardness of confirmed bad habit. The Jolly Beggars, as a group, is greatly inferior to Mr. Thoms' Tam O'Shanter.

We are drawing pretty well to the end of the list of lions, and whether we have omitted any material ones or not, we trust we have given our readers a very fair visiting list. We will close with one of the oldest; for we find, by an advertisement in a daily paper, that they may still go and visit the LIONS in the Tower.

English Fashions.

PLATE 1, FIG. 1.

EVENING DRESS.

AN elegant dress of white aeroplane crape and satin, over a rich white satin slip. The sleeve is short and very full, with a fulling of crape at the bottom, cut in deep hollow scallops, bound with

satin, and edged with a narrow frill of crape and satin. The skirt is made rather longer than they were worn last month, with a deep flouncing of crape, the scalloped edge of which is bound with satin; and the top of the flounce is headed with pines of crape, trimmed

round the part which lies upon the flounce, with a scalloped frill of crape and satin, in the same manner as the sleeve. The *tablier* is composed of mal-low-coloured *soie mairée*, quilled round with a double fold of the same. The stomacher is made full, and with deep epaulettes, which fall over the sleeve of the dress, and are finished at the points of the shoulders with three leaves of white crape and satin, like the dress.

The chasteness and graceful simplicity of this dress, render it peculiarly suited for an evening dress for a young lady.

PLATE 1, FIG. 2.

Ball dress of rich iris blue satin. The corsage is made *en cœur*, full in front and back, and finished at the top of the bust by a narrow corded band fastened in front by an *agraffe* of topaz and gold. A deeply vandyked fall of satin, over a superb British blonde, crosses the shoulder, and reaches the waist either way. The points of the satin fall lessening as they approach the waist. A novel and beautiful sleeve, completes the body of this imposing dress. It is made moderately full, and ornamented with tasteful draperies, interspersed with double *feuilles*, cut in points at the ends. The skirt very full, and finished at the bottom with a deep hem, cut in *languettes*, and edged with blonde to correspond with the fall on the shoulders of the dress.

PLATE 2, FIG. 1.

WALKING DRESS.

A Pelisse of amethyst-coloured *soie d'Inde*. The corsage is made plain, and over which is disposed a *pelérine* of a very new and striking pattern: it is composed of two pieces, one of which forms a stomacher, and the other which is joined to it by a cording of three small bands, plaited together, falls over the sleeve like a deep epaulette, and is continued as far as the *ceinture*, where it forms an acute point with the stomacher. The sleeve is very large at the top, and quite close to the arm from the elbow downwards. The fulness is cut away from the middle of the lower sleeve, leaving straps, which cross each other from the elbow to the wrist. A garniture of corded *feuilles*, progressively becoming smaller as they ascend, completes the skirt, which is worn closed down the front.

PLATE 2, FIG. 2.

Evening dress of saffron-coloured *gaze de Paris*, over a slip of soft white satin, made very full, and corded at the bottom, to extend the dress at the lower part. Corsage à l'*Italienne*, over a white satin under bodice, which is disposed in longitudinal folds, and terminated at the top by a very narrow double cording of satin. The sleeve is made long and wide, and drawn to the proper size by three bands of rich satin ribbon, which pass through the folds of the sleeve, and terminate in tulips on the upper part. The skirt has an elegant flounce at the bottom, formed of separate pieces, each of which is cut into two sharp points, at the part next the feet, and the whole surmounted by crescents, twisted over a band of rich cording.

PLATE 2, FIG. 3.

Carriage dress of wood brown *gros de Naples*, the body is made *uni*, over which is a canezeou of net, richly trimmed with British lace, and ornamented with blue satin ribbon. The sleeve is made to set very close to the arm at the lower part, which is extended into a strap reaching nearly to the top of the upper full part. The top of this sleeve is supported by an under one of stiffened net, to give the sleeve of the dress a very full appearance. The skirt has a rich and elaborate garniture of trefoil leaves, so disposed as to form *clochettes*, which are held together by double bands of corded straps.

PLATE 2, FIG. 4.

Morning dress of lilac and pale rose shot *mousseline de laine*, bound with lilac satin. The body is plain, and made to fit the shape very closely. A deep epaulette falls over the shoulder, the ends of which meet across the bust, and are united by bands, proceeding from front to back. The sleeve is made à l'*Espagnole* at the upper part, terminating in a fall at the elbow; while the lower part is tight as possible to the arm, and ends in an antique pointed *manchette*.

PLATE 2, FIG. 5.

Carriage dress of *vert de mer reps*, of a very rich fabric, over a stomacher à la *Bergere*, plaited *en éventail*, and ending in a *naud* on the shoulder. Sleeve à l'*imbécille*, finished at the wrist with an elegant *manchette*, which is richly



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ornamented with small gold buttons. The skirt of this dress has a rich trimming at the top of the hem (which is rather narrower than they have been worn lately), it is formed of pointed pieces, *en eventail*, and headed by a succession of pieces, cut so as to form

coquilles over the ends of the fans, and also forming right angles with each other, so as to constitute a line round the skirt. A *collerette* of beautiful English embroidery of a superb pattern, finishes this becoming dress.

VARIETIES.

THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON.—Some curious particulars of this celebrated statue have lately been published in the French papers, which may not be uninteresting to our readers. It appears that when the Allies entered Paris in 1814, this obnoxious statue being condemned to a descent from its proud elevation—thus completing the representation of the fortunes of “the man,” it was found to be so firmly fixed on the column, that the combined strength of twenty-four horses, and a number of men could not displace it: some smiths were then employed to saw it off at the ancles, but the legs being cast *solid*, this could not be accomplished; it was then proposed to undermine the column, but a Russian General is said to have prevented this barbarous attempt. At length M. Lounay was directed, under pain of military execution, to depose the statue, which he did in three days without injuring either that or the column, and took pos-

session of it for a debt due from the government. At Napoleon's return he was obliged to give it up, and it was kept for some years—till, on the Restoration of the Bourbons, an equestrian statue of Henri IV. was ordered to be erected on the Pont Neuf. It was then melted down, and the metal used for that work. M. Mesnel, the artist who constructed the latter, now declares, that he caused to be concealed in the right arm of Henri a little Napoleon, and in the head, a statement of this fact. The body of the horse also contains several boxes filled with various papers, such as songs, inscriptions, and verses, illustrative of the spirit of the times. He adds, that in half a day he could abstract all these matters without damage to the statue. This *safety-valve* is not the least curious part of the affair—he, no doubt, trusted to it for pardon if ever he were betrayed to a tyrannical government.

EPILOGUE TO ALFRED.

To have been spoken by Mr. Harley in the character of a Belman.

WRITTEN BY R. BERNAL, ESQ. M.P.

Enters ringing his bell.

O yes! O yes! O yes! Lost, stolen, or stray'd,
An epilogue, bran new, and lately made,
With humour, wit, and novelty replete,
And free from all old jests and stale conceit;
Whoe'er this prize to Drury Lane shall bring,
Shall be rewarded—so, God save the King.
A play without an epilogue. Alas!
That such a dire mishap should come to pass;
Why, 'twill be deem'd revolt against the cause
Of Thespian politics and Thespian laws!
A wild Reform, impell'd by cruel fate,
A revolution in the drama's state.
Our author will be wither'd by the frown
Of each dramatic Tory through the town.
Moreover, now, what effort can succeed
Without the puffing of a friend in need?
When e'en the prudish Muses will coquet
With Rowland's Kalydor and Warren's jet.
But I forgot—the swelling blast of Fame
Precedes, not lags behind each favour'd name:

[Puts down his bell.]

And, like some whisker'd Bobadil's cigar,
 Expels the puff that meets you from afar.
 We've had our Prologue—surely that's enough
 For all the purposes of lawful puff.
 Ladies and gents, I hope you've been amused,
 And that our author cannot be accused
 Of mixing with his five-act serious story
 Of merry England's ancient wars and glory,
 A larger portion of narcotic juice
 Than is allowed for tragic authors' use.
 Whate'er their talents, toil, or anxious haste,
 'Tis hard to suit each critic's varying taste.
 For one, I little think of Saxon thanes,
 Of pirate sea-kings, and of cut-throat Danes,
 Who sack'd and burn'd, by turns, this town of Lud,
 Then full of glory, and as full of mud:
 Let others boast the charms of ancient days,
 'Tis very well in parliaments and plays.
 Oh, days of innocence! when monks alone,
 Caged in their cloister'd tenements of stone,
 Assumed the privilege to read and write,
 Whilst happy laymen only learn'd to fight;
 When one might chance to go to bed
 Without an ear or nose, perhaps, or head;
 Oh, lib'ral times! when kings were doom'd to bake
 For their own breakfast their own oatmeal cake:
 Ye mighty race of Picts, Goths, Danes, and Huns,
 Who knew not muffins, rolls, or Sally-luns!
 Whom salted sea-cows, porpoises, and seals,
 And muddy ale, supplied with sav'ry meals;
 Whose boors, neglecting worldly pomp and riches,
 Despis'd the idle luxury of breeches;
 Thanks to our stars! we moderns gain some boons—
 If ye had clowns, we have our *pantaloons*.
 We belmen, now, are haply men of letters,
 Who scrawl and spout as well as half our betters.
 Now roasted sirloins, smoking on the board,
 Delight the priest, the warrior, and the lord:
 We now may freely sup, and soundly sleep,
 And on our shoulders our own craniums keep.
 If Alfred were a skilful politician,
 A learned, bold, and daring state physician,
 Who purged this realm of humours rank and loose,
 And check'd the current of each mad abuse,
 May Heav'n be praised! do we not proudly own
 A patriot monarch now on Britain's throne?
 Whose wise and gen'rous policy imparts
 A sense of love and duty to all hearts,
 Whose unpretending life and sway command
 Affection and obedience through the land.
 Long may the crown o'er William's honour'd head
 A mild, yet steady, wholesome splendour shed!
 But, stop! I must not trespass on your time,
 Or spin out longer this too tedious rhyme:
 At Christmas only can I dare rehearse
 My loyal carols in my dogg'rel verse; [*Prompter's bell rings*.
 And, hark! I hear the prompter's rival bell—
 [*Actor, taking up his bell, bowing to the audience, proceeds.*
 Sweet *belles* and beaux, kind patrons, fare ye well!

ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S, AND FASHIONABLE NOTICES.

(Continued from p. 365.)

Clifford.—White crape dress, trimmed with gold and blonde, the body ornamented with blonde and gold; train of India tissue, gold and red; head-dress, jewellery and plume.

L. and E. Cornucallis.—Dresses of Irish blonde over white satin, trimmed with a flounce of the same material, headed with a trimming of blonde and satin; corsage drapée and blonde; beret sleeves and ruffles; trains of rose colour, lined with white silk, trimmed with tulle and satin; head-dress, feathers and lappets, with diamonds and pearls.

Croft.—White crape dress, embroidered in silver lama, a montants; blonde epaulettes; train of blue watered silk, inprime, with silver lappets; feathers and brilliants.

Davy.—A white figured gauze dress, trimmed with satin and blonde epaulettes, mantilla and sabots of blonde; train of blue satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Willoughby De Broke.—Superb white satin, trimmed with silver and flowers; train to correspond, with epaulettes of cherry colour, velours, epingles, and blonde; feathers and lappets; ornaments of diamonds.

Grey de Ruthven.—A white crape dress over white gros de Naples, trimmed with silver; train of blue satin, lined with white, and trimmed with silver; head-dress, magnificent plume, ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Elliott Drake.—White aerophane dress, embroidered with velvet leaves and gold, the corsage trimmed with blonde; train of rich pink satin, finished with gold lace; head-dress of gold, lappets, feathers, and diamonds.

Louisa Duncombe.—Dress of white crape over white satin, embroidered with white and gold à Colonne; corsage à la Grecque, with blonde mantilla and seduisantes; train and epaulettes of green watered gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Mary Dundas.—A white tulle dress, trimmed with blonde, fleur, and satin; train of violet satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Anderson Durham.—Tulle dress, embroidered in green and gold lama, over white satin, blonde epaulettes, train of green watered silk, trimmed with tulle and gold lama; blonde lappets, plume of feathers and brilliants.

Feverham.—White colonnade gauze dress over white satin, with blonde flounce and trimming; train of emerald satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Graham (of Netherby).—A dress of white crape, embroidered with blue and silver; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of blue satin, lined with white, and trimmed with silver; magnificent plume and diadem of diamonds and turquoise; stomacher of diamonds and turquoise; ear-rings and necklace en suite.

Emily Graham.—A pink crêpe dress, embroidered with gold, over pink satin, with blonde mantilla; a pink satin train, trimmed with gold; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Harriet Gurney.—A superb dress of silver lama over white satin, with a silver border, folded corsage, with seduisantes sleeves; blue satin train, embroidered with silver lama; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Katherine Halkett.—A dress of black satin, ornamented en tablier, with gauze ribbons, corsage à la Grecque; train of satin to correspond, edged with Roman pearls; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds, and pink topaz.

Hartwell.—Dress of white figured florentine, trimmed with blonde, train of violet satin moiré, with a torsade of satin and blonde; head-dress, gold lama, feathers, and blonde; amethyst ornaments.

Flora Hastings.—A dress of Irish blonde, trimmed with a flounce of the same, ornamented with flowers and riband, the dress lined with English satin; mantilles and sabots of blonde; a train of sky-blue Irish poplin, trimmed elegantly with flowers; head-dress, plumes and lappets of Irish blonde.

Selina Hastings.—The same as Lady Flora Hastings, excepting a white train, trimmed with white flowers.

Anne Legge.—An embroidered vapeur crape dress, with white floss silk body; mantilla blonde sabots; train of vapeur satin, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Frances Ley.—A white satin dress, trimmed with blonde and satin, looped with detached bouquets of white flowers; corsage and sleeves trimmed, with mantilla and sabots of blonde lace; manteau of cerise satin, trimmed with leaves of blonde and satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.

Frances Loudden.—An aerophane crêpe dress, embroidered in silver, the body ornamented with blonde; train in white satin, silver, and blonde; head-dress, plume and diamonds.

Martin.—Rich white figured silk dress, embroidered with gold; body trimmed with blonde; train of amber satin; head-dress, an amber toque, feathers and diamonds.

Harriet Paget.—A blonde gauze dress, lined with satin, trimmed with blonde rouleaux, epaulettes, and mantilles; a white satin train; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Petre.—A dress of white crape, embroidered with silver and gold; the train, with epaulettes of satin; magnificent ornaments of diamonds and emeralds; feathers and lappets.

J. St. Maur.—A white tulle dress, ornamented with a deep flounce of French blonde; blue and gold satin fleur-de-body; blue satin train, embroidered with gold; head-dress, plumes and jewellery.

Seymour.—White satin dress, trimmed with blonde, ornamented with bouquets of blue and silver; train of blue satin, trimmed with silver.

Sherborne.—A white tulle dress, with gold lama, trimmed with blonde epaulettes, and mantille, &c.; an Irish poplin train, trimmed with gold rouleaux; toque of blonde, ornamented with feathers and lappets.

Stanley.—A rich embroidered net dress, with a trimming of green, beetle wings and gold, with a rich gold fringe at the bottom, over white satin train of dark green brocaded silk; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Stephenson.—A white satin dress, with flounce and mantille of blonde; train of violet satin, with a magnificent head-dress of feathers and diamonds.

Caroline Stewart.—An embroidered aerophane dress, ornamented with garnitures of gauze riband, fastened with bunches of silver flowers; body trimmed with blonde; train, a rich watered gros de Naples, trimmed with blonde and silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Suffield.—A French blonde dress over white satin; manteau of moire de ciel brocade avec l'argent, trimmed with lama, lined with white satin; agraffe of diamonds; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and lappets.

Edward Thynne.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silver, trimmed with blonde epaulettes, and a mantille of the same, tied with silver flowers; a watered silk train, embroidered with silver, trimmed with silver rouleaux.

Tierney.—A dress of white ducape, embroidered with white and gold, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of blue satin, lined with white, and elegantly trimmed with gold; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

Tucker.—A white crêpe dress, embroidered with green and gold, mantille and sabots of rich blonde; train of rich green watered tabby; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Wheeler.—A ducape white embroidered dress, mantille of blonde, sabots to match; train of striped watered pink ducape, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, lappets, plumes, and diamonds.

HONOURABLE MISTRESSES AND MISSES.

Wm. Ashley.—A white crape dress, trimmed with silver lama, blonde epaulettes; train of blue terry velvet, trimmed with silver; feathers and brilliants.

Calogan.—A black blonde gauze dress, over black satin, mantilla of black blonde, and bugle belt; train of black satin; head-dress, feathers and lappets with jet ornaments.

Capt. Cuthbert.—A white satin dress, with a magnificent blonde flounce; rich satin train, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

De Grey.—A white crape dress, embroidered en tablier with gold lama, and trimmed with blonde; train embroidered with green silk, garniture of gold lama; head-dress, toque and feathers.

L'Iremonger.—A crape dress, embroidered and lined with satin, epaulettes and mantillas of blonde; a gros de Naples train, couleur Adelaide de Paradis; a toque and lappets of blonde with feathers.

Charles Law.—A white satin dress, embroidered with flowers, the body finished with a flounce of queen's blonde; train of white watered silk; head-dress, feathers with lappets, and amethyst ornaments.

Norton.—A white satin dress, trimmed with blonde, and ornamented with bouquets of pink and silver; train of rich pink satin, trimmed with silver.

Fanny Anson.—A dress of white crape, embroidered in silver corsage drapée, ornamented with blonde; train of white satin and silver; head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

C. De Vaux.—White crape dress, embroidered with silver; blonde mantilla over white

satin train of pink watered silk, trimmed with silver ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and pearl ornaments.

Duncombe (the two).—A white aerophane crape dress, ornamented with wreaths of riband and flowers ; train of beautiful rose-coloured Victoria silk.

Caroline Fitzroy.—A blonde gauze dress, over white satin, trimmed with blonde ; train of gros de vert, finished with a corresponding wreath ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Foley.—A white crape dress over a white satin slip, trimmed with bouquets of silver lilies ; Adelaide sleeves ; mantua of pink satin lined with white, and trimmed with tulle and silver ; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Geraldine Foley.—White satin dress trimmed with blonde, and ornamented with bouquets of pink and silver ; pink satin train, trimmed with silver.

Gordon.—A queen's blonde dress over white satin, trimmed with a deep volante of blonde, finished with a torsade of satin, corsage and sleeves trimmed, with mantilla and sabots of queen's blonde ; a green moire manteau, elegantly trimmed with a torsade of green and white satin ; head-dress, feathers, and ornaments of pearls and diamonds ; blonde lappets.

Caroline Graves.—A white aerophane dress, embroidered with silver, over a white satin slip, body trimmed with blonde, ornamented with silver flowers ; a white satin train, trimmed with blonde and silver ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Hare.—White aerophane dress, embroidered in green and gold, and a profusion of Irish blonde ; train, rich white satin trimmed with gold ; head-dress, feathers and gold ; ornaments to correspond.

Hood.—An elegant blue crape dress, embroidered in white, à colonne, corsage trimmed, with mantilla and sabots of blonde ; manteau of rich white moire silk, trimmed with a torsade of blue and white satin to correspond ; head-dress, feathers and ornaments of pearls ; necklace and ear-rings of pearls ; blonde lappets.

Charlotte Hood.—An elegant pink crêpe dress, embroidered in white à colonne, corsage trimmed, with mantilla and sabots of blonde ; manteau of rich white moire silk, trimmed with a torsade of pink and white satin to correspond ; head-dress, feathers and ornaments of pearls ; necklace and ear-rings of pearls ; blonde lappets.

Kinnaird (the two).—Queen's blonde dresses over white satin slip, superbly trimmed with wide flounces of blonde, ornamented with satin ; corsage Donna Maria ; sleeves semisante ; robes of white gros de Naples, lined with white satin ; head-dresses, feathers and lappets.

Rowley.—A white crape dress, trimmed with lilac and satin, blonde epaulettes ; train of lilac watered silk, trimmed with flowers, blonde lappets ; head-dress, feathers and brilliants.

MISTRESSES.

Agar.—A dress of white figured satin, trimmed with Irish blonde, sabots and epaulettes of the same, train, lavender Levantine, trimmed with satin ; head-dress, toque of white and gray gauze, ornamented with feathers.

Balfour.—A gold lama dress, body and sleeves superbly trimmed with blonde ; train of blue satin, handsomely trimmed with gold ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and pearls.

Bontein.—A rich Irish blonde dress, trimmed with blonde lace, worn over pink satin ; train of pink satin ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.

Edward Buller.—A black gauze dress, trimmed with net and satin blonde epaulettes ; train of black satin, trimmed with net and satin, blonde lappets ; head-dress, feathers and brilliants.

Ridley Colborne.—A white satin dress, with a deep flounce of blonde, body and sleeves trimmed to correspond ; train of figured peach-coloured silk, lined with white and trimmed with blonde ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

F. Daniell.—A dress of white satin, with a robe of crape, trimmed with gold lama, and bouquets of marabout feathers, bodice ornamented with gold en suite, and superb mantilla and ruffles of fine blonde ; train of cerise velvet, bordered with a splendid wreath in dead and bright gold ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and rubies.

Dawkins.—A white satin dress, with a deep blonde lace flounce, loops of diamonds, the body and sleeves superbly ornamented with diamonds and blonde lace ; train of black velvet, lined with white garniture of blonde lace ; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

De Starck.—White satin dress, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde ; train of Adelaide purple-figured silk, ornamented with satin ; head-dress, blonde bérêt, feathers and diamonds.

Keith Douglas.—A rich Irish blonde dress, with deep volant of the same ; manteau of pink satin, trimmed with silver lama ; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

George Dyke.—A blonde gauze dress, over white satin, headed with a gauze riband ;

body and sleeves trimmed with blonde lace; train of watered gros de Naples lined with white garniture of aeroplane and satin; head-dress, a brocaded gold toque, feathers and lappets.

Douglas Halford.—A handsome embroidered white crape dress over a white satin slip, with mantilla and epaulettes of rich blonde; train of pink satin bordered with tulle; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Hervey.—A superb dress of the Adelaide blonde, with a blonde flounce; a white satin train, trimmed with broad blonde to correspond; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamond tiara, necklace and ear-rings.

Holden.—A white gros de Chine dress, with flounce and mantilla of blonde and sabots to correspond, Adelaide satin train lined with white and trimmed with roleaus; feathers and diamonds.

Hornby.—A blonde gauze dress over white satin, headed with a fancy trimming of tulle and gauze riband, body and mameluke sleeves trimmed with blonde lace; train of pomona green satin, lined with white, garniture, blond lace; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and lappets.

Howley.—An embroidered crape dress, trimmed with blonde lace; mantilla and sabots to correspond; manteau of lavender satin, with a rich garniture of twisted satin and tulle; head-dress, a toque in gold lama, with lappets, feathers, and pearl ornaments.

Bolton King.—Embroidered white crape dress, trimmed with blonde, train of rich figured lilac silk, lined, trimmed with white satin; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and amethyst ornaments.

Brownlow Knot.—A dress of white crape, the petticoat elegantly ornamented, a Brandedburgh body and sleeves, trimmed with blonde; train of pink watered gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Littledale.—A white satin dress, with flounces of broad Queen's blonde, the body and sabots en suite, a manteau of vapeur satin, trimmed with blonde and satin; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Macnaghten.—An embroidered silver dress over white satin, mantilla of French blonde, manteau of vapeur moire, lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Edward Majoribanks.—A white Oriental gauze dress, ornamented with gold, lined with satin, trimmed with blonde; train of watered silk of a gold colour, trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

B. Percy.—White crêpe dress, embroidered with white silk; train of watered gros de Naples; head-dress, plume and pearls.

Chandos Pole.—A white satin dress, trimmed with a deep volant of blonde lace; the corsage trimmed with drapery of net and satin, blonde lace sleeves, trimmed with sabots of blonde; a beautiful emerald green figured silk manteau, trimmed blonde and satin; ceinture ornamented with emeralds; head-dress, lappets, feathers, emeralds, and diamonds; ear-rings and necklace of emeralds and diamonds.

Preston.—A gold dress over white satin; mantilla of French blonde; manteau of rich satin de feu, lined with white gros de Naples; head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

Tremayne Rodd.—A dress of cerise and gold silk, embroidered with blonde and gold fringe; train of white satin; head-dress, gold blonde lappets, feathers, and amethysts.

Staples.—A rich Irish blonde dress, trimmed with blonde lace; corsage trimmed with broad lace; train of blue Irish poplin, trimmed with broad blonde lace and satin; head-dress, diamonds and feathers; necklace, ear-rings, and brooch of diamonds.

Sylvain.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silk and gold, lined with satin; epaulettes and mantilles of blonde; a white watered striped silk train, trimmed with gold roleaux and mixed with silver; head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets and diamonds.

Trotter.—A white satin dress, with superb volant of French blonde; manteau of poul de soir moire blanc, lined with white satin; head-dress, diamonds, feathers and lappets.

H. Wells.—Dress of white satin with a deep flounce of blonde; seduisantes of blonde; manteau of pink brocaded Irish poplin trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Melvil Wilson.—A blonde lace dress with a deep flounce, over white satin; train of pink satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, blonde lappets.

MISSES.

Agar.—Dress of white tulle, embroidered with gold; train of green pistache gros de Naples, trimmed with gold and satin; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Anson.—A blonde dress, trimmed with gold and blonde, over white satin; train of pink gros de Naples, ornamented with blonde and gold; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and amethysts.

Sophia Anson.—A blonde dress, trimmed with gold and blonde, over white satin; train

of pink gros de Naples, ornamented with blonde and gold; head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and a superb set of turquoises.

Ashley.—A white crape dress over white satin, ornamented with silver; train to correspond, with epaulettes of blue figured satin; feathers, lappets; ornaments, pearl.

Belfour (the two).—A dress of white blonde tulle, trimmed with lilies of the valley, worn over white satin, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of white watered ducape, trimmed to correspond; head-dress, magnificent plume; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Barnes.—White crape dress, embroidered in white silk; blonde epaulettes; train of white velours des Indes, trimmed with tulle and satin; blonde lappets, plume of feathers, and brilliants.

Burdett (the three).—White satin slips with tulle dresses, body and sleeves trimmed with rich blonde lace; garniture of white acacia, jasmine and roses beautifully transposed to form the wreath; trains of rich white gros de Naples silk; trimmed quiltings of tulle, with flowers to correspond; feathers and English blonde lappets.

Georgiana Bushe.—A dress of white aerophane, trimmed with gauze ribbon; the corsage richly ornamented with blonde of British manufacture; train of white satin, lined with gros de Naples; head-dress, ostrich feathers, with pink topaz ornaments.

Cadogan.—White aerophane dress, trimmed with ribands and blonde, over white satin; train of white watered silk, trimmed with satin; head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets, with diamond ornaments.

Honora Cadogan.—White aerophane dress, over white satin, tastefully trimmed with white riband and blonde; train of rich white watered silk, trimmed with satin; head-dress, white ostrich feathers and blonde lappets, ornaments all coloured brilliants.

Campbell.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silver, corsage à la Grec, with seduisantes sleeves, and mantille of blonde; train of white satin, embroidered with silver; feathers, lappets, diamonds, and pearls.

Clare.—A blue crêpe dress over white satin, arranged with bouquets of silver flowers, and corsage trimmed with Queen's blonde, with a train of silver tissue, lined with white satin, and trimmed with silver fringe; head-dress, feathers and pearls.

Ridley Colborne.—A dress of white tulle, over white satin, ornamented with a wreath of tulle and satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of blue watered gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers, pearl ornaments, and lappets of blonde.

Cotes (the two).—White crape aerophane embroidered dresses, ornaments in blonde, over white satin slips; white figured silk trains, trimmed with rouleaus; head-dress, plumes of ostrich feathers, and magnificent ornaments; turquoise necklace, ear-rings of the same, with blonde lappets.

De Grey (the two).—White crape dresses, embroidered en bouquet with silk and gold lama, richly trimmed with blonde, and worn over white satin; trains of pink gros de Naples watered, trimmed with gold; head-dresses, white plumes.

Grant.—A white embroidered aerophane crêpe dress, over white satin, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of rich lilac watered ducape; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Halket.—An aerophane white dress, embroidered with silver, mantille of the Queen's blonde, and sabots to correspond; train of pink watered gros de Naples, trimmed with rich silver lama; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Hartwell.—White crape dress, trimmed with flowers and blonde; white satin train, ornamented with blonde; head-dress, feathers and lappets, and a magnificent suit of pink topaz.

Holden (the two).—White crape aerophane embroidered dress, mantille of sabots of rich blonde; train of white satin, trimmed with a guirland of riband; head-dress, feathers.

Hornby (the two).—A white aerophane dress, ornamented with silver flowers; a blue watered silk train, trimmed with silver; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Frederica Johnston.—A dress of white blonde, trimmed with gauze riband and flowers, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of rich blue water ducape, trimmed to correspond; head-dress, feathers; ornaments, diamonds and turquoise.

Kynaston.—A white aerophane dress, embroidered with gold lama, mantille of blonde, and sabots of the same; train lined with white satin, and embroidered with gold lama; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Ley (the two).—Embroidered white crape dresses, trimmed with blonde lace, manteau of blue moire silk, trimmed with net and satin; head-dresses, ostrich feathers, with ornaments of pearls and diamonds.

Littledale.—A white crape dress over satin, trimmed elegantly with bunches of riband,

intermixed with blush roses and hyacinths, the body and sabots of blonde, a manteau of white satin; head-dress, feathers and chrysopaze ornaments.

Marjoribanks (the two).—Tulle dresses, lined with satin, trimmed with blonde rouleaux and white and green flowers; an Oriental silk train, trimmed with blonde epaulettes and sabots of blonde; head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets.

Martin.—A white crape dress over satin slip, ornamented with pink and white lilies, body fully trimmed with blonde; train, rich pink figured silk; head-dress, feathers, pearl ornaments.

Monro.—White gossamer dress, trimmed with blonde, over a satin slip; train of white watered silk, elegantly decorated with flowers; head-dress of feathers, blonde lappets, diamonds and pearls.

Rosemary Nesbitt.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silver vine-leaves and acorns, lined with satin; seduizantes and mantille of rich blonde; a beautiful white satin train, richly trimmed with silver rouleaux, elegant blonde lappets; head-dress, feathers and brilliants.

Stephenson (the two).—Elegant white crêpe dresses, ornamented with wreaths of white riband and blue and silver flowers; trains of blue gros de Naples; head-dresses, beautiful plumes of ostrich feathers.

Tierney.—A white crape dress, worn over rich white satin, trimmed with bouquets of pink and white, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of rich pink tabinet.

Wade.—A white embroidered crape dress à colonne over a white satin slip; corsage drapé à-la-ferigné; a very rich blonde mantille, blonde ruffles; train of rich white satin, trimmed with blonde lace; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Walpole (the two).—White crape dresses over white satin, trimmed with ribands and bunches of gold flowers; profusion of blonde; train of vapeur gros de Naples, trimmed with blonde, twisted over a rouleaux of satin; head-dress, white feathers and blonde lappets.

The King's birth-day being appointed to be held on the 28th of May, her Majesty has been pleased to postpone the Drawing-room of May 26th until June 23d. The Queen's future Drawing-rooms for the present year, will therefore be held on the following days: April 28, May 12, June 23.

On the evening of the Drawing-room, the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, attended by Lady Conroy, Baroness Lehzen, and Sir John Conroy, honoured Covent Garden theatre with their presence, to witness the performance of Spohr's Opera, "Azor and Zemjra."

A message was, on the same evening, delivered from his Majesty to the House of Commons, requesting that an adequate provision be made for the Queen in the event of his Majesty's demise previous to that of the Queen.

On Saturday, the 23d April, His Majesty held a Privy Council at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Palace of St. James's. An order of the King in Council was agreed on, dissolving the Parliament, and ordering writs to be issued for calling a new Parliament: the writs to be returned by the 14th of June. His Majesty gave audiences to Earl Grey, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Earl of Albemarle. The Marquis of Hastings was the Lord in Waiting.—This being St. George's Day, his Majesty gave a state dinner to the Knights of the most noble order of the Garter.

The Duchess of Kent entertained the

Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and a distinguished party at dinner.

On Sunday, the 24th April, their Majesties attended divine service in the morning in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The church service was read by the Rev. Mr. Beckwith. The Communion service was read by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, the sub-dean. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Strong, from the second chapter of Malachi, and the second verse. The anthem for the occasion, was from the 45th Psalm, "God is our hope and strength," composed by Dr. Grene, and sung by Messrs. W. Knyvett, Nield, Molineux, and Welsh. Sir George Smart presided at the organ.

His Majesty, accompanied by the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, took an airing in the afternoon in an open carriage and four, with out-riders: the King paid a visit to the Duchess of Cumberland, and also visited the Princess Augusta.

On Monday the 25th, this being the birth-day of the Duchess of Gloucester, when her Royal Highness completed her 55th year, their Majesties gave a *déjeuné* at the Palace of St. James's, to the members of the Royal Family. The Duke of Gloucester was sufficiently recovered from his attack of indisposition to be able to join the Royal party, who were assembled to congratulate the Royal Duchess. The Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Princess Augusta, Prince Leopold, Princess Sophia, Princess

Sophia Matilda, and Prince George of Cambridge, were also present. The band of the Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards were in attendance in the hall of the Queen's residence during the time that the Royal party were assembled, and performed several instrumental pieces.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria visited the Duchess of Gloucester at Gloucester House.

The Princess Augusta entertained the King and Queen, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at dinner, at her residence in the King's Palace, St. James's.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST STATE BALL.

In the evening, her Majesty gave her first State Ball, in honour of the birth-day of the Duchess of Gloucester, at the Palace, St. James's.

A temporary orchestra was fitted up on the south side of the Ball-room, for the quadrille band. At the east end, a platform, covered with crimson cloth, was raised across the entire width, for the accommodation of their Majesties and the members of the Royal Family. A sofa of crimson velvet and gold was placed at the back, with a number of chairs on each side, of the same materials. Above the seats were hung crimson draperies, with gold-coloured fringe, to correspond with the curtains of the room. The front of the orchestra was hung with similar draperies. The floor of the room was chalked with very great taste; in the middle were the Royal Arms of England; on one side, the Star of the Order of the Garter, and on the opposite side the Star of the Order of the Bath; at the top, W. R. enclosed in a bold wreath of foliage, and at the bottom, A. R. similarly enclosed. At each corner was a harp; groups of the rose, shamrock and thistle were interspersed.

The Drawing-room, into which the Ball-room opened, was set out for cards; the adjoining room (the Throne-room) contained a temporary orchestra for a second quadrille party, the front of it being hung with drapery similar to that of the Ball-room. The floor of this room was also chalked with various devices. The King's Closet was set out for cards.

The King's Guard, from the 1st or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards, was on duty in the principal Court-yard of the Palace, accompanied by the band of the regiment, who received the different members of the Royal Family as they arrived, with "God save the King."

The company began to arrive at half-past nine o'clock, and continued setting down without intermission for an hour and a half. The dresses worn by the ladies were

nearly all new for the occasion; and were in numerous instances remarkable for their richness and elegance; the head-dresses especially, being most brilliant. His Majesty entered the ball-room at a quarter past ten o'clock; the two bands immediately struck up "God save the King." The Queen, the Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Leopold, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and Prince George of Cambridge, followed soon afterwards. His Majesty was habited in a Field-Marshal's uniform. The Queen's dress was of white satin, embroidered with gold. Her Majesty wore a magnificent diadem of brilliants, with wreaths of costly pearls intermixed. The upper part of the diadem had alternately a group of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, and a Maltese cross. Her Majesty also wore a valuable diamond necklace and ear-rings, and had a diamond-bouquet on her left side.

Quadrilles, waltzes, and gallopades were danced alternately. Prince George of Cumberland and Prince George of Cambridge joined in the dance.

At one o'clock supper was served in the Banqueting-room, on gold and silver plate. The pines, cherries, &c., were raised in the Royal Gardens.

After supper the King retired; the Queen returned to the Ball-room, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Gloucester. The Duke of Gloucester left at eleven o'clock, having but recently recovered from indisposition. The Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Charlotte St. Maur and Sir John Conroy, took her departure soon after the Queen's return. Her Majesty left the rooms at half-past two o'clock. The company soon afterwards quitted the Palace.

Royal Juvenile Review.—In the afternoon Prince George of Cambridge and Prince George of Cumberland, accompanied by their tutors and attendants, visited the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea. The whole of the juvenile regiment, in full uniform, were drawn out in line; and when the Royal party came on the ground, the band, consisting of nearly forty juvenile musicians, struck up "God save the King." The youthful soldiers then went through several evolutions, and the band played several favourite and martial airs, in a manner that would have done credit to older and more experienced musicians. The young Princes appeared highly delighted at the martial appearance of the little fellows, and conversed with several of them in the most affable manner, particularly

with one who is the drum-major, and is a comical fellow, wearing a feather in his hat nearly as tall as himself. The Princes, after expressing themselves highly gratified at the scene, requested that the boys might have a holiday, which was accordingly fixed for Wednesday.

On Tuesday the 26th, the King, attended by Sir B. Stephenson, left town at twenty minutes before eleven o'clock for Kew. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, attended by Lady Sophia Lennox, left town, at the same time as his Majesty, for Kew. His Majesty returned to his Palace at St. James's about six o'clock.

The Queen, attended by Lady Brownlowe, honoured with her presence the public breakfast given in the morning by the Duke of Devonshire, at his residence at Chiswick. The Landgravine of Hesse Homburg and the Duchess of Gloucester were also present.

The *dîné* given to her Majesty and a large portion of the nobility by the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, is said to have been the most splendid and tasteful of the season. Pines, strawberries, and cherries, all from the Duke's gardens and hot-houses, were abundant. The viands consisted of every delicacy that could be procured, either in this country, in France, in Italy, or in Germany. A large portion of the royal and noble visitors remained until a late hour at night.

The Duke of Gloucester took 'an airing, and paid a visit to the Princess Augusta.

The Duchess of Kent and Prince Leopold honoured the King's Theatre with their presence in the evening, to witness the *début* of Signor Rubini, in Bellini's Opera of *Il Pirata*.

THE KING'S LEVEE.

On Wednesday, the 27th April, his Majesty held a Levee at St. James's Palace.

His Majesty entered the State Rooms about two o'clock, and gave audiences to the Field Officer in Waiting, and the Colonel of the Guard, who made a report of the state of the three regiments of Foot Guards.

The Honourable corps of Gentlemen Pensioners were stationed in the Presence Chamber, under the command of Lieut. Hinrich and Mr. Hancock, the Clerk of the Cheque.

At the *entrée* Levee, Baron Von Ompteda, the new Hanoverian Minister, was introduced to the King by the Lord in Waiting.

M. le Duc de Broglie, Peer of France, and Monsieur Casimir Perier, attaché to the French Embassy, were presented to the King by the Prince de Talleyrand, Ambassador from the King of the French.

The Earl of Mulgrave had an audience of the King, and returned the riband worn by his father, the late Earl, as a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath.

There were present at the *entrée* Levee, the Duke of Sussex, Prince Leopold, the Russian, French, Austrian, and Netherlands Ambassadors, the Spanish, Danish, Prussian, Sardinian, Neapolitan, American, Bavarian, Wirtemberg, and Mexican Ministers; the Brazilian Charge d'Affaires, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Lord Privy Seal, the Secretaries of State for the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Departments, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole, the Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, the Captain of the Yeomen Guard, the Master General of the Ordnance, the Treasurer of the Household, the Master of the Buck Hounds, the First Commissioner of Woods and Forests, the Clerk Marshal, the Master of the Ceremonies, Monsieur Bourke, Secretary to the Danish Embassy, the Rev. Doctor Dakins, Principal Chaplain to His Majesty's Forces, Mr. Ley, Clerk to the House of Commons, and Mr. Justice Christie, from the Mauritius.

The following Gentlemen were specially presented:

Adlerly, capt. A. R. N., by sir J. Graham; Aldridge, lieut. I. W. R. N., by capt. sir C. Cole, K. C. B. R. N.; Alexander, commander, R. N., by sir J. Graham; Audover, lord, by his royal highness the duke of Sussex.

Bagot, lord, by the earl Talbot; Bagot, hon. Mr., by lord Bagot; Baker, lieut.-col. Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry Cavalry, on his appointment of King's aid-de-camp, by the earl of Radnor; Barrington, captain, R. N., by earl Grey; Beaumont, Mr., by the duke of Devonshire; Bellhaven, lord, on being appointed lord high commissioner to the General Assembly in Scotland, by earl Grey; Berners, archdeacon, by the bishop of Norwich; Botfield, Mr. B. high-sheriff of the county of Northampton, by lord Althorp; Bouverie, rev. E. chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, by Mr. F. Mildmay; Brackenbury, major, K. T. S. and K. P., by lord A. Beaucherk; Bradford, lieut.-gen. sir T. on being appointed by his Majesty grand cross of the royal Guelphic order, by lord Hill; Brand, Mr., by lord Dacre; Brandling, Mr. R. W., by the marquiss of Londonderry; Briggs, rev. J., by the provost of Eton; Brooksbank, Mr. T. C., by sir H. Taylor; Browne, Mr., by the earl of Mayo; Burnaby, lieut. R. B., by sir A.

Dickson; Bush, lieutenant-col., by sir H. Taylor; Butler, major, 53d regt., by lord Hill.

Campbell, Mr. A. G., by col. Campbell; Christie, com. P., by viscount Ebrington; Christie, Mr. justice, from Mauritius, by viscount Goderich; Clayton, rev. A. P., by maj.-gen. Brooke; Cochrane, Mr. G., by commander Furbur; Cochrane, Mr. C., by commander Furbur; Collingwood, Mr. of Lilburn Tower, by lord Ravensworth; Colville, capt., by sir C. Colville; Congreve, Mr., by the earl of Listowel; Cotgreave, lieutenant H., by sir C. Forbes, bart.; Cottin, Mr. on his appointment as gentleman usher to the Queen, by earl Howe; Courtenay, Mr. W. on his marriage, by his father, Mr. Courtenay; Crossdaile, major, by lord Hill; Crokat, major, by lieutenant-gen. sir H. Taylor.

Dance, lieutenant-col. sir C., by lord Hill; Dawson, Dr. staff assist.-surg. on his return from Jamaica, by lieutenant-gen. sir J. Keane; Delafosse, com. R.N., by vice-adm. sir C. Rowley, K.C.B.; Delap, lieutenant-col. 1st Royal Surrey Militia, by the marquis of Chandos; Dering, Mr., by the earl of Verulam; Deschamps, lieutenant H. R.N., by sir W. Joliffe, bart.; Dickson, Mr. on his appointment to the 85th regiment, by sir H. Taylor; Dixon, Mr. of Stansted, by lord Byron; Douglas, com. A., by the earl of Moreton; Downshire, marquis of, on his appointment to the Royal South Down battalion of militia, by lord Hill; Duckworth, sir J., by vice-adm. sir R. King; Duff, hon. A. to take leave on going to the continent; Du Pre, Mr., by lieutenant-gen. O'Lochlin; Dymoke, the hon. champion, by earl Howe; Dyer, lieutenant-gen. sir T., by lord Hill.

Elliot, ensign, by col. Douglas; Evans, lieutenant N. R.N., by rear-adm. Thompson.

Fitzgerald, sir J., by sir W. Freemantle; Ford, Mr. F. C. Scots Greys, by lord A. Hill; Foy, capt., by the Lord Chancellor; Fraser, capt. J., by gen. sir J. Fraser; Fullerton, cornet, by col. Elphinstone.

Gardner, lord, by lord Clanricarde; Gascoigne, Mr. R., by the earl of Harewood; Gdsal, Mr., by lord Wynford; Gordon, Mr. Scots Greys, by the duke of Gordon; Grant, lieutenant-gen. sir C. on his being appointed a grand cross of the royal Guelphic order; Greenwood, lieutenant-col. on promotion, by the hon. col. Lygon; Griffiths, ensign H. D., by major-gen. sir H. Wheatley; Griffiths, Mr. D., by sir H. Hotham; Grover, rev. T. S. Eton College, by the Provost of Eton.

Hale, Mr. R. B., by the earl of Mayo; Halford, sir R. S., by the marquis of Bristol; Hamilton, lieutenant H. G. R.N. on promotion, by rear-adm. sir E. Hamilton, K.C.B.; Hancock, Mr. S., by lieutenant-gen. Moore; Hay, capt. lord J. R.N., by gen. sir W. Houston; Head, major F. B., by lord Somer-

ville; Holford, Mr. G., by the marquis of Bristol; Heneage, Mr. H., by his father Mr. T. Heneage; Hewlett, rev. J. B. D. rector of Hilgay, Norfolk; Holt, com. W., by sir N. Willoughby; Hungate, lieutenant sir W. A. bart. R.N., by the earl of Denbigh.

Ibbetson, Sir C. by the earl of Harewood; Isacke, capt. East India Company's sea service, by sir T. Hislop.

Jervoise, Mr. C., by sir C. des Vaux Jessopp, capt. H. on his appointment to the East Essex Militia, by col. Conyers; Johnstone, major, by the adj.-general; Jones, Mr. M., by lord Dormer.

Keane, lieutenant-gen. sir J. on being appointed a knight grand cross of the Guelphic order, and also appointed to the command of the 68th Light Infantry regiment, by the earl of Cavan; Kutzleben, baron de, major, Madras army, from India, by major-gen. sir A. Bryce.

Lacy, lieutenant-col., by sir A. Dickson; Lascelles, hon. A., by the earl of Harewood; Lindsay, archdeacon, by the earl of Balcarras; Livingstone, rear-admiral sir T. on promotion, and return from the continent, by sir A. Hope, G.C.B.; Lloyd, lieutenant-gen., by lord J. O'Brien; Long, Mr. C., by the earl of Carnarvon; Lysley, Mr., by chief justice Tyndal.

Macdonald, Mr. T. B. 1st Life Guards, by lord Combermere; McDouall, capt., by the earl of Belfast; Macra, lieutenant-col. sir J., by the marquis of Hastings; Madan, capt. F., by earl Howe; Mansel, sir J. bart., by sir E. Hamilton, bart.; Marsh, com. R.N., by lord Dufferin; Marston, Mr., by sir W. K. Grant; Martin, Mr. Windsor Herald, by sir G. Naylor, garter; Mayne, ensign, by his father col. Mayne; Meredyth, sir J. bart., by lord Westmorland; Micklethwait, Mr., by the earl of Stradbroke; Mitchell, Mr. G., by his father; Montagu, com. M. R.N., by sir J. Graham; Mosley, Mr. O., by sir O. Mosley; Mulgrave, the earl of, by the Lord Chamberlain; Musgrave, Mr., by the earl of Errol.

Newport, capt. C., by gen. sir J. Malcolm.

Ogilvie, sir W. bart. on being appointed to the 16th regt., by the duke of Gordon; Olivier, major, by the marquis of Lansdowne; Onley, Mr. S., by sir E. Stracey, bart.; Oude, Sir J., by adm. sir J. Saumarez.

Parnell, sir H. on his appointment as secretary at war, by earl Grey; Pechell, capt. G. R.N. on being appointed equerry to the Queen; Pegus, rev. P. W., by the earl of Denbigh; Pemberton, Mr. C. R., by the earl of Falmouth; Pettitward, Mr., by the marquis of Tavistock; Pierrepoint, Mr. P. S., by Mr. H. M. Pierrepoint; Pinney, capt., by the earl Digby; Pocock, Mr., by his father, sir G. Pocock, bart.; Pole, rev. R. C.,

by C. Pole; Ponsonby, hon. J., by lord Duncannon; Porter, rev. G., by marquis Camden; Praed, com. G. R. N., by his father vice-adm. Praed; Pringle, capt., by col. Jones, c. B.; Purvis, Lieut.-col., by major-gen. sir H. Wheatley.

Robinson, lieut. on returning to India, by maj.-gen. sir A. Brooke; Rolt, lieut.-col., by lord Hill; Rooke, capt. W., by sir H. Neale; Rose, Mr. W., by the earl of Morton.

Sant, Mr., by earl Howe; Sawbridge, capt., by lieut.-gen. sir J. Keane, K. C. B.; Sebright, Mr., by the earl of Harewood; Scott, capt. on promotion, by major-gen. sir A. Campbell; Shee, lieut.-col., by sir H. Taylor; Smith, Mr. A., by capt. G. Pechell, R. N., equerry to the Queen; Sotheby, capt. R. N., by the earl of Hardwicke; Sparshot, capt. E. R. N. on being appointed a knight of the royal Guelphic order, by capt. Fitzclarence, R. N.; Spong, lieut. G. R. N., by vice-adm. sir R. King, bart.; Stappylton, Mr. C., by his father the hon. gen. Stappylton; Story, capt. J. W., by viscount Melbourne.

Thelluson, Mr. A., by lord Rendlesham; Tytler, lieut. by sir A. Dickson.

Vansittart, Mr. H., by lord Bexley.

Walton, Mr., on his appointment as King's counsel, by the Lord Chancellor; Westmacott, Mr. R. A., by lord Goderich; Westmeath, marquis of, on his election to the representative peerage; White, hon. W., by the earl of Listowel; Wilson, capt. sir T. M. bart., by the marquis Camden; Willmott, Mr., by sir H. Taylor; Willoughby, com. D. R. N., by capt. sir N. J. Willoughby, R. N.; Wilson, Mr. W. R. of Kelvinbank, on presenting his books of Travels in the Holy Land, dedicated by permission to his Majesty; Wright, Mr. S., by lord Byron; Wrottesley, maj. on promotion, by sir J. Wrottesley.

Yorke, Mr. J., by Mr. J. Cocks.

The following addresses in favour of the Reform Bill, were presented to his Majesty:

By the Lord Chancellor—From the graduates and students of the University of Glasgow; inhabitants of Melrose, N. B.; freeholders, magistrates, &c. of the county of Roxburgh, N. B.; magistrates and town council of the burgh of Hawick, N. B.; merchants, graduates, &c. of Stornaway, in the island of Lewis, N. B.; freeholders of the county of Pembroke; inhabitants of the parish of Arnold, in the county of Nottingham; inhabitants of Preston, Lancashire; inhabitants of the parish of Wath-upon-Dearne, Yorkshire; freeholders and inhabitants of the towns of Milford and Hakin, in Pembrokeshire; Protestant Dissenters of Finsbury chapel, London.

By earl Grey—From the working classes of Edinburgh; heritors, feuors, manufactu-

rers, and householders of the parish of Eastwood, in Renfrewshire; inhabitants of the city and liberty of Westminster; inhabitants of Hastings, thanking his Majesty for dissolving Parliament; inhabitant householders of Stoke and Penkhal, Staffordshire Potteries.

By capt. Isacke—A loyal address from the government and inhabitants of the island of St. Helena.

By M. Lawley—From Warwick.

By lord Yarborough—From Glanford Briggs, Barton-on-Humber; and Winter-ton.

The general company consisted of the following persons:

Dukes.—Portland, Richmond.

Marquises.—Blandford, Camden, Titchfield.

Earls.—Cavan, Denbigh, Edgumbe, Grosvenor, Harewood, Mayo, Radnor, Sheffield, Shrewsbury, Stradbroke, Talbot, Warwick.

Viscount.—Allen.

Lords.—F. Beauclerk, Bolton, Byron, J. S. Churchill, Dacre, Dornor, Forester, Garvagh, Montagu, J. O'Bryen, Ravensworth, Rendlesham, Stafford, Wyntford, Yarborough.

Honourables.—W. Bathurst, Mr. Fielding.

Sirs.—R. Gardiner, S. Graham, C. Grant, R. Liston, O. Mosley, G. Naylor (Garter), G. Ouseley, G. Pococke.

Archdeacon.—Hamilton.

Generals.—Anderson, sir T. Bradford, sir A. Bryce, Buller, B. Chetwynd, Chowne, Clifton, hon. Duff, Finch, Gardiner, Hardwicke, Moore, O'Loglin, Salmon, Smith, Stappylton.

Admirals.—Fellowes, sir C. Hamilton, Hardyman, c. n., sir R. King, sir R. Otway, Rodd, sir C. Rowley, Stuart.

Colonels.—Badcock, Brooke, W. J. Cameron, Campbell, J. Campbell, Des Voeux, sir A. Dickson, Downman, Elphinstone, P. Hawker, Jones, Jascelles, Macneil, Mayne, Mills, Monteith, T. S. St. Clair, Scott, J. M. F. Smith, sir C. B. Vere.

Majors.—Dansey, Hyde, R. Macdonald, Newton, Paine, Wyndham.

Commanders.—C. Bentham, S. Brisbane, Gostling, Stopford.

Captains.—Bentinck, Boileau, Catis, Cuppage, R. N., Falcon, R. N., Grace, R. N., Mackay, R. N., Mackpherson, Mangin, R. N., J. Montague, R. N., Rainier, R. N., c. B., C. Ramsden, T. A. Underwood, Waller, sir N. Willoughby.

Lieutenants.—D. Henderson, R. N., Jay.

Cornet.—R. C. Fullerton.

Messrs.—Baird, Bayly, G. Bosanquet, J. Cocks, Dakins, D. D., Daniell, Duckett, W. Everard, W. L. Fox, J. Frost, F. S. A., T. Heneage, R. S. Holford, E. S. Jerning-

ham, J. Kirkland, Lawley, C. Leigh, Ley, W. Maitland, rev. J. Merewether, Nugent, D. Pennant, H. Pierrepont, J. Round, H. Saunders, Scott, Speer, rev. — Stopford, Sturt.

The King entertained at dinner the following distinguished personages :

The Archbishops of Canterbury, York, Armagh, and Cashel; the Bishops of London, Winchester, Rochester, Chichester, and Llandaff, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Right Hon. Sir J. Nicol, Judge of the Arches Court; Earl Mount Edgumbe, Lords Wynford, Kenyon, and Farnborough; Sir H. Halford, W. Freemantle, and F. Watson, and the King's Advocate.

In the evening, her Majesty honoured with her presence the Concert of Ancient Music at the King's Concert-room, Hanover-square.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland gave a grand dinner to the Queen. Her Majesty was received by the Duke and Duchess, attended by Baron Linsingen, Sir C. Grant, and General Slade. The Queen was attended by Earl and Countess Howe. There were present to meet Her Majesty, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, and a select party of nobility. After dinner, the Royal and Noble party proceeded to the Concert of Ancient Music. The Duke of Cumberland was Director for the evening.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent entertained a large and distinguished party at dinner, at the King's Palace, Kensington.

On Thursday, April 28th, the King gave audiences to the Bishop of Chichester, Lords Holland, Rendlesham, and Dufferin, Sir William Houston, and Col. Prott.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

Her Majesty held a Drawing-room, which was as numerous attended as any of those which the Queen has held since her accession to the throne. The company began to arrive before one o'clock, and continued setting down without intermission for above three hours. The dresses were very splendid. A number of ladies wore white silk dresses of Spitalfields manufacture.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Charlotte St. Maur and Sir John Conroy, arrived in state with two carriages, and escorted by a party of Life Guards. Her Royal Highness entered by the great court-yard, where the Royal Duchess was received by the King's Guard playing "God save the King." The other branches of the Royal Family, consisting of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, the Prin-

cess Augusta, the Duke of Sussex, and Prince Leopold, entered the palace by the garden-gate.

Their Majesties, accompanied by their royal relatives, and attended by the great officers of state, &c. entered the Drawing-room, at ten minutes past two o'clock, and after giving several audiences, proceeded to hold the *entrée* Drawing-room. Le Baron Belvi d'Edwahlen, was presented to the Queen by Prince Lieven the Russian Ambassador. Monsieur Le Duc de Broglie, Pair de France, and Monsieur Casimir Parrier, attaché à l'ambassade Française, were presented to the Queen by Prince de Talleyrand, Ambassador from the King of the French, there were also present the Russian Ambassador and the Princess Lieven, the Austrian Ambassador, the French Ambassador, the Netherland's Ambassador and Madame Falck, the Spanish Minister and Madame Bermudez, the Prussian Minister and Baroness Bulow, the American Minister and Mrs. M^cLane, the Bavarian Minister and Baroness Cetto, the Mexican Minister and Madame Gorostiza, the Swedish Minister and Countess Bjornstjerna, the Neapolitan Minister and Countess Ludolf, the Danish, Sardinian, and Wirtemberg Ministers; the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole, the Captain of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, the Captain of the Yeomen Guard, the Judges of the Arches Court, the Treasurer of the Household, Mr. Justice James Parke, the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, the Clerk Marshal, M. Bourke the Secretary to the Danish Embassy, M. Ed. De Gorostiza, attaché to the Mexican Embassy, Mr. Justice Christie, from the Mauritius, and Alderman Garratt.

At the General Drawing-room, were :

LADIES PRESENT AND PRESENTED.

Agar, Mrs.; Agar, Miss; Alexander, Miss, J., by the countess of Errol; Alexander, Miss M., by the countess of Errol; Allen, viscountess, by the hon. Mrs. W. Herbert; Amherst countess of; Amherst, lady S.; Anson, viscountess dowager, by the countess of Rosebery; Anstruther, lady, by lady E. Hardinge; Anstruther Miss, by her mother lady Anstruther; Armstrong, Mrs. col., by Mrs. general Moore; Astel, Miss, by Mrs. Astel; Astel, Miss L., by Miss Astel; Astel, Mrs., by lady Shifner; Atty, Miss, by her aunt, lady Gould.

Backhouse, Mrs., by the marchioness of Clanricarde; Backhouse, Miss, by her mother Mrs. Backhouse; Balcarnas, countess of; Balfour, Mrs.; Balfour, Miss; Balfour,

Miss G.; Bandon, countess of; Barnal, Miss; Barrington, lady C., by lady Lansdowne; Bayley, lady S.; Beachby, Miss C.; Beaumont, hon. Mrs., by lady Howe; Beauclerk, lady; Belgrave, lady E.; Beauclerk, Miss, by lady F. Hotham; Bentinck, the ladies, by lady George Cavendish; Bentinck, lady J., by the lady in waiting; Bentinck, Mrs. Henry; Bentinck, Miss, by the countess of Errol; Bentinck, Miss R., by lady J. Bentinck; Benyon, Miss, by lady Chetwynd; Benyson, Miss Lydia; Berkeley, lady E., by lady Seymour; Berkeley, lady M., by lady Seymour; Berkeley, Mrs. G., by lady Sevmour; Bernard, lady Harriet; Bernal, Mrs., by lady King; Bernal, Miss, by her mother Mrs. Bernal; Bertie, lady C., by her mother the countess of Lindsey; Benyon, Miss Lydia, by lady Chetwynd; Bridges, lady Isabella, by the marchioness of Westmeath; Bickerton, lady H., by the countess of Northesk; Blackburne, Miss, by the marchioness of Salisbury; Blackburne, Miss H., by the marchioness of Salisbury; Blackett, lady, by lady Shiffrer; Blackett, Miss, by lady Blackett; Blackwell, Miss, by lady J. Thynne; Blackwell, Miss E., by lady J. Thynne; Blackwood, Mrs. P., by lady Dufferin; Blackwood, Miss, by lady Dufferin; Blandford, marchioness of, by the marchioness of Ely; Blount, lady, by the countess of Albemarle; Blount, Miss A., by lady Blount; Blount, Miss C.; Blunt, Mrs.; Boehm, Mrs., by the countess of Errol; Boothby, lady, by the countess of Verulam; Boothby, Miss, by the countess of Verulam; Boothby, Miss C., by the countess of Verulam; Boothby, Miss F., by the countess of Verulam; Boranah, Miss J.; Borough, Mrs. of Chetwynd, by lady Chetwynd; Borough, Miss J., by lady Chetwynd; Bouverie, lady, B.; Bouverie, Mrs. E., by lady B. Bouverie; Bouverie, Miss F., by lady B. Bouverie; Boyle, Mrs. C.; Boyle, Miss M.; Brackenbury, Mrs., by Mrs. Tennyson; Brandling, Mrs. W., by the marchioness of Londonderry; Brandling, Miss F., by the marchioness of Londonderry; Brandling, Miss M., by the marchioness of Londonderry; Brenal, Mrs.; Bridges, Miss, by her mother Lady I. Bridges; Brocas, Mrs., by lady Imhoff; Brodrick, hon. Miss E., by her mother, viscountess Middleton; Brodrick, hon. Miss L., by her mother, viscountess Middleton; Bromley, hon. dowager lady, by the countess Howe; Brooke, Miss, by her aunt, the hon. C. Offley; Brooke, Miss J., by her aunt, the hon. C. Offley; Boothby, lady H.; Browne, lady L., by the countess of Mayo; Browne, Miss, by the countess of Mayo; Browne, Miss C., by the countess of Mayo; Brownley, lady dowager; Bryce, lady, by the dowager countess of

Moreton; Brydges, lady I.; Bridges, Miss; Buckley, lady C.; Buller, Lady A.; Byng, Mrs. G.; Byng, Miss.

Camac, Mrs.; Camac, Mrs. W.; Campbell, lady E.; Campbell, Miss, by the countess of Errol; Campbell, Miss F., by the countess of Cawdor; Campbell, Miss C., by lady E. Campbell; Campbell, Miss M., by the countess of Errol; Cannizzarro, duchess; Capel, Mrs. B., by the countess of Essex; Carleton, Mrs.; Carleton, Miss, by Mrs. Carleton; Carr, lady, by the queen's chamberlain; Carteret, lady; Cathcart, Miss, by the countess dowager of Warwick; Cathcart, Miss E. S., by ditto; Cavendish, lady C., by the lady in waiting; Cavendish, Miss; Chaplin, Mrs. T.; Chatterton, lady; Chetwynd, lady, by viscountess Chetwynd; Chetwynd, Miss, by her mother, lady Chetwynd; Chetwynd, Miss G., by ditto; Chichester, countess of; Clanricarde, dowager marchioness of; by the marchioness of Winchester; Clare, countess of; Clayton, Mrs. A., by her mother, lady E. Talbot; Clonmel, lady, by countess Goderich; Codrington, lady; Coke, lady A., by the countess Albemarle; Coles, Miss S.; Colville, lady; Congreve, hon. Mrs., by the countess Listowel; Cooper, Lady A., by the countess of Clarendon; Coote, Mrs., by the countess of Balcarra; Corbet, Mrs., by the countess of Denbigh; Cotes, Miss G., by lady M. Cotes; Cotes, Miss S., by ditto; Couper, Mrs., by lady Hamilton; Courtenay, lady E., by lady King; Courtenay, hon. Miss, by lady J. Thynne; Coventry, Miss, by lady L. Pole; Cox, Mrs., by lady C. Greville; Croft, Mrs. J., by the marchioness of Clanricarde; Curtis, lady; Curtis, Miss C., by her mother, lady Curtis; Curzon, hon. Miss, by the countess Howe.

Dacre, lady, by the countess of Verulam; Dalrymple, lady; Dawkins, Mrs. H., jun., by the countess of Morton; Dawkins, Mrs. P.; Dawson, Mrs., by lady Imhoff; Dawson, Miss, by ditto; Dawson, Miss C., by ditto; Dawson, Mrs., and Miss M., by Mrs. B. Paget; De Bisby, lady Willoughby; De Clifford, lady, by countess Brownlow; De Dino, duchess; De Gorostiga, Miss; Denison, Mrs., by the countess of Scarborough; Denison, Miss, by ditto; Denison, Miss H., by ditto; Denman, lady; Denman, Mrs., by lady Denman; Denman, Miss, by ditto; Denman, Miss F., by lady Dormer; Dering, Mrs., by her mother, the hon. Mrs. Hale; De Roos, lady G.; De Voeux, Miss, by her mother, lady De Voeux; De Walden, lady H., by lady G. Cavendish; Dickson, lady, by lady Campbell; Dickson, Miss, by lady Dickson; Dellon, hon. Miss, by the countess of Listowel; Disbrowe, Miss; Dixon, Mrs., of Stansted, by lady Byron; Dormer, lady, by the countess of Shrews-

bury; Douglas, lady H.; Douglas, Miss; Drummond, lady E. F., by countess Howe; Dufferin, lady; Dymoke, Mrs. by countess Brownlow; Dymoke, Miss, by Mrs. Dymoke; Dynason, lady, by countess Howe.

East, Mrs. C., by lady Freemantle; Edmonstone, hon. lady, by lady F. Hotham; Edmonstone, Mrs., by the hon. lady Edmonstone; Edmonstone, Miss H., by her mother, Mrs. Edmonstone; Edmonstone, Miss J., Edmonstone, Miss S., by her mother, Mrs. Edmonstone; Ellison, Mrs.; Ellison, Miss; Ellison, Miss S.; Elwood, Mrs., by lady Teynham.

Fane, Miss, by lady F. Ley; Fanshawe, Mrs.; Fanshawe, Miss; Fielding, viscountess, by the countess of Denbigh; Fitzgerald, lady, by lady Freemantle; Fitzgerald, Mrs., by the hon. lady Cockburn; Fitzgerald Miss; Fitzgerald, Miss I., by the hon. lady Cockburn; Fitzroy, lady M., by the hon. Mrs. R. Trevor; Foley, Mrs. J., by the viscountess Gage; Foster, Mrs., by lady C. Barham; Foster, Miss, by ditto; Foster, Miss H., by ditto; Foster, Miss M., by ditto; Fox, Mrs.; Fox, Mrs. W. L., by lady B. Bouverie; Fraser, Miss, by her mother, lady Saltoun; Freemantle, lady, by lady W. Freemantle; Freemantle Miss, by ditto; Fuller, lady.

Gage, viscountess; Gardiner, Mrs., by the duchess of Northumberland; Gardner, Miss; Garratt, Mrs., by the countess of Errol; Garvagh, lady; Gibbes, lady; Gilbert, Mrs. D., by lady de Dunstanville; Gilbert, Miss, by ditto; Godsal, hon. Mrs., by her mother, lady Wynford; Gore, lady G., by the marchioness of Ely; Gore, Miss, by ditto; Gore, Miss M. E., by ditto; Goulburn, Mrs.; Gould, lady, by the baroness Dimsdale; Graham, lady; Greenfell, Miss C., by the countess of Bandon; Greenfell, Miss Charlotte, by ditto; Griffiths, Mrs. gen. D., by lady F. Hotham; Guildford, dowager countess of, by lady C. Lindsay; Greville, lady C.

Hale, hon. Mrs., by the countess of Veralam; Halford, Miss, by lady C. Wood; Halford, Miss G.; Hamilton, lady, by lady Selsey; Hamilton, Mrs. A., by the hon. lady Belhaven; Hamilton, Miss; Hamilton, Miss E.; Hamilton, Miss J., by lady Belhaven; Harcourt, Miss A.; Harewood, countess of, by the countess of Sheffield; Hargood, lady, by Mrs. A. Stanhope; Hatton, Miss F., by the countess of Winchelsea; Herbert, Mrs. W.; Herbert, Miss; Hesilrige, lady M., by lady Bedingfield; Hippisley, lady, by the countess dowager of Ilchester; Hippisley, Miss, by ditto; Hoare, Mrs., by Mrs. Dering; Hoare, Miss, by ditto; Hobbouse, the Misses, by lady F. Ley; Horne, lady, by the marchioness of Westmeath; Horne, Miss, by ditto;

Howard, Miss, by the hon. Mrs. C. Boyle; Howard, Miss J., by ditto; Howe, Countess of.

Ilchester, dowager countess of; Imhoff, lady; Ingestrie, lady S.; Iremonger, Mrs. L., by the marchioness of Winchester.

Jenner, Mrs. R. G.; Jerningham, Mrs. E. S., by lady Stafford; Jerningham, Miss, by ditto; Jerningham, Miss G., by ditto; Jersey, countess of, by the lady in waiting; Jervis, hon. Miss, by the marchioness of Stafford; Jervoise, lady C., by lady Bridport; Jervoise, Mrs. C., by lady C. Jervoise; Jervoise, Miss C., by her mother, lady C. Jervoise; Johnstone, Mrs., by lady B. Johnstone; Johnstone, Miss, by Mrs. Johnstone; Johnstone, Miss E., by ditto; Jones, Mrs. J. T., by lady Gardiner; Jones, Mrs. Walter; Jones, Miss; Jones Miss C.; Jones, Miss E.

Kaye, Mrs., by lady J. Stuart; Keane, Mrs. C., by her mother, lady Shiffner; Kerr, lady E.; Kerr, lady F.; Kerr, lady H.; Kerr, Miss, by the marchioness of Lothian; King, lady; King, Miss; Kingston, Miss J., by her mother, hon. lady Edmonstone; Kingston, Miss, by the dowager marchioness of Clanricarde; Kirkland, Mrs. J., by the countess of Errol.

Lamb, hon. Mrs. G., by the countess of Carlisle; Lambert, lady, by lady Warburton; Lambert, Mrs., by lady King; Langton, Mrs. G.; Langton, Miss G., by Mrs. G. Langton; Lansdowne, marchioness of; Lascelles, Miss A.; Lascelles, lady F., by the countess of Harewood; Lascelles, lady L., by ditto; Lawford, Mrs., by the countess Amherst; Leigh, hon. Mrs., by lady J. Thynne; Leigh, Mrs. C., by the hon. Mrs. Leigh; Leigh, Miss, by her mother, the hon. Mrs. Leigh; Levett, Mrs., by the hon. Mrs. Howard; Ley, lady F.; Ley, the two Misses; Ley, Miss M.; Lindsay, countess of, by the queen's chamberlain; Lindsay, Mrs. C., by the countess of Balcarras; Liddell, Miss E.; Liddell, Miss S.; Lonsdale, countess of; Long, Miss E. T., by countess Amherst; Lothian, marchioness of; Lowther, lady E.; Lycke, Mrs., by Mrs. C. Lindsay.

Maberley, Mrs. W.; Mackinnon, Miss, by lady M. Dundas; Mackinnon, Miss S., by ditto; Maitland, Mrs., by the countess of Selkirk; Marsden, Mrs., by lady Dalrymple; Martin, lady; Martin, Miss; Martins, Miss A., by lady King; Masters, Mrs.; Maynard, viscountess; Maynard, Miss; Middleton, viscountess, by the countess of Bandon; Middleton, hon. lady, by lady Brownlow; Mitford, Miss; Montague, hon. Mrs. H.; Moore, Mrs. gen.; Morier, Mrs.; Morton, countess of, by the countess of Sheffield; Mosley, lady, by lady Byron; Mosley, Miss, by lady Mosley; Mosley,

Miss E., by ditto; Mosley, Miss M. A., by ditto; Munro, Miss; Musgrave, hon. Mrs., by lady Amherst; Musgrave, Mrs., by her mother, the hon. Mrs. Montague.

Nayler, lady; Nayler, Miss; Neave, lady, by the countess of Ilchester; Neave, Miss, by ditto; Neave, Miss C., by ditto; Nesbitt, Miss R.; Nesbitt, Mrs. W. A., by Miss R. Nesbitt; Newcastle, duchess of; Nicholl, Miss, by the countess of Ilchester; North, lady G., by dowager lady Guildford; North, lady S., by lady Guildford.

O'Brien, lady E.; O'Brien, lady M.; Offley, hon. Mrs. C.; Orde, Miss, by lady Saumarez.

Palk, lady E.; Parke, lady, by the hon. Mrs. Carleton; Pechell, Mrs. G.; Pellew, Mrs.; Pemberton, Mrs., by lady Blackett; Penn, Mrs. G., by lady Taylor; Penn, Miss, by ditto; Penn, Miss I., by ditto; Pennant, Mrs. D., by her mother, lady B. Bouverie; Pennant, Miss, by ditto; Pennant, Miss E., by ditto; Perceval, hon. Mrs., by lady Carr; Perceval, Mrs. S., by ditto; Perceval, Miss I., by ditto; Perceval, Miss L., by ditto; Petre, hon. Mrs. E., by the countess of Carlisle; Petre, hon. Miss, by the hon. Mrs. E. Petre; Pettward, Mrs., by the marchioness of Tavistock; Phillips, lady; Pinney, Mrs., by lady Bridport; Pinney, Miss, by Mrs. Pinney; Pinner, Mrs.; Pole, lady L.; Ponsonby, Miss, by the countess of Jersey; Portman, hon. Mrs., by lady Dorner; Poulett, Miss, by the marchioness of Winchester; Poylett, Miss.

Quentin, lady; Quentin, Miss.

Radnor, countess of; Ramsden, Mrs. C., by Mrs. Byng; Ravensworth, lady; Rendlesham, lady; Reynardson, Miss J., by countess Brownlow; Rice, hon. F., by lady Howe; Rodes, Mrs. R., by the countess of Carlisle; Rose, lady, by the countess of Moreton; Rose, Miss, by ditto; Rose, Miss E., by ditto; Roseberry, countess of; Ross, lady M. C., by the marchioness Cornwallis; Rosmore, lady; Roulett, Miss C., by the marchioness of Winchester; Round, Mrs. J.; Rowley, lady C., by the marchioness of Ely; Russell, Mrs., by countess de la Warr.

Saltoun, lady, by the duchess of Gordon; Sandon, lady F.; Saye and Sele, lady, by countess Howe; Scarborough, countess of; Scott, lady A. M., by the marchioness of Lothian; Scott, lady C., by her mother, the countess of Clonmell; Scott, lady F., by ditto; Scott, lady M. M., by the marchioness of Lothian; Scott, Mrs., by lady Hamilton; Scott, Mrs., by countess of Hadlington; Scott, Mrs. J., by lady C. Jervoise; Scott, Miss, by Mrs. Scott; Scott, Miss A., by the countess of Addington; Scott, Miss E., by ditto; Scott, Miss

G., by Mrs. Scott; Sheffield, countess of; Shepherd, Miss, by the countess of Roseberry; Shiffner, lady; Shiffner, Miss; Shiffner, Miss H.; Shipley, Miss, by her aunt, Mrs. W. Wynn; Shrewsbury, countess of, by the countess of Carlisle; Sidmouth, viscountess, by the duchess of Gordon; Sitwell, dowager lady, by lady Byron; Slade, Mrs., by lady Stephenson; Smith, Mrs., by the dowager countess of Ilchester; Smith, Mrs. G. R., by lady Antrabus; Somers, Mrs. G.; Sotheby, Mrs. C., by lady de Clifford; Snelbesson, Mrs. A., by lady Rendlesham; Stafford, lady, by countess of Surrey; Stanhope, Mrs. R. H., Stanhope, Mrs. S., by the countess of Lonsdale; Stanhope, Miss F. S., by ditto; Stanhope, Miss M. S., by ditto; Stewart, lady C.; Stewart, Miss; Stopford, hon. Mrs. R., by lady Stopford; Stopford, Miss; Stopford, Miss E., by Mrs. R. Stopford; Stopford, Miss L., by ditto; Stracey, lady, by lady Warburton; Stratford, Miss J. W., by the countess Amherst; Stratford, Miss W., by ditto; Stronge, lady; Stuart, lady C., by the countess of Chichester; Sumner, Mrs.; Sumner, Mrs. C., by lady Acland; Sycke, Mrs.

Talbot, lady C.; Talbot, lady E., by her sister, lady H. Mitchell; Talbot, Miss, by her mother, lady E. Talbot; Talbot, Miss C., by ditto; Taylor, lady; Taylor, Mrs. Watson; Teynham, lady; Thistlethwaite, Mrs., by Mrs. Arthur Stanhope; Thistlethwaite, Miss, by Mrs. Thistlethwaite; Thistlethwaite, Miss L., by ditto; Thellasson, hon. Miss A.; Thomond, marchioness of; Tichborne, lady, by lady Dorner; Tichborne, Miss, by ditto; Tredcroft, Mrs., by lady Shiffner; Trevor, Mrs. R.; Tullamore, lady, by lady C. Bury; Turner, hon. lady, by the countess of Warwick; Tyler, Mrs. T. B., by lady Quentin.

Vansittart, hon. Mrs.; Vansittart, Miss, by her mother, lady Turner; Vansittart, Miss L.; Vaughan, lady L., by her aunt, lady E. Palk; Vaughan, Miss, by lady Cockburn; Vernon, Mrs., by Mrs. A. Stanhope.

Wade, Miss; Ward, Mrs. W., by lady Peel; Warwick, countess of; Watson, Miss, by Mrs. general Moore; Welby, lady, by countess Brownlow; Whitley, Mrs.; White, hon. Mrs. W.; Whitshed, lady; Willoughby, Miss; Winchelsea, countess of, by the duchess of Montrose; Wright, Miss S., by her mother, dowager lady Sitwell; Wykeham, Miss, by the countess of Lindsey; Wyndham, Mrs. W., by the dowager marchioness of Clanricarde; Wyndham, Miss; Wyndham, Miss K., by lady Rendlesham; Wynn, lady H. W., by the duchess of Northumberland; Wynne, Mrs.; Wynne, Miss.

Yorke, Mrs.; Yorke, Miss, by the dowager marchioness of Clanricarde.

GENTLEMEN PRESENT AND PRESENTED.

Aboyne, the earl of, as aide-de-camp to the king; Andover, viscount, by lord Ducie; Arrow, com., by lord Errol; Auckland, lord.

Bagot, lord, by earl Howe; Bagot, hon. Mr.; Baker, lieut.-col., on being appointed aide-de-camp to the king; Bagot, Mr. W., by earl Howe; Balfour, gen.; Bandon, earl of; Barry, Mr., by the lord chamberlain; Beaufort, duke of; Berkeley, sir G.; Bernal, Mr., by vice-admiral sir R. King; Bernard, viscount; Berners, archdeacon, by the bishop of Norwich; Bickerton, admiral sir R.H., by sir J. Graham; Blackwood, adm. sir H.; Blandford, marquiss of; Blount, sir E., by the duke of Norfolk; Blount, Mr. A., by ditto; Boothby, sir W.; Borringdon, viscount; Bradford, gen. sir T.; Bradford, hon. W., by sir S. Bradford; Brand, Mr., by gen. sir H. Grey; Brandling, Mr. R. W., by the marquiss of Londonderry; Breton, major, by sir C. Campbell; Briggs, Rev. T.; Brooksbank, Mr. G. C., by sir H. Taylor; Browne, hon. capt. A. C., by the earl of Charlemont; Buccleugh, duke of; Buller, col.; Bush, lieut.-col., by sir H. Taylor; Bute, marquiss of, by lord Howe.

Camac, Mr.; Campbell, Mr., by the earl of Errol; Carteret, lord; Cathcart, hon., by sir W. Freemantle; Cavendish, Mr. C.; Charlewood, lieut.-col., by lord Saltoun; Chichester, earl of; Chichester, bishop of; Christie, Mr. Justice, by viscount Goderich; Churchill, lord J.; Clayton, Rev. A. P., by Rev. A. Cathcart; Clive, col.; Cochran, Mr. C., by commander Furber; Cochran, Mr. G., by ditto; Cocks, Mr. J., by sir J. Yorke; Cole, commander W. J., by by admiral sir T. Hardy, K.C.B.; Cottman, Mr., on his appointment as one of his Majesty's counsel, by the lord chancellor; Congreve, Mr., by the earl of Listowel; Cotes, capt., by his uncle, Mr. Rae Wilson; Crofton, hon. capt.; Crotat, major, by sir H. Taylor; Curzon, hon. admiral, by earl Howe; Curzon, hon. F.

Dacre, lord, by gen. sir H. Grey; Dance, lieut.-col. sir C., by lord Hill; Dawson, Mr. M.; Denman, Mr.; Des Voeux, lieut.-col., by gen. sir H. Grey; Des Voeux, sir C., bart.; Des Voeux, Mr. C., by ditto; De Walden, lord Howard, by the lord in waiting; Dickenson, gen. M., by sir J. Kempt; Dickson, col. sir A., by ditto; Dodd, Rev. P. S. by sir P. Sidney; Dormer, lord; Douglas, gen. sir H.; Douglas, col., c.b.; Douglas, commander A., by the earl of Morton; Dixon, Mr., by lord Byron; Drake, capt. G., by lord Hill; Drummond, Mr. H., by earl Howe; Drummond, Mr. A.,

Ducie, lord; Duckett, Mr.; Duckworth, sir J., by sir R. King; Dufferin, lord, aide-de-camp for Ireland, by earl Howe; Dufferin, col. lord; Dyer, lieut.-gen. sir J. bart., by lord Hill; Dymoke, champion, hon.

East, Mr. C., by sir W. Freemantle; Edmonstone, sir A., by lord Skelmersdale; Edmonstone, Mr., by sir A. Edmonstone, bart.; Elwood, col.

Fairlie, Mr. J., by sir H. Taylor; Fitzgerald, sir J., by sir W. Freemantle; Foley, Mr. E., by viscount Gage; Foley, Mr. J., by ditto; Forester, lord; Fox, Mr. W. L.; Frost, Mr. J., F.S.A.; Fullerton, cornet, R., by col. Elphinstone.

Gage, viscount; Gardner, lord, by the marquiss of Clanricarde; Garvagh, lord, by the marquiss of Londonderry; Garratt, Alderman, by lord Sherborne; Gascoyne, Mr. R. S.; Gibbs, sir O.; Godsal, Mr., by sir H. Martin; Grant, lieut.-gen. sir C., on being appointed a grand cross of the royal Guelphic order; Graham, sir S.; Greenfell, Mr., by earl Howe; Groves, rev. S. T.

Halford, Mr. G.; Halford, Mr. R. S.; Hamilton, archdeacon; Hancock, Mr. S., by gen. Moore; Harcourt, Mr.; Hargood, adm. sir W., by sir J. Graham; Harewood, earl of; Hastings, marquiss of; Higginson, col. G.; Hoods, Mr.; Howard, Sir D.; Hudson, Mr. J.

Ibbotson, sir C., by the earl of Hariwood; Irvine, Mr.

Jenkins, Mr. C. E.; Jones, Mr. W.

Keane, gen. sir J.; Keate, rev. Dr.; King, adm. sir R.; Kingston, Mr. J., by sir A. Edmondstone, bart.; Kirkland, Mr. J., by the earl of Errol; Keysall, rev. Mr., by the lord in waiting.

Langton, Mr. J. F. Gore; Lascelles, col.; Lascelles, hon. A., by the earl of Harewood; Legard, cornet, by the earl of Errol; Lincoln, the bishop of, by the bishop of London; Ley, Mr.; Lindsay, archdeacon, by lord Balcarras; Lilford, lord; Lloyd, lieut.-gen., by lord J. O'Brien; Long, Mr. C., by lord Ducie; Lonsdale, earl of.

Macdonald, cornet, by lord Hill; Macpherson, capt., by the duke of Gordon; Macra, lieut.-col. sir J., by the marquiss of Hastings; Mair, lieut.-col., by lord Hill; Malmesbury, lord; Mansel, sir J., by sir C. Hamilton; Marsden, Mr.; Marston, Mr., by sir W. R. Grant; Martin, capt. G. A. N.; Maynard, viscount; Mayne, col.; Mayne, Mr. C. F.; Mayo, earl of; Meredyth, sir J.; Micklewait, Mr., by the earl of Stradbroke; Middleton, sir W., by lord Brownlow; Montagu, commander M., by sir J. Graham; Mosley, sir O., bart.; Mosley, Mr.; Mulgrave, earl of, by the duke of Devonshire.

Nayler, sir G. (Garter); Newcastle,

duke of; Newton, major, by the lord in waiting; Nicholl, sir J.

Olivier, major, by lord Lansdowne; Orde, sir J., by sir J. Saumarez; Oxford, the earl of, by earl Howe.

Pawlett, lord W.; Pechell, capt. G., on being appointed one of her Majesty's equerries: Pegas, rev. P. W.; Penn, Mr. G., by sir H. Taylor; Penn, Mr. G., by ditto; Pennant, Mr. D.; by adm. Curzon; Pette-ward, Mr., by the marquis of Tavistock; Phillips, sir T.; Pocock, sir G., by the lord in waiting; Pocock, Mr., by sir G. Pocock, bart.; Pole, R. C., by Mr. C. Pole; Popplewell, commander, by the lord chamberlain; Portland, the duke of, by the lord in waiting; Porter, rev. G.; Poten, col.; Powell, col.

Ramsden, capt. C., by the marquis of Winchester; Radnor, earl of; Reaston, rev. C., by the duke of Devonshire; Rendlesham, lord; Rice, sir R., by the right hon. C. Grant; Rodes, rev. C. H. R.; Rose, hon. F.; Roseberry, earl of; Rosslyn, earl of; Round, Mr. J.; Rowley, vice-adm. sir C., by the marquis of Winchester; Russell, lieut. lord F. R. N., by earl Howe.

St. Vincent, viscount, by earl Northesk; Saltoun, lord; Saunders, Mr. H., by lord

Yarborough; Saye and Sele, lord, by earl Howe; Sebright, Mr.; Scarbrough, earl of; Sheffield, earl of; Shifner, Mr. G., by the lord chamberlain; Sidmouth, viscount; Simpson, rev. G., by the rev. A. Fitzclarence; Solicitor General, the, by the lord chancellor; Sparshott, capt. E., by the earl of Errol; Stafford, lord; Stanley, sir E.; Stopford, commander, by lord Montagu; Stopford, rev. Mr., by ditto; Stracey, sir E.; Stradbroke, earl of; Stronge, sir J.

Talbot, earl of; Taylor, Mr. W.; Templeman, Mr.; Teynham, lord; Theillasson, hon. A.; Thomond, marquis of; Thornton, col. sir C. W.; Tichborne, sir H., by the marquis of Clanricarde; Titchfield, lord, by the lord in waiting; Tredcroft, Mr., by sir G. Shifner; Trevor, hon. col. G. Rice; Tullamore, lord.

Vernon, hon. Mr.

Ward, Mr.; Welch, lieut. R. R. N., by sir J. Graham; Westmoreland, earl of; Wilson, Mr. W. R., by lieut.-gen. Wetherall; Winchester, earl of; Winchester, bishop of; Wrottesley, major, by sir J. Wrottesley.

Yorke, adm. sir J., by earl Howe; Yorke, Mr. J., by Mr. J. Cocks.

THE DRESSES.

The following are descriptions of the most distinguished dresses, worn at her Majesty's Drawing-room.

HER MAJESTY.

A white silk dress, richly brocaded in silver, and handsomely trimmed with a silver wreath and bullion fringe; train of cherry velvet, embroidered in silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

An elegant blonde lace dress, train of blue silk, brocaded in silver, and trimmed with silver bullion; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

White net dress embroidered in gold lama, blonde epaulettes; train of blue velvet, embroidered with gold stars; blonde lappets, feathers, and brilliants.

DUCHESS OF CANNIZZARO.

White crape dress, embroidered à la Grecque, blonde epaulettes; train of rich lavender silk, lined with white gros de Naples; lappets, feathers, and brilliants.

DUCHESS DE DINO.

White crape dress embroidered à palmes in gold, and cerise and blue silk, blonde epaulettes; train of white watered silk trimmed with gold lama, lappets, feathers, and brilliants.

DOWAGER DUCHESS OF LEEDS.

Petticoat of rich queen's blonde, trimmed with satin and tulle; a robe of black satin, ornamented with fringe; silver toque, and handsome plume of feathers.

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

A splendid dress of white net, embroidered with gold, the body handsomely finished with blonde and gold; train of kingfisher green silk, ornamented with gold; head-dress of blonde, gold and blonde lappets and amethysts.

MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD.

A crape dress over white satin, embroidered with gold, green and rose-colour corsage à la Grecque, with ruffles; mantilla and séduisantes of Brussels point; epaulettes of rose-

colour satin, lined with white silk, and trimmed with gold ; head-dress, lappets, feathers, diamonds, and emeralds.

DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF CLANRICARDE.

A white satin petticoat, trimmed with gold lama and fringe ; bodice richly trimmed with point lace and gold ; train of blue watered silk, trimmed with a border of gold ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

MARCHIONESS OF CHANDOS.

A pink crape dress embroidered with silver ; epaulettes and rich mantilla of blonde ; a pink and silver silk train ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

MARCHIONESS OF TAVISTOCK.

A pink figured satin dress with a blonde flower twisted with pearls, a pearl fringe ; body ornamented with pearls and diamonds, rich epaulettes and mantille of blonde ; a pink figured satin train ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, pearls, and diamonds.

MARCHIONESS OF THOMOND.

White crape dress embroidered in silver à montants, blonde epaulettes ; train of violet poplin, blonde lappets ; silver toque, feathers and brilliants.

COUNTESES.

Brownlow.—White tulle dress, embroidered in silver lama à colonnes, and trimmed with a deep flounce of lama ; train of white watered silk trimmed with lama, blonde lappets, feathers and brilliants.

Chichester.—An elegant dress of white crape, sprigged with gold, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde ; train of white satin, lined and trimmed with blonde to correspond ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Clare.—A black and gray striped gauze dress, trimmed with blonde, blonde epaulettes and mantille ; a black satin train trimmed with satin and blonde ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Delawarr.—A silver lama dress over white satin, ornamented with diamonds and blonde ; an emerald-coloured train, embroidered with silver lama, and lined with white satin ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Grosvenor.—A sky-blue satin dress, richly embroidered in silver ; train of blue satin, elegantly trimmed with silver lama ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Guildford.—A rich white satin dress trimmed with deep volants of blonde, body and sleeves trimmed with mantilla, and sabots of blonde lace ; a splendid manteau of crimson velvet ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Jersey.—White crape dress, embroidered in coloured silk à tablier, blonde epaulettes ; train of white watered figured silk, trimmed with bouquets of jonquil, and lilac blonde lappets ; head-dress, feathers, brilliants, and lappets.

Lindsay.—White net dress, embroidered à colonnes in vapeur and silver, blonde epaulettes ; train of rich vapeur terry velvet, trimmed with silver lama, blonde lappets ; head-dress, feathers and brilliants.

Mayo.—A tulle dress, embroidered all over in sprigs of pearls, slip of white satin, manteau of white satin, elegantly embroidered with pearls, mantille and séduisantes of blonde ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Plymouth.—A gold lama dress over white satin, trimmed with point lace ; train green and gold tissue, lined with white, and trimmed with blonde ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Roseberry.—A dress of rich white satin, embroidered à colonnes in silver, blonde mantille and epaulettes ; a train of rich blue greps de Tyre, trimmed with silver ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Scarborough.—A dress of rich blue watered silk, with a magnificent blonde flounce, blonde mameluke sleeves and mantilla ; train lined with white, and trimmed to correspond ; head-dress, a moire silver toque, with feathers, lappets, and diamonds ; ear-rings and armlets to correspond.

Shrewsbury.—A beautiful white Irish poplin dress, embroidered in silver shamrocks, and trimmed with a volant of blonde ; train of silver lama, worked to correspond, and lined with rich lilac satin ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and brilliants.

Warwick.—White tulle dress, richly embroidered in lilac silk and silver lama à colonnes, blonde epaulettes ; train of silver lama, lined with lilac satin, blonde lappets ; head-dress, feathers and brilliants.

Winchelsea.—A dress of white aerophane, splendidly embroidered with floss silk and gold, over white satin, trimmed with blonde ; train of figured lilac watered gros de Naples, trimmed with white and lilac satin ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds ; with diamond and pearl ornaments.

Sidmouth.—A beautiful robe of white crape, handsomely embroidered in gold and

green floss silk, over a white satin dress, the corsage and *béret* sleeves trimmed with gold to correspond ; mantilla and sabots of blonde, epaulettes and manteau of apricot figured ducapè, surrounded by a garniture of green chenille à la Grecque, confined by a gold band ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds, necklace and ear-rings en suite.

VISCOUNTESS MIDDLETON.

A blonde gauze dress over white satin, with a deep flounce of the same, headed with a trimming of tulle and satin, body and sleeves to correspond, with deep blonde lace ruffles ; train of *vapeur* watered gros de Naples lined with white ; garniture, blonde and satin ; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and lappets.

BARONESS BULOW.

An embroidered white crape dress, with gold and white floss silk corsage, drappée blonde mantilla, blonde ruffles ; a train of rich ponceau velvet, trimmed with gold flowers, and lined with satin ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

RIGHT HONOURABLE LADIES.

Marie Cotes.—A figured Irish poplin dress, trimmed with swansdown, corsage richly trimmed with blonde, train of rich Adelaide satin and swansdown ; head-dress, beautiful feathers, diamonds, and lappets, diamond ornaments.

Rendlesham.—A white crape dress, over white satin, embroidered in bouquets of silver lama and floss silk in relief, body and sleeves to correspond ; train of rich silver brocade, lined with white and trimmed with rouleaux of silver ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets, and amethysts.

Charlotte Sturt.—A dress of beautiful *vapeur* gauze, ornamented with silver sprigs ; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde lace ; train of blue moire ; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Harriet Wynn.—A splendid blonde dress, over white satin, trimmed with blonde ; train of figured blue tabbinet, lined with white and trimmed with blue and white satin ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets, and pearl ornaments.

HONOURABLE LADIES.

Bromley.—A dress of white watered gros de Naples, richly trimmed, with blonde flounces, train of lavender figured tabbinets ; a gold head-dress with feathers, and topaz ornaments.

Maynard Hesilrige.—An elegant white crape dress over satin, embroidered in floss silk à colonnes, a deep flounce of queen's blonde, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde, sabots of blonde, manteau of lilac watered gros de Naples, lined and trimmed with white ; head-dress, blonde toque, feathers, diamonds, blonde lappets.

LADIES.

Anstruther.—A black figured gauze dress à colonnes, ornamented with a wreath of black satin foliage, over a black satin slip, train of black silk, trimmed with satin and tulle ; mantilla and lappets of queen's blonde ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds, necklace and ear-rings of pearls and diamonds.

Sarah Bayley.—A dress of white aerophane crape, over a slip of white satin trimmed with biais of satin and pearls, corsage trimmed with blonde and pearls, and sabots of blonde, manteau of white gros des Indes, trimmed with blonde and rouleaux of satin ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamond ornaments.

Letitia Browne.—A white satin dress, ornamented with crape and satin ; train of pau de soi watered in colonnade, and trimmed with white satin ; feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

M. and E. Berkeley.—White crape dresses, embroidered over white satin slips, the bodies drape, and trimmed with falls and ruffles of blonde ; blue satin trains, lined with white and ornamented with a trimming of riband ; head-dresses, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Charlotte Bertie.—A white crape dress, embroidered in the Oriental style, with gold and green, over a white satin slip ; train of watered pink gros de Naples, trimmed with gold lama, and a wreath of riband to correspond ; head-dress, lappets, feathers, and diamonds, with necklace and ear-rings of diamonds and emeralds.

Hussey Bickerton.—A rich white satin dress with a double flounce of blonde headed with silver lama and blonde ; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde in ruffles ; train of blue and silver brocade, lined with gros de Naples and trimmed with fine blonde and silver lama ; head-dress, silver lama toque, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Isabella Bridges.—White figured satin dress, trimmed with a flounce of embroidered blonde, blonde epaulettes ; train of immortelle, watered silk ; lappets ; feathers and brilliants.

Letitia Browne.—A rich white satin dress, ornamented with crape and satin, trimmed with blonde ; train of watered pau de soi, ornamented with white satin ; head-dress feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Bryce.—A white satin dress, embroidered with gold; boddice trimmed with blonde; train of lilac satin, with a gold border; mantille of blonde; head-dress, toque of white and gold, lappets, feathers, diamonds, and emeralds.

Agnes Buller.—A most splendid dress, embroidered with green, and corsage and drapery to correspond, with a mantille and sabots of lace; train of emerald green velvet, trimmed with gold lama, lined with white; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and topaz.

Catherine Cavendish.—A white aeroplane crape, richly embroidered in columns of vine leaves; a blue moire train, lined with white satin.

Chetwynd.—A white satin dress, trimmed with volant of blonde, and guirlande of gold leaves; corsage ornamented with gold, mantille and sabots of blonde; manteau of moire blanche lined with white satin, trimmed with gold lama; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Georgiana and Charlotte Clinton.—Queen's blonde colonnade dresses, the bodies trimmed with blonde and silver, over white satin slips; trains of blue satin, lined with white, and trimmed with silver; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds and pearls.

Astley Cooper.—A white aeroplane robe, embroidered à la colonnade in silver lama and floss silk, over a white satin slip; corsage à la Sevigné, finished with mantilla and sabots of blonde; train, primrose satin, lined with white and trimmed with silver lama and blonde; head-dress, feathers and blonde barbs; necklace, ear-rings, and clasps of diamonds.

Curtis.—A crape and gold dorine dress à colonne over white satin, body and sleeves trimmed with mantilla and sabots of blonde; manteau of lilac satin, trimmed with torsade of gold and satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

De Clifford.—A white satin dress, trimmed with volant of Queen's blonde, body and sleeves ornamented with mantilla, and sabots of blonde lace, manteau of blue moir, trimmed with white and blue satin; head-dress, a blonde toque, feathers, and diamonds; necklace and ear-rings of diamonds.

Dickson.—A white satin dress, with a garniture en ruche; boddice à l'antique, ornamented with blonde and jewels, blonde séduisantes sleeves; train of celestial blue velvet, trimmed to correspond; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Dinton.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silver, and lined with satin; an elegant silk train; feathers and lappets.

Elizabeth Drummond.—A robe of white crape embroidered with white floss silk, over a white satin dress, corsage and sleeves trimmed with blonde epaulettes, and manteau of blue ducape moire, surrounded by a garniture of white satin and blonde; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds, ear-rings and necklace en suite.

Ducket.—A Queen's blonde dress colonnade, the body and sleeves finished with mantilla and sabots of blonde, over white satin slip; train of lilac and white figured satin, lined with white, and ornamented with silver lace; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Dufferin.—A white tulle dress, embroidered à colonnes in gold lama, blonde epaulettes; train of white watered silk trimmed with lama, blonde lappets; a gold toque, feathers, and brilliants.

Edmonston.—A white satin dress, trimmed with a wreath of riband, boddice trimmed with point lace, train of lilac watered silk, trimmed with satin and tulle; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds, and pearls.

Fitzgerald.—A white tulle dress, embroidered in silver lama, with a rich flounce, blonde epaulettes; train of white silk, embroidered in silver lama; lappets, feathers, and brilliants.

Freemantle.—White figured satin dress, trimmed with blonde, blonde epaulettes; train of rich lilac watered silk; lappets, feathers, and brilliants.

Gooch.—A white tabbinet dress, with a rich flounce of blonde, mantilla and sabots to correspond; train of blue ducape, watered in leaves; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Gore.—A rich vapour ducape dress, with flounce of blonde, and mantille and sabots to correspond; train of watered gros à la reine, embroidered with silver lama; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Hargood.—A white embroidered aeroplane dress, trimmed with blonde over white satin; blue satin train, trimmed to correspond; head-dress, blue and white feathers, lappets, diamonds and pearls.

Maynarde Hesilrige.—A white crape dress over white satin, embroidered in floss silk à colonne, a flounce of Queen's blonde, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde, a manteau of lilac watered gros de Naples, lined and trimmed with white satin; head-dress, a blonde toque, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Hippesley.—A dress of white satin, ornamented with wreaths of satin and gauze riband;

robe of black satin, lined with white, and trimmed with blonde ; head-dress, a blonde feathers, and diamonds.

Horn.—A silver embroidered crape dress, corsage crosse, trimmed with silver, en suite, over white satin, mantilla and ruffles of blonde, with train of pink moire gros de Naples, lined with white satin, and trimmed with gauze riband ; head-dress, feathers and lappets, with diamond ornaments.

Stafford Jerningham.—A black crape dress, embroidered in gold and silver, blonde epaulettes ; train of black satin, embroidered in gold and silver, lappets ; head-dress, feathers and brilliants.

Elizabeth Kerr.—A white crape dress, embroidered with white floss silk over white satin, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde : train of gold-coloured rope de Tyre, lined and trimmed with white satin.

Harriett and Frances Kerr.—White crape dresses, embroidered with white floss silk, over white satin, bodies and sleeves trimmed with blonde ; trains of blue moire ; head-dresses, ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Middleton.—A white crape dress, ornamented with gold bouquets, blonde epaulettes ; train of immortelle terry velvet, trimmed with gold lama ; lappets ; head-dress, feathers and brilliants.

Moseley.—A gold lama dress, over white satin, body and sleeves ornamented with mantilla, and sabots of blonde ; manteau of gold and white transparent gauze, trimmed with gold lama and lined with lilac satin ; ceinture fastened with diamonds ; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Naylor.—A gold lama dress ; train, ponceau and gold ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

North, and Susan North.—Blonde dresses over white satin, trimmed with mantilla and sabots of blonde ; blue celeste velvet trains, lined with white gros de Naples, and trimmed with torsades of satin ; head-dresses, feathers, diamonds and lappets.

O'Brien (Ladies).—White crape dresses, embroidered in white silk a montants ; trains of green poplin ; lappets ; feathers and brilliants.

Park.—A white crape dress, embroidered with gold grapes and bells in relief, blonde trimmings ; a lilac satin train trimmed with gold ; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Mary Ross.—White crape dress, embroidered in gold lama ; blonde epaulettes ; white watered silk train, trimmed with gold lama ; lappets ; feathers and brilliants.

Charles Rowley.—A Turkish gold brocade dress, embroidered in columns and ornamented with blonde ; corsage of gold, with blonde mantilla, and sabots to correspond. Manteau of white satin, trimmed with gold and blonde ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, pearls and diamonds.

Saye and Sele.—Black watered gros de Naples dress, embroidered with gold, train of black satin ornamented with gold ; blonde mantille and sabots ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Ann Montagu Scott.—A white crape dress, embroidered with gold, over white satin ; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde ; train of green satin lined with white, and trimmed with gold ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Margaret Scott.—A white blonde dress, trimmed with white jasmine and lilacs over white satin ; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde ; train of lilac moire to correspond ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Scott (Ladies).—White crape dresses, trimmed with gold lama, over white satin ; trains of white watered silk, trimmed with gold lama ; lappets ; feathers and brilliants.

Shifner.—A white figured satin dress, trimmed with blonde lace ; train of purple satin ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Sitwell.—A white satin dress, trimmed with blonde ; body and sleeves ornamented with mantilla and sabots of blonde, manteau of lilac moire, trimmed with torsade of satin. A blonde toque, lappets ; feathers ; and diamonds, necklace and ear-rings of diamonds.

Stracey.—White crape dress over satin embroidered in gold lama à colonnes, a flounce and sabots of blonde, manteau of lilac watered ducape, lined with white and trimmed with blonde and gold ; head-dress, gold toque, with brilliant tiara ; feathers and lappets ; necklace and ear-rings of brilliants.

Mary Taylor.—A black blonde gauze dress, trimmed with satin, over a black satin slip ; train of black satin ; head-dress, feathers and pearls.

Tullamoore.—A white tulle dress, embroidered with gold, with a white satin slip, trimmed with tulle and gold, epaulettes and mantille of blonde ; a tulle train, embroidered with gold ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Turner.—An Irish blonde dress, with deep blonde flounces, over white satin, mantilla and sleeves of blonde ; green satin train lined with white, ornamented with green and white roses ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Welby.—A black satin dress, trimmed with Queen's blonde ; train of black satin lined with gros de Naples, and trimmed to correspond ; head-dress, blonde Berri, ornamented with feathers and diamonds.

Harriet Wynn.—A blonde dress over white satin, with a blonde flounce ; train of figured blue tabinet, lined with white silk, and trimmed with blue and white satin ; head-dress feathers, diamonds, and lappets ; pearl ornaments.

HONOURABLE MISTRESSES.

Bladen Capel.—A silver lama dress over white satin ; train of geranium-coloured velours des Indes

Dymoke.—A white crêpe dress, embroidered with silver à colonne, over white satin corsage, a drapée, with mantle and sabots of blonde ; manteau of pink satin, trimmed with coques and bouquets d'argent ; head-dress, lappets, feathers, and diamonds.

Godsall.—A white crape dress, embroidered in gold, over white satin, mantilla of blonde ; train of pale green watered gros de Naples, embroidered in gold, and lined with white satin ; head-dress, feathers and lappets ; amethyst ornaments.

Hales.—A white satin dress, with two blonde flounces, manteau of green silk, lined with white, and trimmed with blonde and rouleaux of satin, with pelerine and sabots of blonde ; head-dress, lappets ornamented with gold, feathers, and pearl and gold ornaments.

Howard.—An Irish blonde dress over white satin, trimmed with a deep flounce, headed by nœud en pivoine in white gauze riband ; train of bright lilac ducape, lined with white gros du Naples ; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Edward Stafford Jerningham.—A silver lama dress, trimmed with blonde round the body and sleeves ; a bird of paradise watered gros de Naples train, ornamented with silver lama ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Leigh.—A white crape dress, embroidered in green and gold, over white satin ; train of chrysophas-coloured watered gros de Naples, embroidered with gold, and lined with white, mantilla and séduisantes of blonde ; head-dress, feathers and chrysophas.

Pechell.—A white Victoria silk dress, trimmed with bunches of violets and guirlandes of riband ; a white colonnade silk train, lined with white satin.

Edward Petre.—White tulle dress, embroidered in silver lama and cerise silk à colonnes, blonde epaulettes ; train of white velour des Indes, embroidered in silver lama ; lappets, feathers, and brilliants.

Pierrepoint.—A white satin dress, with blonde lace flounce, corsage trimmed with blonde ; train of green silk, lined with white, and trimmed to correspond ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and pearl ornaments.

Scott.—A rich white satin dress, trimmed with blonde ; train of rich ducape trimmed to correspond.

Stopford.—A white figured silk dress, trimmed with point lace ; a train of blue-coloured gros d'Orleans, lined with white and trimmed with rouleaux of satin ; head-dress, silver turban, feathers, and pearl ornaments.

Thelluson.—A white crape dress, embroidered in gold lama, with blonde epaulettes ; train of white watered silk, trimmed with gold lama ; lappets, feathers, and brilliants.

HONOURABLE MISSES.

Emma and Lucy Broderick.—A blonde lace dress over white satin, ornamented with flowers and ribbons, with deep blonde lace ruffles ; a blue satin gros de Naples train, lined with white garniture of acrophane and satin ; head-dress, feathers, pearls and lappets.

Cavendish.—A blonde dress, with rich flounce, and fancy heading of blonde and satin ; body ornamented with blonde and diamonds, slip of beautiful white satin ; train of straw-coloured satin, lined with white, trimmed with blonde ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds ; necklace and ear-rings of diamonds.

Courtney.—A white acrophane dress over white satin, with stripes of green souffler acorns and oak-leaves, body and sleeves to correspond, with deep blonde lace ruffles ; train of emerald green watered gros de Naples, lined with white, garniture of satin ; head-dress, a white and gold toque with green and white ostrich feathers and lappets.

Curzon.—A dress of white satin, trimmed with blonde ; train of figured silver tabinet, trimmed with satin ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamond and pearl ornaments.

De Vaux.—A dress of white satin, trimmed with blonde ; train of rich green satin, trimmed with rouleaux ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, brilliants, and pearl ornaments.

Howard, and Juliana Howard.—White crape dresses over white satin, trimmed with blue and white flowers ; blonde mantillas ; trains of blue gros de Naples, lined with white, and trimmed with satin ; head-dresses, feathers and lappets, with brilliants and pearl ornaments.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 28th April, in Dover Street, Lady Jemima Eliot, of a son.

On the 25th, at the seat of her father, Sir Hugh Dillon Mossy, Bart. in Ireland, the Lady of Captain Felix Smith, of the Queen's Bays, of a daughter.

On the 3d May, in Grosvenor Square, the Countess of Wilton, of a son.

On the 4th, in Eton Place, the Lady Caroline Calcraft, of a son.

On the 1st, at Duddington House, near Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs. Keith, of a daughter.

On the 11th, at Windsor Castle, the Hon. Mrs. Erskine of a daughter.

On the 9th, at Aldridge Rectory, Staffordshire, the Lady Emily Harding, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 25th April, at Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, William Milligan, Esq., late Captain in the 2d Regiment of Life Guards, to Caroline, third daughter of Sir Charles des Voeux, Bart.

On the 25th, at St. James's Church, the Hon. Richard Pepper Arden, of Pepper Hall, in Yorkshire, to the Lady Arabella Vane, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Cleveland.

On the 28th, at Kingscote, Gloucestershire, John Kennaway, Esq., eldest son of Sir J. Kennaway, Bart., of Escot, Devon, to Emily Frances, daughter of the late Thomas Kingscote, Esq., of Kingscote Park.

On the 3d, at Henley-on-Thames, Robert King, Esq., of Grosvenor Place, to Georgiana Anne, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Lieut.-Col. George Carleton.

On the 2d, Leonard Thompson, eldest son of G. Lowther Thompson, Esq., of Sheriff Hutton Park, Yorkshire, to Miss Mary Wentworth Fitzwilliam, second daughter of Lord Milton, and granddaughter of Earl Fitzwilliam.

On the 17th, at St. George's, Hanover Square, the Right Hon. Robert Grosvenor, youngest son of Earl Grosvenor, to the Hon. Charlotte A. Wellesley, daughter of Lord Cowley.

On the 12th, E. R. Borough, Esq., eldest son of Sir Richard Borough, Bart. to Lady Elizabeth St. Lawrence, youngest daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of Howth.

On the 18th, at St. George's, Hanover Square, William, eldest son of Sir William Curtis, Bart., to Georgiana Maria, eldest daughter of the late John Stratton, Esq., of Pontugal Street, Grosvenor Square, and of Farthinghae Lodge, in the county of Northampton.

DEATHS.

On the 29th April, at his seat at Wybrooke Park, in the county of Devon, the Right Hon. Charles Lord Clifford.

On the 30th, at Richmond Park, Elizabeth Countess Dowager of Pembroke, in her 94th year.

At her house, Leases, Yorkshire, in her 93d year, Mrs. Anna Maria Arden, sister to the late Lord Alvanley.

At Bath, after a long illness, Vice-Admiral the Right Hon. Sir William Johnstone Hope, G. C. B.

On the 5th, in his 64th year, Sir Joseph Sidney York, K. C. B., Admiral of the Blue, and M. P. for the Borough of Ryegate. His death was occasioned by the upsetting of a boat in a sudden squall of wind near the mouth of the Southampton water.

In his 76th year, Brig.-General Sir Samuel Bentham, K. S. G., late Inspector-General of Naval Works, and Civil Architect and Engineer of the Navy.

On the 24th, at Apsley House, the Duchess of Wellington.

In Whitehall Place, Lady Wetherell, wife of Sir Charles Wetherell, M. P.

On the 18th Oct. 1830, at Allahbad, Lieut.-Col. Hugh Wrottesley, of the Bengal Establishment, brother to Sir John Wrottesley, Bart.

On the 23d April, suddenly, while on a visit to Sir Charles Chad, at Worthing, the Earl Winterton, in his 73d year.

On the 25th, at Shillinglee Park, Sussex, in her 77th year, Harriot Countess Winterton, wife of Edward Earl Winterton, whom her Ladyship survived only two days.

On the 23d, at his seat at Perdiswell, Worcestershire, Sir Henry Wakeman, Bart., in his 79th year.

On the 13th May, after a few days illness, at Hendley Hall, Lancashire, the seat of his brother, Sir Robert Holt Leigh, Bart., Roger Holt Leigh, Esq.

On the 17th, at Marlborough House, Leopold John, eldest son of Sir Robert Gardiner, in his 13th year.

ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S,

AND FASHIONABLE NOTICES.

(Continued from p. 443.)

Jeris.—An elegantly embroidered aeroplane dress, over white satin; corsage à la Greque, trimmed with blonde; train of blue satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Maynard.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silver, over white satin; a blue watered gros de Naples train, lined with sarcenet, and trimmed with pearls; head-dress, feathers and pearls.

Petre.—White crape dress, embroidered in silk and silver lama à tablier; blonde epaulettes; train of pink gros des Indes, trimmed with silver lama; blonde lappets; feathers and brilliants.

Willoughby.—White crape dress, sprigged in silver lama, over white satin, blonde epaulettes; train of white watered silk, lappets; feathers and brilliants.

Wykeham.—White crape dress, embroidered in silver lama à tablier, blonde epaulettes; train of white watered silk, embroidered in silver lama to correspond; head-dress, lappets, feathers and brilliants.

MISTRESSES.

Hamilton Anthony.—A white gros des Indes dress, trimmed with blonde rouleaux, epaulettes, and mantilla of blonde; a rich gold-coloured silk train, trimmed with satin rouleaux; a toque with feathers and lappets.

Col. Armstrong.—A white crêpe dress, embroidered with silk and gold; epaulettes and mantilla of blonde; a white satin slip; a green satin train trimmed with gold chefs and rouleaux; head-dress, feathers and lappets, diamonds and pearls.

Astell.—A white satin dress, trimmed with deep volant of Queen's blonde; body and sleeves trimmed with mantilla and sabots of blonde, manteau of lavender figured poplin, with torsade of lavender and white satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds and lappets.

Backhouse.—Dress of tulle, embroidered with floss silk, mantilla and sabots of blonde; train of colonnaded papeur ducape; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

M. Bernal.—A superb dress, embroidered in gold, with a beautiful train of Irish poplin, ornamented with gold; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Challoner Bisse.—A white aeroplane dress, embroidered in silver, body, sleeves and epaulettes trimmed with blonde; train of lilac velvet, ornamented with silver lama; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds, and amethysts.

Boehm.—A white satin dress, with deep volant of blonde, body and sleeves trimmed with mantilla and sabots of blonde, a manteau of green pomona moire, trimmed with torsade; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Borough.—A gray satin dress, with black blonde flounce; corsage trimmed with blonde; sabots of blonde; train of black satin, lined and trimmed to correspond with the dress; head-dress, gray and white feathers; lappets, and pearl ornaments.

Brackenbury.—A blonde lace dress over white satin; train of pale pink satin, lined and bordered, the body trimmed with Brussels point and pearls; head-dress, feathers and lappets, garnet and pearl ornaments.

William Brandling.—A white watered silk dress, stamped in gold stripes, body with mantilla of blonde; train of ruby-coloured velvet, lined with white, and trimmed with velvet and satin; head-dress, gold toque, feathers, and lappets; ornaments, chrysoprasus en suite.

Brocas.—A white gros de Naples dress, embroidered with gold, and white floss silk corsage à la Seigné; a blonde mantille, ruffles, and lappets; train of sky-blue velvet, lined with white, and trimmed with gold chef; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

W. Camac.—A gold lama dress over white satin; white satin train, trimmed with gold lama; head-dress, feathers, with a magnificent diadem, consisting of diamonds and rubies; emerald and diamond necklace, diamond ear-rings.

Congreve.—A richly embroidered gold lama dress; mantilla and sabots of blonde; velvet train, Byron colour, lined with white watered gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Colonel Cooper.—A white crêpe dress, over satin, embroidered in colonnades; bodice trimmed with blonde; train of watered silk, trimmed with tulle and satin; mantille of blonde; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Coote.—A white crape dress over white satin, embroidered with a raised border of dead and bright silver lama in bunches of silver flowers; the body finished with a mantilla and

^sabots of rich blonde; a manteau of light blue velours des Indes, embroidered with silver; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Croft.—A white crêpe dress embroidered with silver acorns, and blue velvet vine-leaves, blonde trimmings; a blue watered silk train trimmed with silver, lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Massey Dawson.—A white crape dress, embroidered with gold lama, body and sleeves flounced with broad blonde and gold rouleaux; a manteau of lilac satin, lined with white, and embroidered with gold; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Derings.—A dress of white satin, embroidered in gold; manteau of blue celeste gros de Naples moire, lined with white silk, trimmed with blonde, surmounted with a broad bandeau of gold; séduisantes of blonde; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Dixon.—A white figured satin dress, trimmed with leaves and satin; blonde body, and sleeves trimmed with mantilla and sabots of blonde; manteau of soie figure lavande, with a torsade of satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Clayton East.—A white watered silk dress, with a ribbon wreath, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of lavender-coloured satin, lined with white, with rouleaux; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and brilliants.

Edmonstone.—A white satin dress, with blonde flounce, headed with gold; blonde cape and ruffles; violet satin train, lined with white gros de Naples, and trimmed with blonde; head-dress, gold lama and feathers; ornaments, emeralds and pearls.

Colonel Elwood.—A white crêpe dress over white satin, trimmed with blonde, headed with a wreath of flowers and silver; train of lavender peplésine, lined with white; head-dress, feathers, with lappets; topaz ornaments.

Fitzgerald.—A green and gold emerald dress, over white satin; body, sleeves, and epaulettes trimmed with blonde; green velvet train, embroidered to correspond; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds and emeralds.

John Foley.—An Irish blonde dress, over white satin, with a blonde flounce headed with a trimming of satin, folded corsage, with blonde mantilla, beret sleeves and ruffles; train of blue satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Foster.—A white satin dress, deep blonde flounce headed with satin, blonde cape, and ruffles; train, green satin, lined with white gros de Naples, and trimmed with blonde; head-dress, blonde toque and feathers; diamond necklace and ear-rings.

W. Lane Fox.—A white crêpe dress, embroidered in colonnades of flowers; bodice trimmed with blonde; train of emerald green silk, trimmed with tulle satin; mantille of blonde; head-dress, lappets, feathers, emeralds, and pearls.

J. B. Fyler.—A blonde dress, over white satin, with a figured train to correspond; head-dress, feathers, and pearl ornaments.

Gilbert.—A white satin dress, with a blonde flounce; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde, a green satin train, lined with white; garniture, satin; head-dress, a gold toque and ostrich feathers.

Darby Griffith.—A white satin slip elegantly trimmed in colonnade; bodice ornamented with blonde; train of emerald green watered silk, with a manteau of blonde; head-dress, lappets, and diamonds.

Herrey.—A blonde colonnade dress over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; white satin train; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Hoare.—A white satin dress, embroidered in gold; cerise train, lined with white and ornamented with gold; head-dress, feathers; ornaments, diamonds, and rubies.

Robert Jenner.—A white crape dress over white satin, embroidered with silver flowers and floss silk; body and sleeves trimmed with silver lama, and a mantilla of blonde, with sabots, en suite; a manteau of cerulean blue velours des Indes, trimmed with silver; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Johnstone.—White satin dress, embroidered with gold, train of cerise satin, trimmed with gold; mantilla and ruffles of blonde; toque and feathers, with blonde lappets and diamonds.

Colonel Jones.—A white figured silk dress, with a blonde flounce, headed by a silver fringe, the body and sleeves richly trimmed with mantilla and sabots of blonde; train of blue satin, lined with white, and trimmed with silver; head-dress, feathers, lappets, topazes, and emeralds.

Kaye.—A white crape dress, embroidered with floss and gold lama, trimmed with blonde; train, green gros de Naples, trimmed en coques; head-dress, toque and feathers.

Charles Keene.—A white watered gros de Naples dress, trimmed with blonde lace; train of dove-figured silk, trimmed with satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

T. Kingstone.—A white crape dress, over satin, trimmed with ribbon; bodice orna-

mented with blonde ; train of pink gros des Indes, with a border of satin ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and pearls.

Kirkland.—A white satin dress, trimmed with blonde volante ; body and sleeves trimmed with mantille, and sabots of blonde ; a manteau of green pomona moire, trimmed with torsade of green and white satin ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Admiral Lambert.—A white satin dress, with a flounce of French blonde, séduisante sleeves of blonde : train of figured lavender Irish poplin, lined with white sarcenet, and ornamented with tulle and satin ; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and blonde lappets.

Admiral Lawford.—White satin dress, with deep volant of Queen's blonde ; mantille and sabots of blonde ; manteau of lavender silk, lined with white gros de Naples, and trimmed with rouleaux of satin ; head-dress, velvet and gold, diamonds, feathers, and lappets ; necklace and sevine of diamonds.

Chandos Leigh.—White crape dress, embroidered in gold over white satin, blonde epaulettes ; train of pink watered silk, trimmed with lama ; lappets, feathers, and brilliants.

Levett.—White satin slip, with a blonde flounce ; bodice trimmed with blonde ; a train of gold-coloured watered gros de Naples, trimmed with tulle and satin ; head-dress, feathers, and lappets.

Lindsey.—A crape aerophane embroidered dress ; mantilla and sabots of blonde ; train to correspond ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lycke.—A tulle dress, embroidered with floss silk, mantilla and sabots of blonde ; train of green ducape, watered in leaves, trimmed with rouleaux ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Maitland.—A white crape dress, over white satin, embroidered in bouquets of floss silk, and bunches of lilac ; body trimmed with blonde, and sabots to correspond ; a manteau of lilac velours des Indes, trimmed with satin ; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Marsden.—A white crape dress, over white satin, embroidered with dead and bright silver lama, the body flounced with blonde, and trimmed with silver ; a manteau of pink figured tabinet, lined with white, and finished with a border of raised silver lama ; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

W. A. Nesbitt.—A white satin dress, trimmed with silver chefs ; séduisantes and mantille of blonde ; a black velvet train, trimmed with silver rouleaux and palmus. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Granville Penn.—A white watered silk dress, trimmed with blonde and satin ; train of green gros des Indes, lined with white and trimmed with blonde ; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Dawkin Pennants.—A gray crape dress, embroidered with black ; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde ; train of rich gray moire, elegantly trimmed.

Perceval.—Aerophane dress, embroidered with gold and floss silk : body trimmed with blonde and gold ; train of English green satin, lined with white, and trimmed with gold and blonde lace ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Pinney.—A white satin dress, with a deep blonde flounce, headed with satin moleans and blonde, the body and sleeves trimmed with blonde ; train of emerald satin, lined with white, and trimmed with blonde ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Ramsden.—A white crape dress, embroidered with green and gold over white satin ; train of white watered tabby trimmed with gold and blonde ; mantille, sabots, and lappets of blonde ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and emeralds.

Reaston Rodes.—A blonde dress over white satin ; train of white watered gros de Naples, ornamented with silver lama, and lined with white ; mantille of séduisantes and sabots of blonde ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Round.—A white crape dress, embroidered in gold and green ; body and sleeves trimmed with mantille, and sabots of blonde ; a manteau of white figured silk, trimmed with green satin and gold lama ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Scott.—A ducape watered dress, mantille of blonde and sabots ; train of moire satin, lined with white, trimmed with moire and white gauze ribbon ; head-dress, plumes and diamonds.

General Slade.—A white crape dress, over white satin, trimmed with silver lama, a colonnes, with bouquets of silver flowers, bodice ornamented with silver, and mantilla of blonde ; train of blue gross moire, lined with white embroidered in silver lama ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Smith.—White crape dress, embroidered in silver and green silk, blonde epaulettes ; train of green terry velvet, trimmed with silver lama, lappets ; feathers and lappets.

Sotheby.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silk ; white satin slip, mantille and sabots of blonde ; a white silk train ; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Stanhope.—A white satin dress, trimmed with blonde; train of watered shot silk; lappets; feathers and brilliants.

Summer.—A figured white satin dress headed with a garniture of riband; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train of mauve watered silk, lined with gros de Naples, and trimmed with blonde and satin; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and amethysts.

Arthur Thellusson.—A white crape dress, embroidered in gold: blonde epaulettes; train of white watered silk; feathers and blonde.

Thistlethwayte.—A lilac and silver lama dress, embroidered in colonnades, bodice and sleeves ornamented with blonde; train, lilac satin lined with white gros de Naples, and trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Tredcroft.—A white satin dress, trimmed with gauze riband en tablier; the body trimmed with blonde, and sabots to correspond; a manteau of violet satin, lined with white and trimmed with blonde and satin; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds, and pearls.

Vernon.—A blonde colonnade dress, over white satin; body and epaulettes trimmed with blonde; peach satin train, trimmed with ribands of satin, lined with gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Wm. Ward.—A white crape aeroplane dress, embroidered in green and gold, over white satin, with séduisantes, &c. of blonde; train of green satin, embroidered in gold and lined with white; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds; armlets pendants, and diamond necklace.

MISSES.

Astell and Louisa Astell.—Crape dresses over white satin, ornamented with bouquets of roses and hyacinths; the bodies trimmed with tulle draps, and mantillas and sabots of blonde; manteaus of pale pink satin trimmed with blonde; head-dresses, feathers and lappets.

Atty.—A striped white gauze dress, over white satin, trimmed with blonde and ribands; train of figured pink gros de Naples, trimmed with satin; head-dress, feathers and lappets, with brilliant and pearl ornaments.

Backhouse.—A net dress, trimmed with satin and Indian feathers and white roses, mantilles and sabots of blonde; train of white watered gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Bailey.—A dress of white aeroplane crape, over a slip of white satin, the bottom of dress festooned with rouleaux of satin, and a bouquet of white lilies and roses, interspersed with lilies of the valley; corsage ornamented with blonde, and a girdle of gold and rubies; manteau of white gros des Indes, bordered with a ruche of tulle, surmounted with rouleaux of satin; head-dress, feathers and lappets, ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

Beutinck.—A white crape dress, embroidered in gold and silver, with tassels; blonde epaulettes; train of watered silk, trimmed with gold and silver; lappets, feathers, and brilliants.

Benyon and Lydia Benton.—Blonde lace dresses, over white satin slips, mantilla and sabots of blonde, pink silk trains with garniture of tulle and satin; head-dresses, feathers, diamonds, and lappets; diamond necklaces, &c.

Birskett.—A French crape dress, embroidered with beetles' wings and gold, the body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; a white satin train, edged with a rouleau of satin, twisted with gold lama; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and pearl ornaments.

Blackburne (the two).—White aeroplane dresses, embroidered and trimmed with blonde, over white satin; train of figured blue Irish poplin, lined with silver; head-dresses, feathers, with silver ornaments.

Blackwell.—A white aeroplane dress, with colonnade stripes of blue, and gold wheat-ears, the body and sleeves to correspond, with blonde lace ruffles; a pomona green watered gros de Naples train, garniture; satin and gold lama; head-dress, feathers and emeralds.

Elizabeth Blackwell.—A blue and gold aeroplane dress, the body and sleeves to correspond, with blonde lace and gold lama; a blue watered gros de Naples train, garniture of satin and gold lama; necklace and ear-rings of turquoise; head-dress, feathers and turquoise.

Blackwood.—A white crape dress, embroidered in silver; train of watered silk and silver; head-dress, blonde lappets and feathers.

Jane Borough.—A white crape dress, ornamented with gauze riband; body trimmed with blonde lace; train of lavender-coloured velours Grec; garniture of twisted rouleaux, lined with white; head-dress, feathers and lappets, with pearl ornaments.

Fanny Bouterie.—White crape aeroplane dress, over white satin, trimmed with blonde

and silver lace; beautiful blue train, trimmed with satin rouleaux; head-dress, feathers and lappets, pearl ornaments.

Brandling and Frances Brandling.—White crape dresses, ornamented with gauze riband, bodies and sleeves trimmed with blonde, trains of white satin to correspond; head-dresses, feathers, and blonde lappets.

Bridges.—White crape dress, trimmed with flowers; train in white watered silk; feathers and blonde lappets.

Brook.—White aerophane dress, with a border of anemonies and convolvulus in silver embroidery, the body and sleeves decorated with blonde and silver; train of pink satin, edged with silver; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and lappets.

J. Brook.—White aerophane dress, embroidered with silver sprays, the body and sleeves trimmed with blonde and silver to correspond; train of light blue eymophane, edged with silver; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and lappets.

Browne (the Misses.)—Net dresses, trimmed with gauze riband and lilac trains of white Irish poplin; feathers, lappets, and epaulettes.

Campbell and Frances Campbell.—White tulle dresses, embroidered in silver, and over white satin, trimmed with blonde; trains of watered silk, lined with white; head-dresses, feathers, lappets, pearls, and brilliants.

Caroline Campbell.—A white satin dress, corsage ornamented with mantille and sabots of blonde; manteau of satin verte emeraude, lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed with silver fringe; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Carletor.—A white crape dress, embroidered and trimmed with flowers, mantille and sabots of blonde; a pink silk train, trimmed with a wreath of pink and white flowers; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Cuthcart.—A dress of embroidered tulle, mantilla and sabots of blonde; train of cerise satin, ornamented with gauze riband; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Catherine Cathcart.—An embroidered net dress, mantilla and sabots of rich blonde; train of rich blue satin, trimmed with gauze; head-dress, plumes and diamonds.

Chetwynd and G. Chetwynd.—White aerophane dresses, trimmed with pink and silver flowers, the corsage and sleeves finished with mantilla and sabots of blonde, over white satin slips; trains of pink watered silk ornamented with satin and silver; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds, with diamond necklace and ear-rings.

Selina and Georgina Cotes.—Aerophane crape dresses, embroidered in gold and satin; bodies ornamented with blonde and gold, peach-blossom satin trains; head-dresses, feathers, and lappets; ornaments, pearls and turquoise.

Corentry.—A white crape dress, trimmed with blonde; corsage drappe à la Sevigné, over a satin slip; blonde ruffles and lappets; train of white watered silk, lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Charlotte Curtis.—A white embroidered crape dress, over white satin, body and sleeves trimmed with mantille and sabots of blonde; manteau of white moire, trimmed with white satin; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and blonde lappets.

Dawson.—A white crape dress, with a border of silver lama; corsage trimmed to correspond, and finished with a mantilla and sabots of blonde; manteau of white velours des Indes, embroidered with silver; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Charlotte Dawson.—A white dress, trimmed with blonde; train of evening primrose gros des Indes, trimmed with blonde; ornaments, feathers, lappets, and pearls.

Dickson.—A white crape dress, embroidered with a border of white convolvulus, over a white satin slip; bodice in folds à la Grecque; sleeves double séduisantes of blonde; train of pink watered gros de Naples, trimmed en ruche; head-dress, feathers, and lappets.

Duckett.—A white dress, embroidered with beetles' wings and gold; corsage and sleeves trimmed with blonde sabots; train of white satin, lined with white sorshet, and finished with white and gold flowers; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and pearls.

Dynoke.—A white French aerophane dress, over a white satin slip, embroidered with silver, and ornamented with pink and silver bouquets; demi-séduisante sleeves of French blonde; train of rich white pau de soi, lined with sarcenet watered in colonnades, and ornamented with tulle and silver lama; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and lappets.

Edmonstone, and Susannah Edmonstone.—White aerophane dresses, embroidered in gold; blonde ruffles; trains, blue gros de Naples, lined with white, and trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Isabella Fitzgerald.—Blonde dress, ornamented with primroses and silver leaves, the body and sleeves trimmed with blonde sabots, over white satin; train of primrose watered silk, lined with white sorshets, and finished with silver lace; head-dress, feathers, pearls, diamonds, and lappets.

Foster, Mary Foster, and Harriet Foster.—White aerophane dresses, with wreaths of jessamines, blonde capes, and ruffles; trains, white watered gros de Naples, trimmed with blonde; head-dresses, feathers and pearls; pearl necklace and ear-rings.

Freemantle.—A white crape dress, embroidered in white silk; train of white watered silk, blonde epaulettes; feathers, brilliants, and lappets.

Gilbert.—A white aerophane dress, over white satin, trimmed with flowers and riband; a pink gros de Naples train, lined with white; garniture, folds of aerophane and satin; head-dress, pearls and feathers.

Martha Gore.—A crape aerophane dress, embroidered with silver lama; mantilla and sabots of blonde; train of white watered gros de Naples, trimmed with silver; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Grace Gore.—A white crape dress, embroidered à colonne in silver lama and blue silk, blonde epaulettes; train of blue watered silk; blonde lappets, feathers and brilliants.

Hamilton.—A white tulle dress, lined with satin, trimmed with roses, jessamine, and honeysuckle flowers; a white gros de Naples train, trimmed with satin; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Finch Halton.—A white crape dress over white satin; mantilla, sabots, and lappets of blonde; train of vapeur brocaded silk, lined with white, and trimmed with blonde; head-dress, feathers and amethysts.

Hippesley.—A fancy dress of blonde and satin, with a manteau of Adelaide watered gros, superbly trimmed with blonde; head-dress, lappets and feathers.

Hoare.—Blonde dress over white satin, séduisantes and mantilla of blonde; train of vert naissant, trimmed with blonde, and lined with white gros de Naples; ornaments, emeralds and diamonds; head-dress, feathers and blush roses.

Hobhouse (the Misses).—Dresses of white aerophane crape, embroidered in floss silk; mantilla and sleeves of blonde; trains of pale green levantine; head-dresses, feathers and pearls. ‡

Holford, and Georgiana Holford.—White crape dresses over white satin, trimmed with bouquets of blush roses and heath; the bodies and drape of tulle, with mantilla and sabots of blonde; manteaus of pale pink velours des Indes, trimmed with satin; feathers, and blonde lappets.

Jerningham (the Misses).—White crape dresses, embroidered in bouquets of lilac, à moutants; blonde epaulettes; trains of white watered silk, embroidered in lilac and green; lappets, feathers, and brilliants.

Kingston.—White crêpe petticoat, embroidered with gold, over a satin slip; bodies ornamented with blonde and gold; pink watered silk train, trimmed with gold; head-dress, lappets, feathers, and pearls.

Gore Langton.—Dress of white crape, embroidered in green and gold, over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with queen's blonde; train of white moire ducape; ornamented with satin; head-dress, feathers and lappets, with pink topaz ornaments.

Lilford.—A white blonde tulle dress, lined with satin, trimmed with a wreath of pink and white flowers; a white watered silk train, trimmed with pink and white flowers; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

E. Tilney Long.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silver, in wreaths of vine-leaves; bodice trimmed with net blonde and silver; train of lilac silk, lined with white, and trimmed with silver, mantilla of blonde; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

Mackinnon (the Misses).—Dresses of crape, over white satin, the skirts ornamented with ribbon; corsage ouvre à draperie, with blonde Sontag sleeves; trains of gros de Naples moire; feathers and lappets.

Martin.—A robe of white crape, handsomely embroidered in gold and white floss silk over white satin, the corsage and beret sleeves richly trimmed with gold lama and blonde; the epaulettes and manteau of pink ducape façonne, surrounded by a garniture of gold lama, and edged with blonde; with ceinture of gold to correspond; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Mosley (the three).—White crêpe dresses, over white satin, trimmed with silver lama; and sleeves ornamented with mantilla and sabots of blonde; manteaus of pink moire, with borders of silver lama; head-dresses, pearls, lappets, roses, and feathers.

Naylor.—A white tulle dress, with garniture of blue crape and satin; train of blue gros de Naples; head-dress, white and blue ostrich feathers, with pearls and diamonds.

Rosemary Nesbitt.—A white crêpe dress, embroidered with silver; a Greek pattern séduisantes and mantilla of blonde; a pink satin train, trimmed with silver rouleaux and chefs; head-dress, lappets, feathers and brilliants.

Nicholl.—Dress of aerophane over white satin, richly embroidered in dead gold and

green floss silk, sleeves and body trimmed with blonde, sabots of blonde ; train of emerald green watered gros de Naples, lined with white, and trimmed with gold ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and topazes.

Penn (the two).—White aerophane crape dresses over satin slips, trimmed with flowers and ribbon ; train of pink poplin, lined with white blonde mantillas ; head-dresses, feathers and lappets.

Pennants and Emily Pennants.—White crapes trimmed with primrose and jessamine, over white satin ; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde ; train of primrose moire ; head-dress, feathers and lappets, with topaz ornaments.

Pinney.—White crêpe dress, trimmed with blonde ; body and sleeves ornamented with mantilla and sabots of blonde, manteau of white satin, ornamented with agraffes of white roses and lilies ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds, blonde lappets.

Scott, and Georgiana Scott.—Aerophane dresses, embroidered mantillas and sabots of blonde, trains of white ducape in colonnades ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Shipley.—A dress of Indian muslin, embroidered in gold, over white satin corsage à la tunique, and beret sleeves ; train and epaulettes of blue satin, trimmed with blonde, séduisantes and mantilla of French blonde ; head-dress, feathers, diamonds and turquoise.

Spencer Stanhope (the Misses).—Pink crape dresses, embroidered in silver ; trains of pink watered silk ; head-dress, feathers and lappets.

Stewart.—White satin dress, ornamented with bunches of marabouts and gold sprays, beret sleeves, body in folds, and finished with a mantilla and ruffles of blonde ; train, Victoria silk, with a gold border ; head-dress, lappets, feathers, and pearl ornaments.

Stopford (the two).—White crêpe dresses over satin, ornamented in colonnades, bodices trimmed with blonde ; trains of white silk ; head-dresses, lappets, feathers, and pearls.

Wingfield Stratford (the Misses).—White crape dresses over satin, embroidered in silk and silver lama ; sleeves and body trimmed with blonde, sabots of blonde ; train of celestial blue watered gros de Naples, lined with white ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and pearl ornaments.

Vansittart.—A white crêpe dress, over white satin ; bodice and sleeves trimmed with deep Irish blonde ; blue watered gros de Naples train, lined with white, and ornamented with blue and white ; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Vaughan.—A white satin dress, an embroidery à colonne, with border of wheat-ears and leaves ; a train of rich green silk, lined with white satin, and trimmed with deep blonde, and gold lama ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Watson.—A white crape dress, embroidered with silk and gold ; epaulettes and mantilla of blonde, white satin slip, green satin train, trimmed with gold chefs and rouleaux ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and amethysts.

Smythe Wright.—A white satin dress, trimmed with feathers and roses ; body and sleeves trimmed with mantilla and sabots of blonde ; manteau of green pomona moire, with tor-sade of satin ; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and lappets.

Wykeham.—White crape dress, embroidered in silver, blonde epaulettes ; train of white watered silk embroidered in silver, and lined with white satin ; feathers.

Wyndham.—A white crape dress, trimmed with gauze, over white satin ; train of white Brazilian silk ; head-dress, feathers, lappets, and pearl ornaments.

Harriet Wynn.—Crape dress, emdroidered with scarlet and gold, over white satin ; train of white satin ; head-dress, feathers and pearls.

York.—A white crape dress over satin, embroidered with gold, bodice trimmed with blonde and gold ; a train of white silk trimmed with tulle and satin, mantilla of blonde ; head-dress, lappets, feathers, and pearls.

